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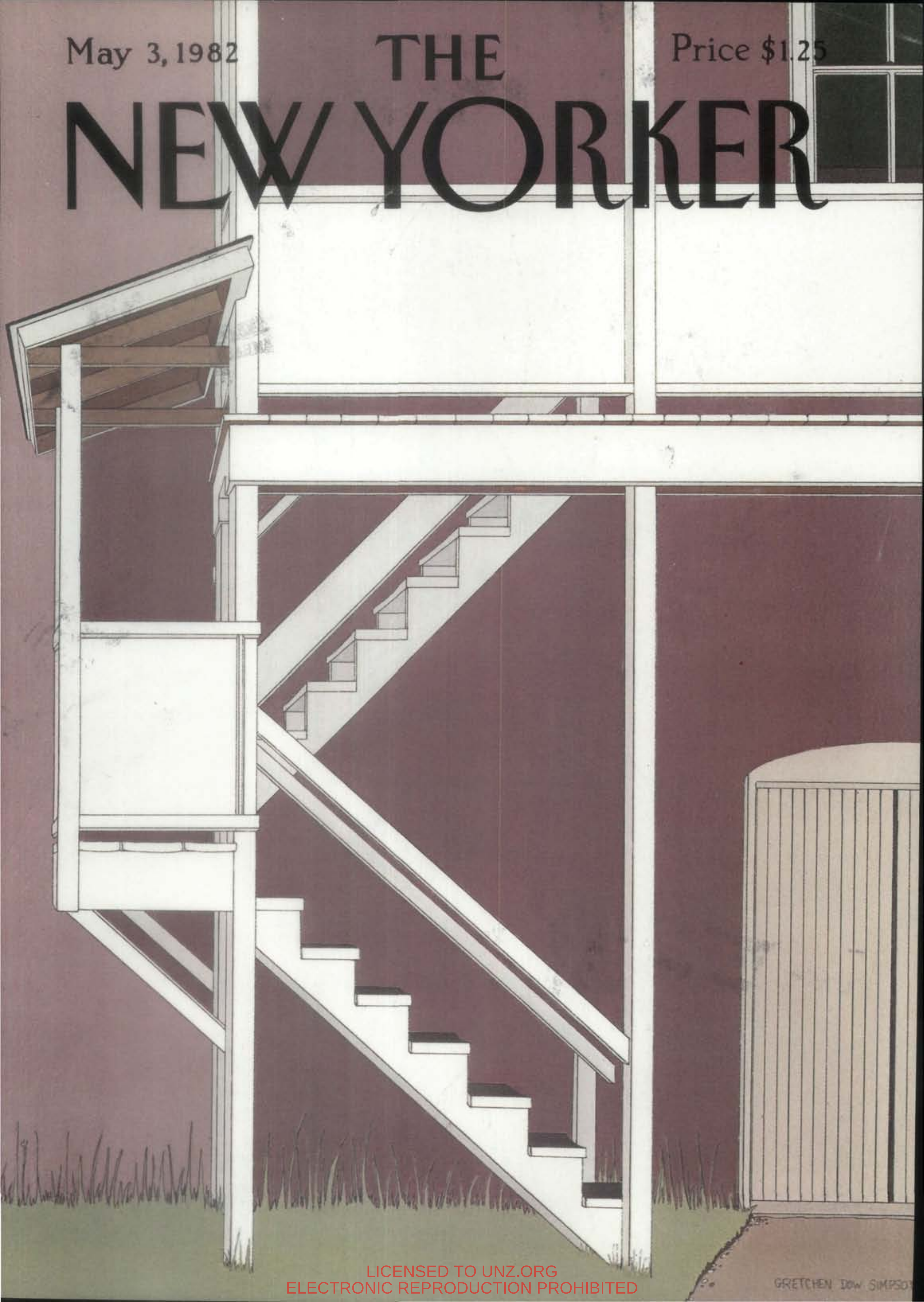
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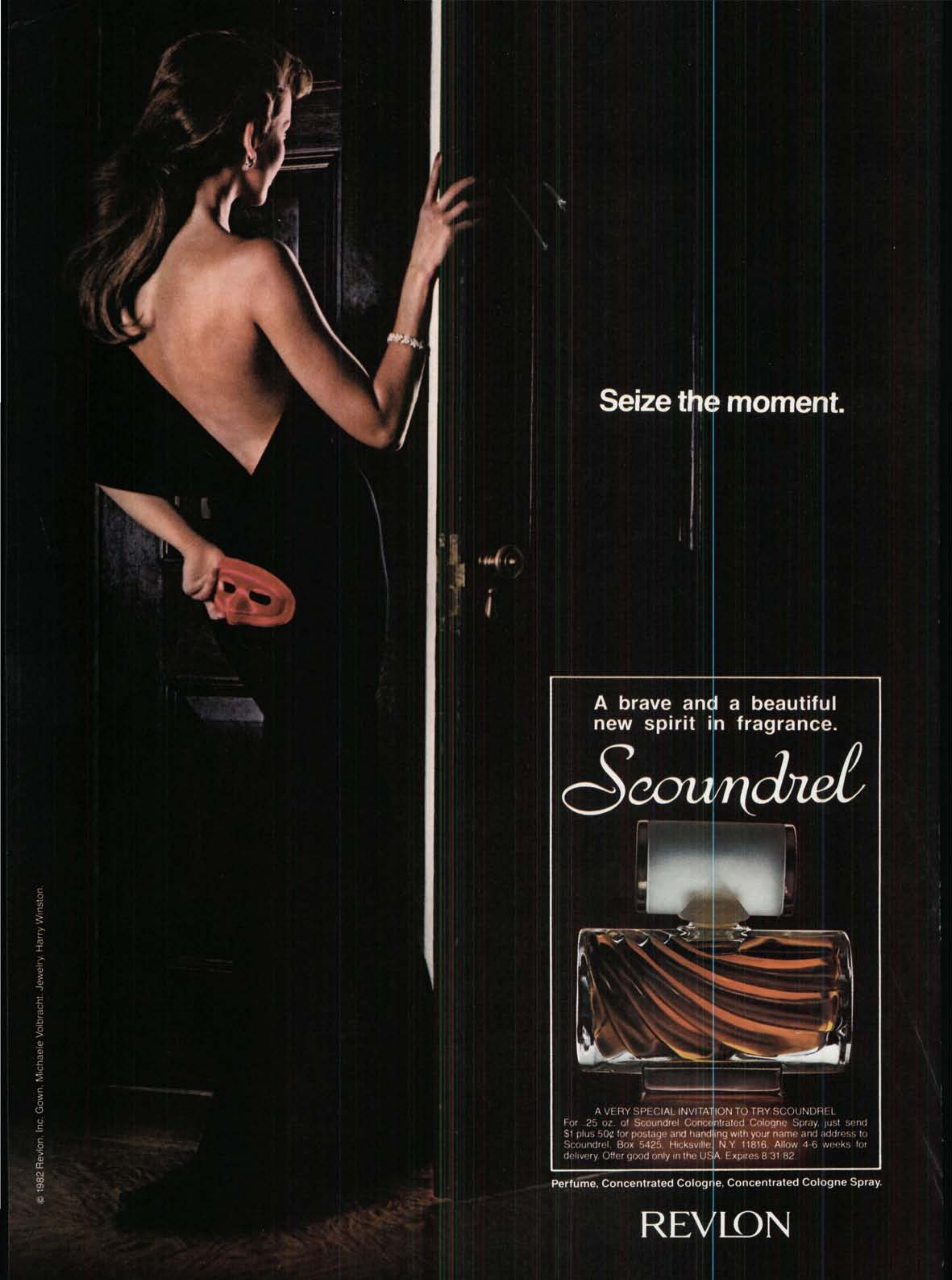
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AGNES OF GOD—John Pielmeier has written a three-sided conversation of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The superlative cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

ANTIGONE—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, tin-eared translation. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE BROWNING VERSION and **THE TWELVE POUND LOOK**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE CHALK GARDEN—A revival of Enid Bagnold's play, with Irene Worth, Constance Cummings, and Donal Donnelly. Previews Wednesday, April 28. Opens officially on Thursday, April 29. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week festival of plays by authors aged eight to eighteen, presented by the Dramatists Guild Fund in association with the Company. "Bluffing," by Peter Murphy; "The Rennings Children," by Kenneth Lonergan; "Present Tense," by John McNamara; and "It's Time for a Change," by Adam Berger: Wednesday, April 28, at 2 and 8 (previews); Thursday, April 29 (opening); and Wednesday and Thursday, May 5-6, at 8. . . . ¶ "So What Are We Gonna Do Now?," by Juliet Garson; "The Bronx Zoo," by Lynnette M. Serrano; and "Half-Fare," by Shoshana Marchand: Saturday, May 1, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 3 (previews); Sunday, May 2, at 7 (opening); and Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

CRIMES OF THE HEART—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Tim Choate, Tom Stechschulte, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DINING ROOM—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DREAMGIRLS—Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE DRESSER—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 1.)

EMIGRÉS—A play by the Polish writer Slawomir Mrożek, with David Leary and Sam Tsoutsouvas. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

EMINENT DOMAIN—A complex family melodrama by Percy Granger, in which Philip Bosco plays a professor of English at whose feet any intelligent undergraduate would be eager to sit. Also in the cast are Betty Miller, John Vickery, Paul Collins, and Scott Burkholder. Paul Austin directed. (4/12/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Patricia Joudry's play **TEACH ME HOW TO CRY** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 2. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

GARDENIA—A new play by John Guare, with Edward Herrmann, Sam Waterston, Jobeth Williams, and James Woods. Staged by Karel Reisz. Opens Wednesday, April 28. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE HAGGADAH—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-

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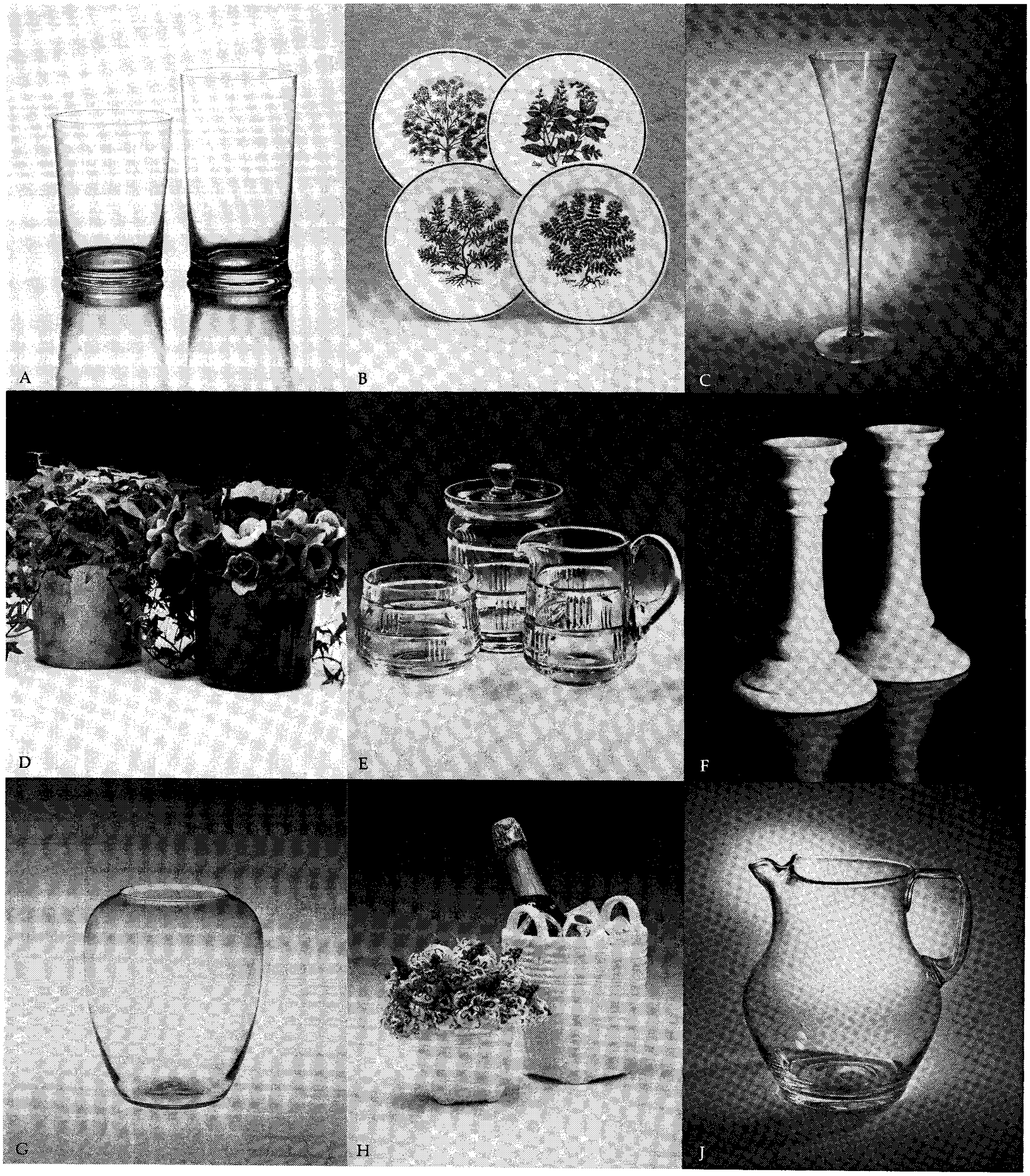

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7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Hothouse—The Trinity Square Repertory Company, of Providence, production of Harold Pinter's play. Adrian Hall is the director. Previews Friday through Wednesday, April 30-May 5. Opens officially on Thursday, May 6. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

How I Got That Story—Don Scardino plays an American reporter in Vietnam, and Bob Gunton plays everybody the reporter runs into in Amlin Gray's bitter and shrewdly written comedy. Both actors are excellent. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Is There Life After High School?—A musical directed by Robert Nigro. The book is by Jeffrey Kindley, and the music and lyrics are by Craig Carnelia. Previews through Sunday, May 2. Opens officially on Monday, May 3. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 2: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, May 5: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The Yale Repertory Theatre production of Athol Fugard's new play, with Danny Glover, Zakes Mokae, and Lonny Price. Directed by the author. Previews Friday through Monday, April 30-May 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 4. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Medea—Zoe Caldwell and Judith Anderson star in a revival of Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the Euripides play. Robert Whitehead is the director. Previews through Saturday, May 1. Opens officially on Sunday, May 2. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Othello—James Earl Jones makes an awesome figure of the Moor and Christopher Plummer is perhaps the finest Iago that we will ever see. (2/15/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Poor Little Lambs—A musical romp about the Whiffenpoofs of Yale. Many songs in the wonderful score are by distinguished alumni (among them Cole Porter, '13), and they are very well sung by the company. There is also a great deal of funny, dirty talk. A silly plot almost sinks the show but doesn't. With Miles Chapin as a memorable Whiff. (3/29/82) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Roads to Home—These three related one-acters by Horton Foote are set in Texas in the twenties, and in each of them a woman camouflages her deep distress with a spate of social chatter. Since Mr. Foote's writing is of high quality, the results are very sad and very funny. (Manhattan Punch Line, seventh floor, 260 W. 41st St. 921-1455. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Acts of Recognition—A play by the German writer Botho Strauss, translated by Sophie Wilkins. (4/19/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 16.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:30.)

The Unseen Hand—A revival of Sam Shepard's astonishing, marvellous comedy. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork—A quasi-musical, in what appears to be a quasi-autobiographical form, written and directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, who, gifted as he is, has been too easy on himself. (1/11/82) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Frank Langella plays the villainous Salieri and Dennis Boutsikaris plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Michael Jeter, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive

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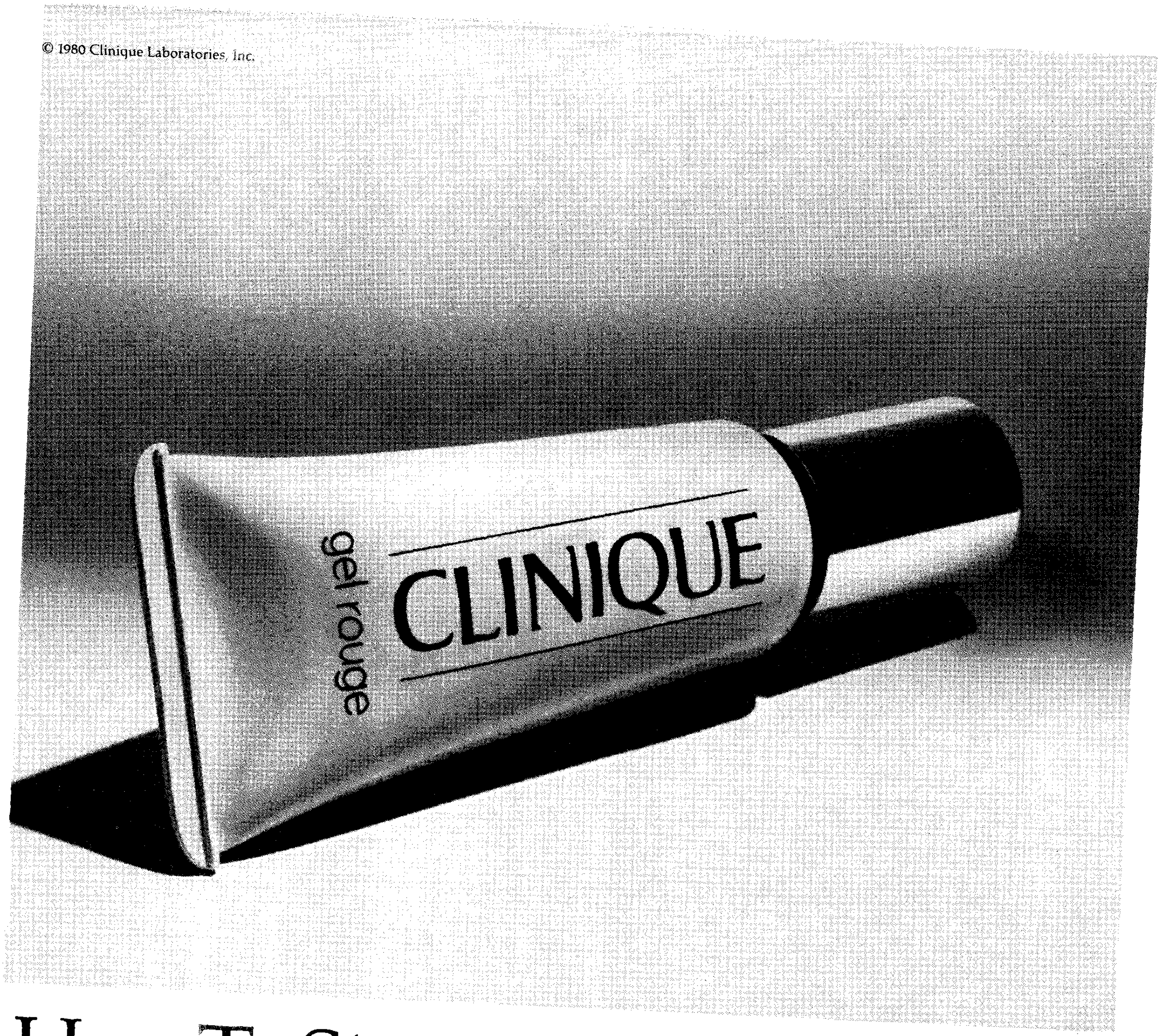

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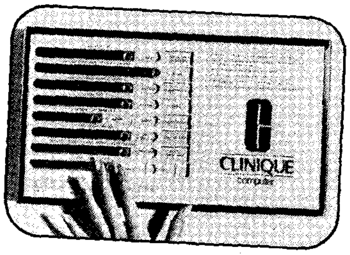

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cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,152 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **KEY EXCHANGE:** A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

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RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes lecture on bouillabaisse. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

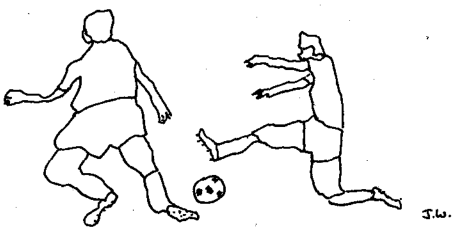
BENEFIT PERFORMANCE—Texans, including Debbie Reynolds, Dan Rather, Tommy Tune, and Sandy Duncan, will perform material by Texas writers, all to honor Texas and to benefit the American Place Theatre. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0394. Sunday, May 2, at 6 and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, July 4. Tuesday, May 4, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Piano Pieces," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Mozartiana," "The Four Temperaments," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "Square Dance," "Ballade," "Pas de Deux," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Sonatine," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Irish Fantasy," "Sonatine," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Calcium Light Night," "Ballade," "Piano Pieces," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 28, and Thursday evening, April 29: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 30: "Les Sylphides," "Sphinx," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 1: "Les Sylphides," "The Wild Boy," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 1: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 3: "Raymonda," "Configurations" (New York première), and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 4: "Great Galloping Gottschalk," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 5: "Les Sylphides," "Configurations," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 5: "Raymonda," "Great Galloping Gottschalk," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 6: "Raymonda," "Pillar of Fire," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 7, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 12.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday, April 28, and Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Private Domain," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 2:30: "Airs," "Lost, Found & Lost," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Esplanade," "House of Cards," and "Arden Court." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)



ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 23. Tuesday, May 4, at 8: "Landscape," two New York premières—"Sonnets" and "Pigs & Fishes"—and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 5, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8: "Landscape," "Spectrum," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8: "Streams," "Sonnets," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Concerto in F." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **MEN DANCING:** Wednesday through Friday, April 28-30, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 1-2, at 2 and 8. . . . **MERCURY BALLET:** Wednesday, May 5, and Friday, May 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

ANNA SOKOLOW DANCE COMPANY—Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Lyric Suite," "From the Diaries of Franz Kafka," and "Song of Songs." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: "Song of Songs," "Dreams," and "Lyric Suite." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719.)

DANIEL NAGRIN—A program of solo works opens Tuesday, May 4, and will run through Saturday, May 22. (Studio Theatre, 555 Broadway, between Prince and Spring Sts. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

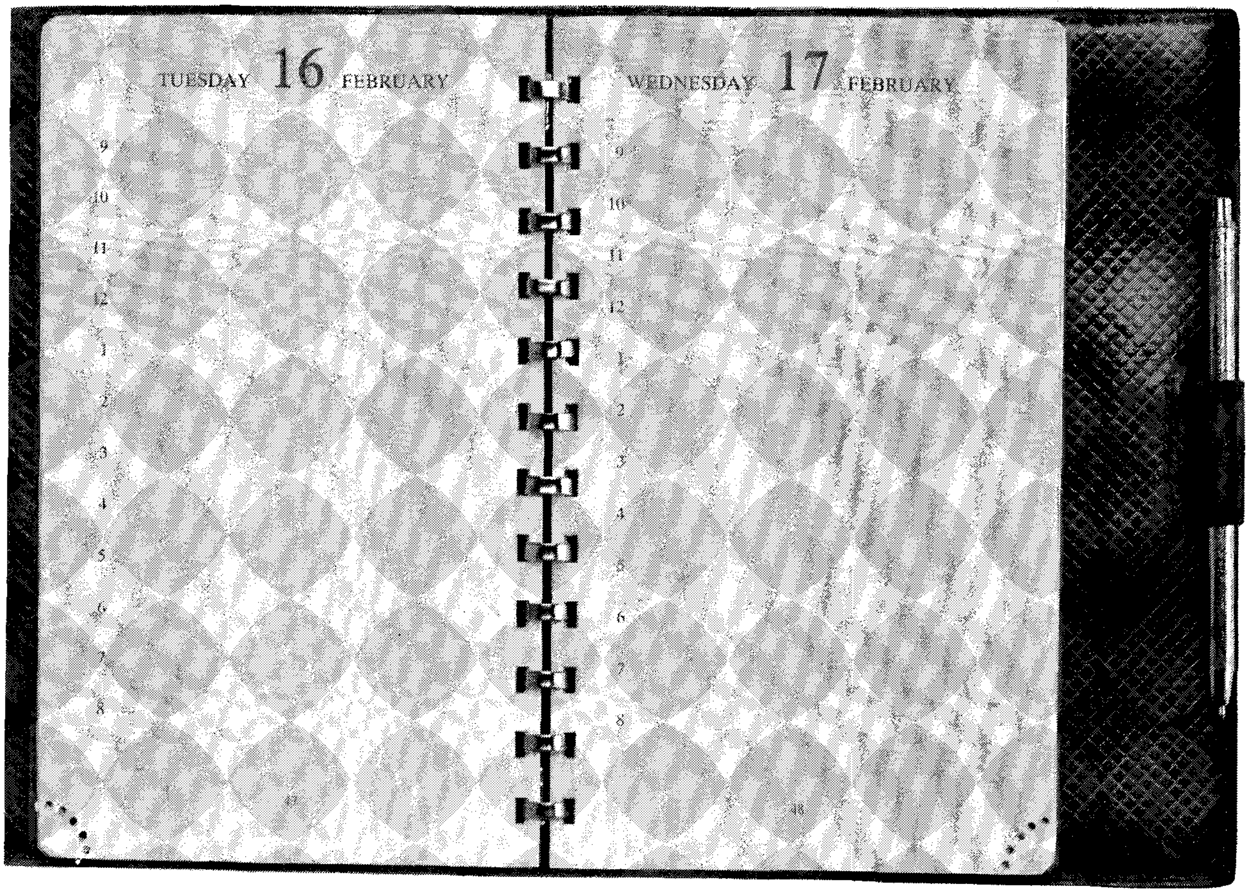
ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, leads his trio on Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1; on Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will be present. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **BENNY CARTER,** the great alto saxophonist, arranger, and bandleader, is here leading a quartet Tuesdays through Sundays. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Mondays are given over to a jazz showcase.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Thursday, April 29, veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, two evenings of doo-wop, with the Capris, Willie Winfield & the Harptones, Eugene Pitt & the Jive Five, the Mystics, and Randy & the Rainbows; Sunday, May 2, the Raybeats and Nancy West; Wednesday, May 5, Jools Holland and his Millionaires; and Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, the **JOHN HAMMOND** band and **TRACY NELSON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist **WALTER NORRIS** plays duets with bassist **RON MC CLURE** through Saturday, May 1; on Sunday, May 2, **LARRY WILLIS** will be the pianist; and on Monday, May 3, Ron McClure will begin working with pianist Le Ann Ledgerwood. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-sized Kawai that sounds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WEDNESDAY 17 FEBRUARY

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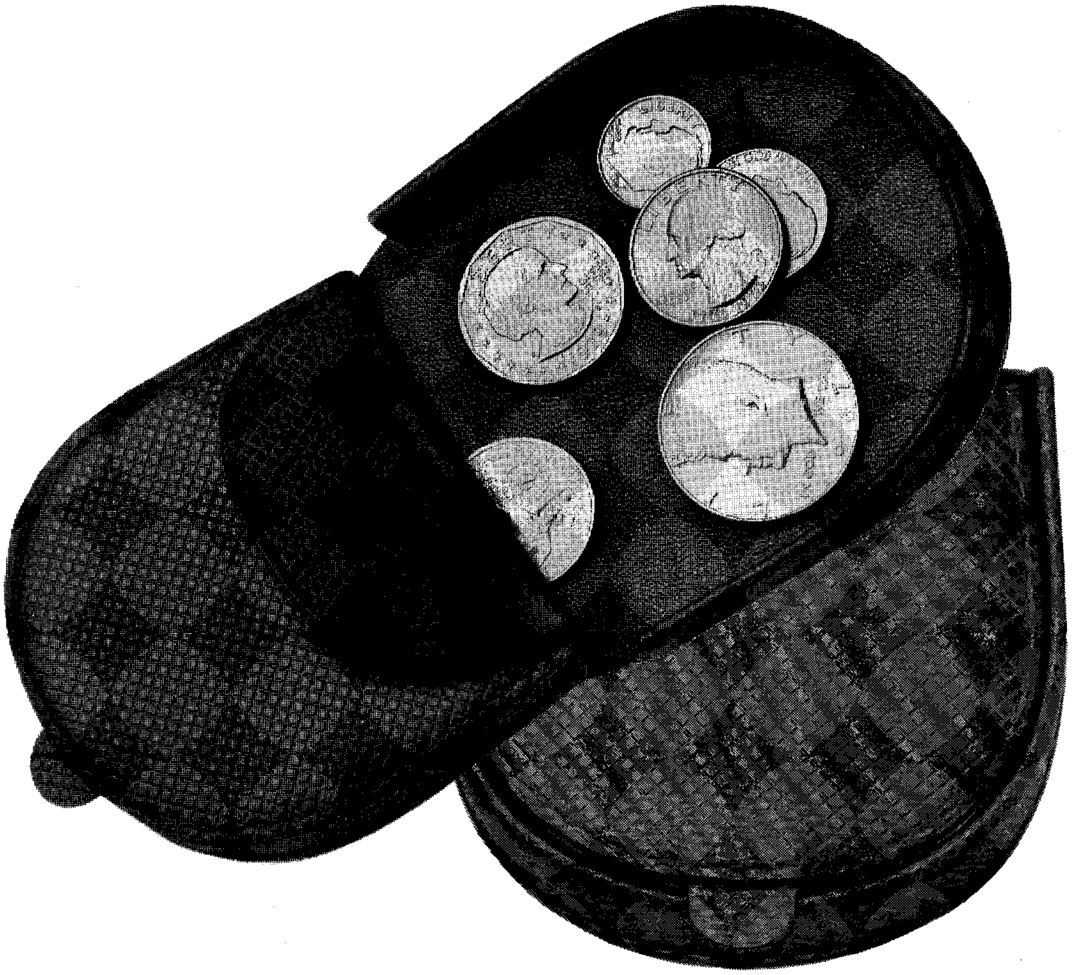

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pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from *carnaval.* Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, the exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, April 28, Skin, Dissipated Face, the Young Weasels, and Buddy Love; Thursday, April 29, Butch Lust & the Hypocrites, Gross Misconduct, and the Betrayed; Friday, April 30, Konk; and Saturday, May 1, the Nitecaps, the Donny Fury Band, and the Satin Latins. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated, with bassist Jimmy Lewis and pianist Gerald Cook as her backup team. Sets begin nightly at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, April 28, Charles O'Hegarty; Thursday, April 29, Sally Rogers & Dick Staber; Saturday, May 1, the Blue Flame String Band; Sunday, May 2, Guy Davis; Wednesday, May 5, James Keane & Mick Moloney; Thursday, May 6, Sandy Bradley and the Small Wonder String Band; and Saturday, May 8, banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE.** Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, May 2, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will head up a septet from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**MILT JACKSON** plays lovely, fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp through Sunday, May 2; on Tuesday, May 4, pianist **HANK JONES** will arrive to work with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **MEL LEWIS.** The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, April 28, Jesse Winchester and Ilene Weiss; Friday, April 30, Livingston Taylor and Andy Breckman; Saturday, May 1, **ELIZABETH (LIBBA) COTTON** and **MIKE SEEGER;** Sunday, May 2, the Battlefield Band; Tuesday, May 4, the Cliff Eberhardt Band; Wednesday, May 5, Woody Simmons; and Thursday, May 6, Hot Rize. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: **DAKOTA STATON,** whose up-tempo blues-tinged numbers are wonderful but whose ballads tend to suffer from vibrato overload, sings with her trio through Saturday, May 1; on Sunday, May 2, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** will lead his band, **TOP SHELF,** which includes saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD, HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER,** and percussionist **WARREN SMITH;** on Monday, May 3, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and singer Evelyn Thomas will be onstage; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 4-5, will belong to singer Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; and on Thursday, May 6, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul band, will come in for three nights. Sets run Sundays through Thursdays from ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano and sings.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. **AL HAIG,** who was one of the first—he's still one of the best—bebop pianists, performs through Saturday, May 1; on Tuesday, May 4, **JUNIOR MANCE,** an energetic, bluesy player, will claim the keyboard. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, from seven to eleven, are given over to pianist **NINA SHELDON.**

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **ART HODES,** who is in his late seventies, is an adept pianist with a very light touch. In the twenties, he played with just about every great Chicago musician; in the forties, he recorded with Sidney Bechet; and in the eighties Mr. Hodes is lovingly playing blues, tunes by Gershwin and Carmichael, some boogie-woogie, and assorted piano rags. He's here through Saturday, May 1. On Sunday and Monday, May 2-3, pianist **DILL JONES** will perform; and on Tuesday, May 4, bluesy pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will take over the dining-room-music duties. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** directs a trio some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to one. Chuck Folds is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs, Brazil nuts, and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. On Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN** will perform with pianist **HILTON RUIZ** bassist **MIKE FLEMING,** and drummer **WALTER PERKINS;** on Friday and Saturday, May 7-8 two alumni of the Basie band of the fifties trombonist **BENNY POWELL** and tenor saxophonist **BILLY MITCHELL,** will co-pilot a quintet. Wednesdays belong to a group called Jersey Bounce. On Thursdays, the eight talented young musicians who make up the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**—a tenor saxophonist-flutist, a trombonist, an electric guitarist, an electric bassist, a trap drummer, two additional drummers (one plays a Brazilian version of a tomtom, the other a Brazilian drum that looks like a portable kettledrum slung on a strap over his shoulder), and a flamboyant Type A percussionist—assemble themselves on the bandstand. They light right into wild, swirling, manic sambas with such fervor that one might suspect they've just marched in a parade during *carnaval.* Music after eight-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays following the regular sets—which ought to be about one in the morning—Mike Morgenstern jams with another bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

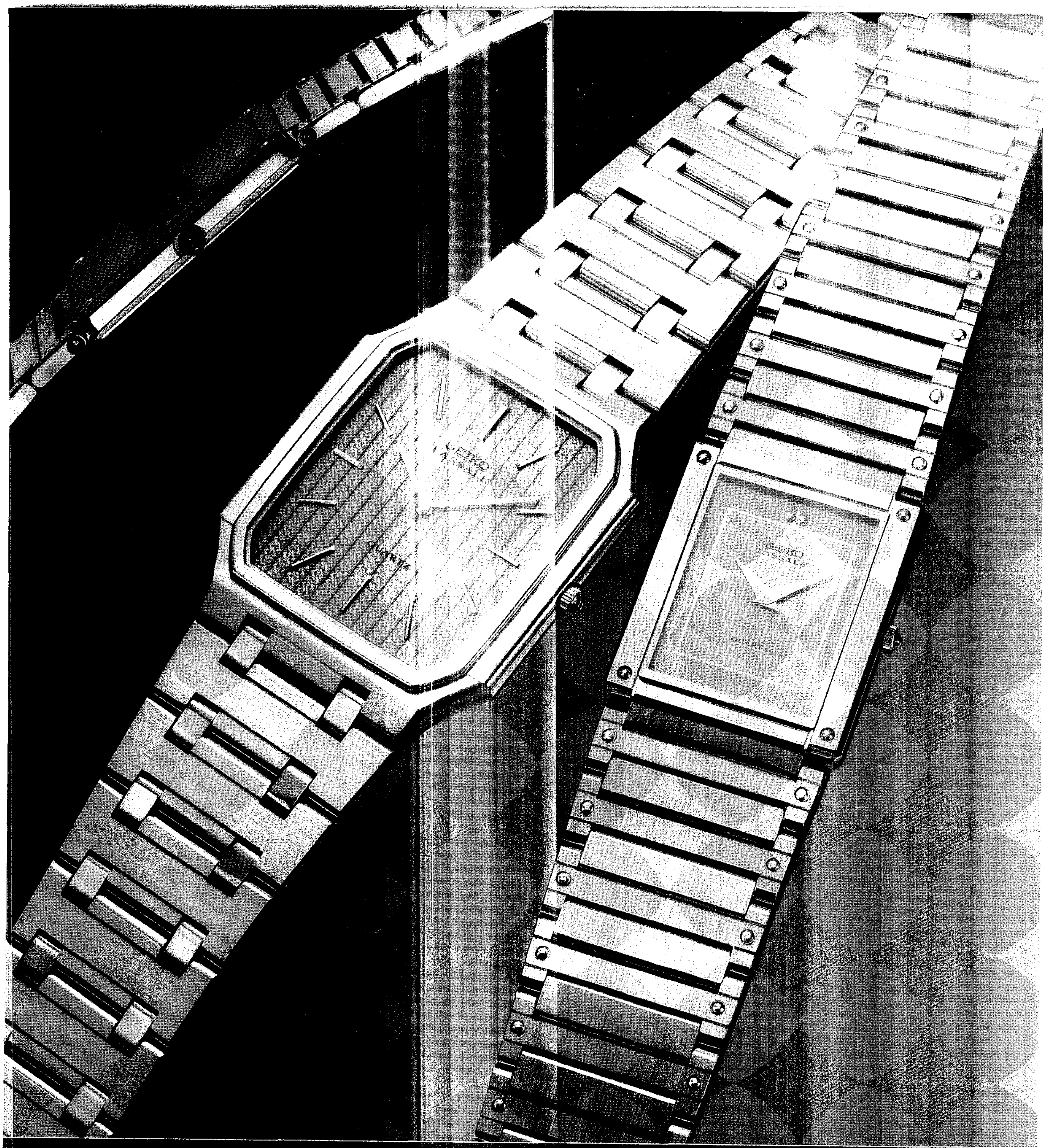
Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** form the piano-bass team that rewards good listening Tuesdays through Saturdays, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are on hand every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, April 28, blues-harp player and singer **CHARLIE MUSSELWHITE** and blues slide guitarist **J. B. HUTTO;** Thursday, April 29, the Iron City Houserockers and Preston Reed; Sunday, May 2, blues fiddler **PAPA JOHN CREACH;** Wednesday, May 5, rockabilly patriarch **CARL PERKINS;** and Thursday, May 6, R. & B. singer **MARTHA REEVES.** Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A new jazz club—not particularly opulent (thank heavens) but definitely lively, and even though it's only a few months old, it has an established, exciting feel to it. Trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW'S** quintet works out through Saturday, May 1; on Sunday, May 2, pianist **MAL WALDRON** and soprano saxophonist **STEVE LACY** will team up; Monday and Tuesday, May 3-4, will belong to drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL;** and on Wednesday, May 5, **DAVID AMRAM** will bring in his quintet for a four-night visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—This singer's room has a view of a garden and a view of **KENNY RANKIN,** the pleasant pop-jazz folkie, Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer, pianist, and songwriter **DAVE FRISHBERG,** who wrote "I'm Hip" and "Peel Me a Grape," and his associate pianist, Murray Grand, prove that there's more to play on twin pianos than "Chariots of Fire." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-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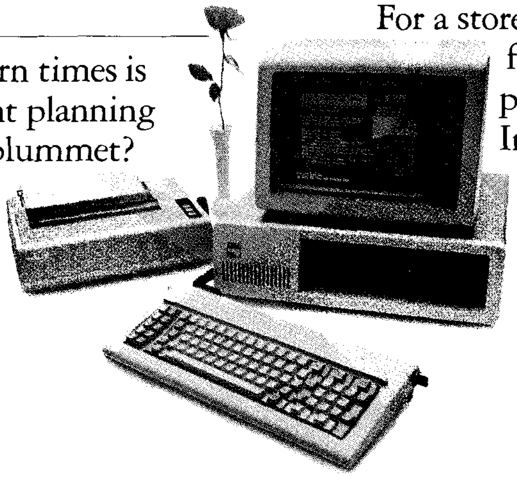

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Keyboard
83 keys, 6 ft. cord attaches to system unit*
10 function keys*
10-key numeric pad
Tactile feedback*

Display Screen
High-resolution*
80 characters x 25 lines
Upper and lower case
Green phosphor screen*
Diagnostics
Power-on self testing*
Parity checking*
Languages
BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN, MACRO Assembler
Printer
Bidirectional*
80 characters/second
12 character styles, up to 132 characters/line*
9 x 9 character matrix*

Color/Graphics
Text mode:
16 colors*
256 characters and symbols in ROM*
Graphics mode:
4-color resolution: 320h x 200v*
Black & white resolution: 640h x 200v*
Simultaneous graphics & text capability*
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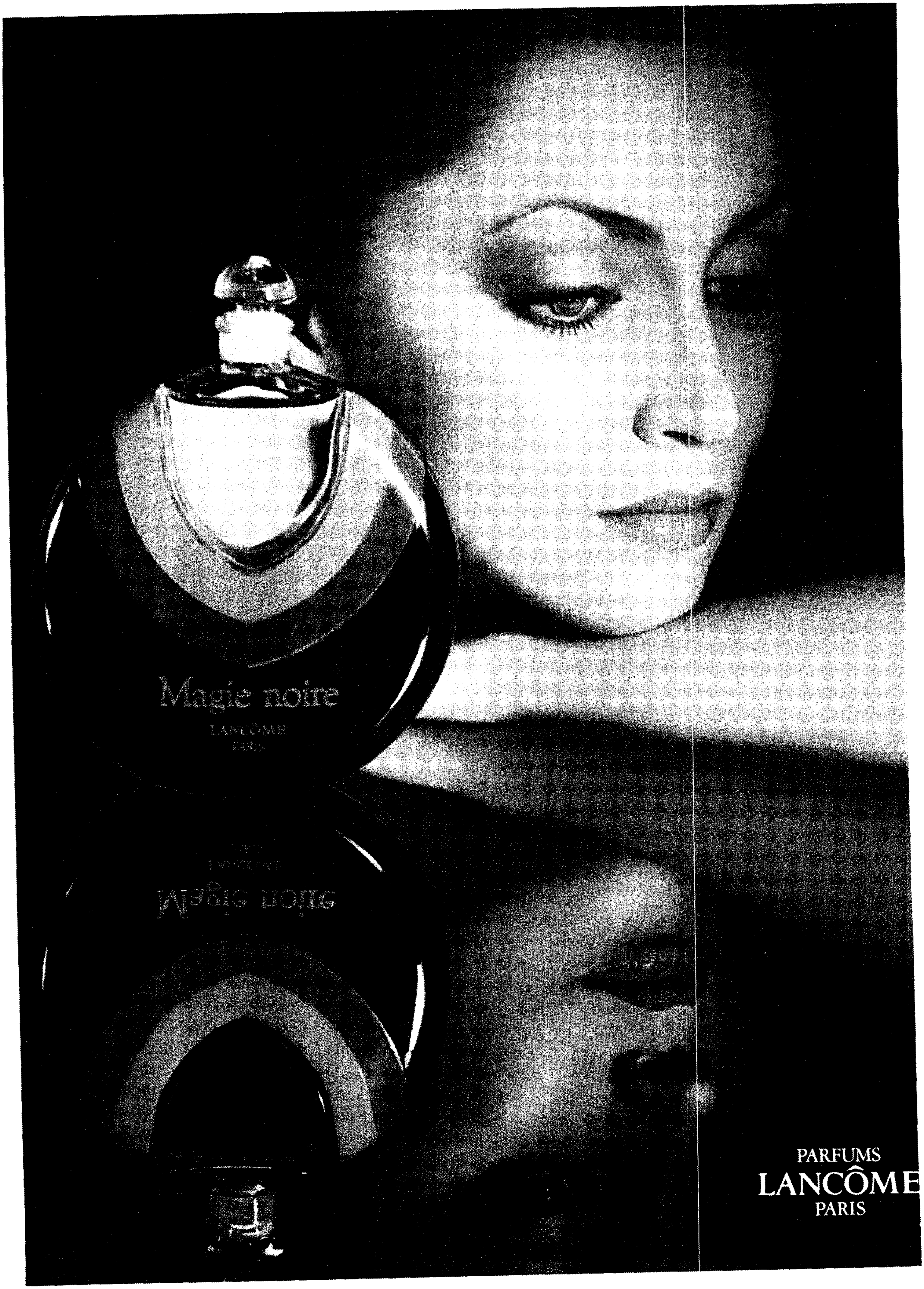
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. The schedule: Wednesday, April 28, Dave Tofani; Thursday, April 29, guitarist **ARLEN ROTH;** Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, electric violinist Noel Pointer; Wednesday, May 5, Roland Vazquez; and Thursday, May 6, singer Ebony Jo-Ann. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. The current roster: Wednesday, April 28, Taxi and Diane Ponzio; Thursday, April 29, and Thursday, May 6, Eve Moon. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. Wednesday, April 28, Shrapnel and Robbie Watson & the Speedometers; Thursday, April 29, the Peter Dayton Band and Scandal; and Friday, April 30, the Bongos. Music from round about midnight.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Trumpeter **SY OLIVER** guides his bouncy dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Thursday and Friday, April 29-30, **NONA HENDRYX** and Kid Creole; Saturday, May 1, the Rockats; Sunday, May 2, Strange Party and Mickey Clean; Monday through Wednesday, May 3-5, **GRAHAM PARKER;** Thursday, May 6, **ERIC BURDON;** Friday, May 7, Dépêche Mode; and Saturday, May 8, the Lenny Kaye Connection and the Nitecaps. Shows usually after midnight.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Frank Loesser is under way, with a cast comprised of Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday, April 28, the **HAMIET BLUIET** quintet; Thursday through Sunday, April 29-May 2, saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH,** bassist **RON CARTER,** drummer **ART TAYLOR,** trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON** (all in one band); and Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9, **DEUCE,** a funk-jazz septet co-led by trumpeter **ELLEN SEELING** and tenor saxophonist **JEAN FINEBERG.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Saxophonist, flutist, vocalist, and monologist **JAMES MOODY** is here through Saturday, May 1; on Sunday, May 2, Janet Lawson will sing with her quartet; on Monday, May 3, **TED CURSON, DOC CHEATHAM, HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON, REGGIE WORKMAN,** and other musicians will perform (from eight until three) in a benefit concert; and on Tuesday, May 4, tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON** will take charge with his group. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **CHARLES BROWN,** an R. & B. singer from Texas City, Texas who was prominent in the late forties and early fifties, is making a rare New York visit. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from about nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, April 28, Vivian Cherry and Cookie Watkins; Thursday, April 29, Raze and Knucklehead Smith; Friday, April 30, Hooks and Scarlet Fever; and Saturday, May 1, Catholic Girls and Heaven. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the big, barnlike downstairs room is the site of salsa concerts, which begin after nine; on May 3, **MANNY OQUENDO'S CONJUNTO LIBRE** will trade sets with **CHARANGA 76;** trombonist **STEVE TURRE** will be the guest soloist. On Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor in this most famous jazz club in the world. Altoist Richie Cole's quintet winds up its week here on Sunday, May 2; on Tuesday, May 4, singer, pianist, and songwriter **MOSE ALLISON** will move in with his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The **COUNTSMEN,** a Basie-esque quintet directed by two Basie veterans, trombonist-vocalist **DICKY WELLS** and saxophonist-vocalist **EARLE WARREN,** perform through Monday, May 3. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Houston Person and Etta Jones—With Melvin Sparks. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, April 30, at 8.)

Graham Parker—With Tommy Tutone. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, April 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Henry Threadgill Sextet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, April 30, at 11:30.

Sammy Hagar—With Aldo Nova. (Palladium. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

John Carter–Bobby Bradford Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, May 1, at 11:30.

Jazz in the Park—James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

Asia—With Geoff Downes, Steve Howe, and others. (Palladium. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The fourth of five programs in which film songwriters discuss their work, with the assistance of their professional performing friends. In this case the composers are Jay Livingston and Ray Evans, and their assistants are pianists Mike Renzi and singers Bobbi Baird, Lynnie Godfrey, Mark Yetter, and Betty Hutton. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday and Monday, May 2-3, at 8.)

Jack DeJohnette's Special Edition—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 11:30.

Human League—Palladium. Friday, May 7, at 9.

Bill Dixon—With Mario Pavone and Lawrence Cook. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 10 and midnight: Bucky Thorpe quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 10, 12, and 1:30: Pepper Adams quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 30, at 9: Ladji Camara. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 8: Rick Cutler, Chuck Loeb, Lawrence Feldman, and others performing new works by Fred Tompkins. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Benefit Concerts—A program of Duke Ellington's music, with Bob Wilber's band, dancer Honi Coles, singer Barbara Lea, and others. For the benefit of the Duke Ellington Fund. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, April 29, at 8.) . . . ¶ Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson directing the Barry Harris Jazz Ensemble, which includes a sixty-voice chorus, twenty-five strings, an eighteen-piece band, and dancers. For the benefit of the Abby Whiteside Foundation. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday, April 30, at 7:30 and 11. Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.) . . . ¶ Betty Garrett in a program of theatre songs. The beneficiary is the Neighborhood Playhouse. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. Monday, May 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-8782.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

William Anastasi—Collages. Through Friday, April 30. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

William Bailey—Paintings and works on paper (female nudes and still-lifes) by a realist. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902)—Thirteen oil sketches of landscapes, recently discovered in a private collection in England. Through Saturday, May 8. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Jane Chenoweth—Paintings of flowers and landscapes; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Large oils from the past year, done with a somewhat thinner paint and a lighter, sunnier palette. Through Saturday, May 1. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Carole Eisner—Abstract paintings. Through

May 28. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Ralph Humphrey—Three-dimensional paintings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twelve portrait heads in oil, spanning the years 1906 to 1930. Through May 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Lester Johnson—"Groups Walking, 1981," new paintings from his ongoing series on pedestrians. Through Thursday, May 6. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer—Recent abstract paintings in mixed mediums, representing a departure from the checkerboard patterns usually associated with this artist. Through Saturday, May 8. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Relatively small bronzes on Biblical themes: the prodigal's return, David and Goliath, and so on. Through Saturday, May 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Aquatints and lithographs. Through May 29. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Todd McKie—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—The first public showing of thirteen gouaches painted (in 1954 and 1965) for a French publisher's limited edition of the satirical play "Ubu Roi." Through Saturday, May 1. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Recent oils by a Cobra elder. Through May 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A small show of paintings and drawings. Through May 29. (Adler-Castillo, third floor, 58 E. 79th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Etchings, aquatints, and drypoints from the artist's estate. Through Saturday, May 8. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Kikuo Saito / William Roberts (1895-1980)—Abstract canvases with a twist or two of Oriental-looking calligraphy in the foreground. / Oil paintings in the Vorticist manner, including battle scenes from the First World War, by an English artist who participated in it. Through Saturday, May 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Reeve Schley III—Beach scenes—New Jersey, the Vineyard, Nantucket—done in crisp, almost stylized watercolors, plus one oil. Through May 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Paul Signac (1863-1935)—Watercolors and drawings, several of them preparatory sketches for major works. Through May 15. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Sculptures and drawings from the thirties and forties. Through May 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Ann Sperry—Recent sculptures. Through May 15. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

John Wesley—Recent gouaches on paper and acrylics on canvas. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A hundred items produced at the Bauhaus studios, including graphics, publications, and watercolors and drawings by Oskar Schlemmer, Anni Albers, Paul Klee, and others. Also a lamp designed by Gyula Pap. Through June 30. . . . **browne,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Etchings by Europeans, done over the four centuries from 1500. Through June 19. . . . **cds,** 13 E. 75th St.: One work apiece by seven artists, including Louise Bourgeois, Louise Nevelson, and Robert Motherwell, and two each by seven others (Jake Berthot, Richard Fishman, Cletus Johnson). The latter group was chosen by the former. Through June 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Works by sixteen American realists, Andrew Wyeth, Shirl Goedike, and Robert Cottingham among them. More than half of the artists represented are newcomers to the gallery. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **paul rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: A sampling of French paintings and sculptures, old and relatively new, by thirty-eight artists not well known here. Four Paris galleries participated in the show. Through Saturday, May 1. . . . **schlesinger-boisanté,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings of the thirties and forties by twenty-two American artists (Arthur B. Carles, Mercedes Matter, Ilya Bolotowsky). Through Saturday, May 1. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

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Sculpture—At the **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from carved-pine representations of "Comedy" and "Tragedy" done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 model for a bronze outdoor sculpture by Paul Manship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through June 4. . . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Painted sculptures by three abstract artists: Mary Ann Unger and Charles Searles (wood), and Charles Seplowin (steel). Through Tuesday, May 4.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstract paintings. Through May 22. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Abe Ajay—Constructions and related collages. Through May 22. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Charles Biederman—Painted-aluminum wall constructions. Through Saturday, May 8. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Farrell Brickhouse / Pinchas Cohen Gan—Large-scale painted wall constructions, plus painted works on paper. / Paintings. Through Saturday, May 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Briggs—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 8. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

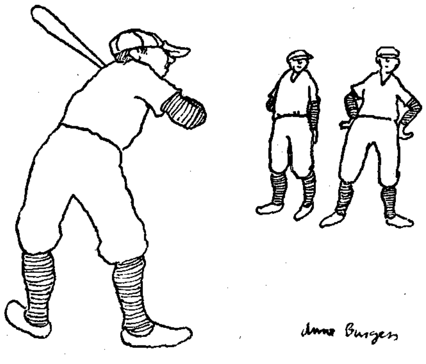
Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through May 28. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lawrence Fane—Sculptures based on organic forms. Through May 22. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dana Garrett—Monochromatic oils and black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, May 1. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstract paintings. Through May 12. (Klonaridis, a new gallery at 50 W. 57th St.)

Caroline Greenwald—Abstractions on translucent handmade paper, some of them suspended from the ceiling. Through Saturday, May 8. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)



John Gundelfinger—Large landscapes in oil. Through May 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Paintings and drawings of New York at night seen from airplane height. Through Saturday, May 8. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Anselm Kiefer—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two cast-and-plate-aluminum figurative sculptures conceived as outdoor pieces. Through May 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—A bronze of Fred Astaire in tails and other sculptures. Through May 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jeanne Miles / Arthur Pierson—Small-scale abstract paintings. / Recent sculptures and drawings. Through Saturday, May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Dona Nelson—Representational landscape paintings and abstract paintings, the latter enamel on board. Through May 22. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

John Obuck—Three-dimensional works using canvas, wood, and Plexiglas. Through May 22. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Joel Perlman / Beverly Pepper—Steel and bronze sculptures of assorted geometric shapes assembled in a rectangular format. Through Saturday, May 1. / Sculptures in cast ductile metal: single shafts up to ten feet tall and smaller pieces. Starts Thursday, April 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Martin Schongauer (1450-91)—Eighteen engravings. Through May 28. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Linda Sokolowski—Landscapes and figures in prints and on paper in oil wash and pastel. Through Saturday, May 8. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Harry Soviak—Watercolors with vases as the central motif. Also, a first showing of sculptures. Through May 22. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—"Still-Life and Architecture" is the title of this show of drawings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Large, severely stylized paintings—a yellow tulip, a street lamp, a factory smokestack breathing fire—done on Masonite and vinyl floor tiles. Through Saturday, May 8. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Tigerman / Siet Zuyderland—Architectural models and drawings for projects both real and imagined. / Drawings of seaside wrack, by a Dutch realist working on Majorca. Through Saturday, May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Conrad Atkinson—Photographs, collages, and other works dealing with subjects such as nuclear power and pollution by a British polemist. Through June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ During the same period, sound works by Jud Fine, Hannah Wilke, and others can be heard (with headphones).

Ed Baynard—Quick oil-and-pencil sketches of the human figure, sometimes shown in a shoulder-to-shoulder row across the canvas. Through Thursday, May 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Richard Beckett—Painted wall constructions and drawings. Through May 22. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Peter Dean / Larry Nelson—Paintings of tragic events, such as the assassinations of President Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also a portrait of John Lennon. / Realist watercolors of storefronts and barbershops. Through Saturday, May 8. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

Camille Eskell—Paintings and drawings of landmarks in Sydney, Australia—Bondi Beach, Harbor Bridge, the opera house—by an American woman who visited there

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STEUBEN GLASS

recently. Through Wednesday, May 5. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

April Gornik—Large oils depicting imaginary landscapes. Through Saturday, May 8. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Elaine Huyer / Vera Schupack—Nonobjective oils. / Sculptured abstractions done in canvas. Through May 9. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Bernd Koberling—Paintings of bleak landscapes and tough-looking aquatic birds—reflections, perhaps, of the long tramps the artist has taken over the Lapland wastes. Through Thursday, May 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Norman Laliberté—Boxes and paintings on canvas. Through May 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Rosemary Naegele—Rooftop vistas of New York, mostly oil on canvas, occasionally with the Trade Center in the background. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Alan Shields—Painted canvases supported on an aluminum framework make up a walk-through maze, eighteen feet long, seven feet high, and eighteen feet wide. Also, paintings and stitchings on unstretched canvas, some of them pointed up with beads. Through Friday, April 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Wendy Sussman—Large, simple paintings, usually of young couples. Through Wednesday, May 5. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Cy Twombly—New works on paper which continue his explorations of mythological themes. Through Saturday, May 8. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: The second half of the gallery's fifth-anniversary show, reviewing the works of artists who have exhibited here. Through Saturday, May 1. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **55 mercer street gallery:** Constructions in clay and in plaster and fabric by Grace Bakst Wapner, figurative paintings and collages by Joan Gillman Negron, and freestanding screens and other works by Gloria Greenberg. Through May 15.

OTHER GALLERIES

Charles Fahlen—Two highly stylized, stucco-on-plywood sculptures of dogs. Through Sept. 8. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Recent abstract paintings. Through May 14. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Giuseppe Penone—Three sculptures and a drawing based on nature. Through May 15. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Joe Stefanelli—Drawings done in Egypt in the sixties. Through Wednesday, May 5. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: One work apiece by Rosemarie Castoro, Roger Cutforth, Jody Pinto, Frank Young, and five others. Through May 15. . . . **grey art gallery,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through June 3. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **pratt manhattan center,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Drawings intended to diagram movement—dance notations, for example—by twenty artists. Contributors include Lucinda Childs, Robert Wilson, and Remy Charlip. Through Saturday, May 8. (Open Mondays.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Thomas Barrow / Paul Berger—Manipulated prints, some incorporating stencilled phrases. / Recent works: related images cut from photographs and assembled together, as in a collage. Through May 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Roy DeCarava—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Robert Doisneau—Forty-five black-and-white portraits mostly dating from the fifties. Through May 14. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lee Friedlander / John Pfahl—"Factory Valleys": landscapes and portraits taken in and around the industrial regions of Ohio and Pennsylvania. / Dye-transfer prints of landscapes, plus other works. Through May 22. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Florence Henri—Photomontages from the late twenties and early thirties, while she was enrolled at the Bauhaus. Through May 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Fred Korth—Thirty-five photographs from the thirties and forties by this industrial photographer whose work has been seen in *Fortune, National Geographic, Look,* and other magazines. Through May 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Wilhelm Maywald / Eva Rubinstein—Fashion photographs and portraits of Picasso, Braque, Chagall, and others, all from the late forties and early fifties. / Recent shots of building exteriors and of children, plus portraits. Through Saturday, May 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ezra Stoller—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959. Starts Thursday, April 29. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . ¶ Additional photographs of Angkor Wat, contrasting its condition in 1968 and in October, 1981, by the staff of *National Geographic,* are on view in the lobby of the United Nations General Assembly Building. Through Friday, April 30.

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of Paris from the archives of the Magnum coöperative. Half of the hundred black-and-whites have never been exhibited before. Robert Capa, David Seymour (Chim), Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Inge Morath are among the artists. . . . ¶ Photographs of Alaskan Eskimo villages taken from 1973 to 1978 by Alex Harris. Both exhibits through May 9. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **metropolitan museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: Photographs by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, arranged topically and in pairs to illustrate different approaches to similar subjects; for example, Doris Ulmann's portrait of two lovers entitled "South Carolina" is displayed alongside Brassaï's "Couple d'Amoureux dans un Petit Café, Quartier Italie." Other twinned contributors: Kertész and Namuth, Model and Frank. (See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: One work each by Sheila Metzner, Eliot Porter, Tod Papageorge, and other photographers who have exhibited here during the past five years. Through Saturday, May 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gallery displaying part of the museum's collection of small sculptures and decorative arts of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century northern Europe has been established on the main floor. Two of the ninety pieces are a German relief depicting an "Allegory of Virtues and Vices at the Court of Charles V" and a Flemish tapestry representing "The Bridal Chamber of Herse." . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that were buried in the deserts of Central Asia for a thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay and wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. . . . **photography:** Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints from the permanent collection. Through May 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Six recently acquired videotapes, one shown continuously each day; viewing time ranges from twelve minutes to an hour. Through May 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Starts Friday, April 30. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two

decades by nearly two dozen artists—Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, Julian Schnabel, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949-80. Through June 6. . . . ¶ A selection of nearly a hundred and twenty pieces of Wedgwood from the collection of Emily Winthrop Miles. Included are a creamware plate from a large dinner service commissioned by Catherine II of Russia in 1770 and two basalt oil lamps dated 1790. . . . ¶ "Brooklyn Before the Bridge: American Paintings from the Long Island Historical Society": a show of sixty oils and watercolors. Through May 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA INSTITUTE, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads—one animal, one human. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A loan show of Hawaiian artifacts (and paintings and drawings) from the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu. . . . ¶ About seventy award-winning drawings by eighteenth-century architectural students who entered annual competitions held by the National Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through May 9.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of works by Shikō Munakata, a twentieth-century artist whose set of twelve woodblock prints, "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha," is mounted as hanging scrolls. Through June 20. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books offers among more than a hundred examples a copy of Molière's "Œuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. Starts Thursday, April 29. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. Through July 31. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." Starts Thursday, April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit of fifty-five paintings and drawings by Edwin Dickinson, including "Ruin at Daphne" on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through May 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Sailing Ships in Dutch Prints: Four Centuries of Naval Art from the Rijksmuseum," a show of more than ninety etchings, engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts done from 1550 to 1900. Through May 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Works in different mediums (all with political themes) by, among others, Sonia Balassanian, David Hammons, and Peter Waite. Through May 22.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Conceptual works by second-generation Fluxus artists. . . . ¶ Installations by Bruce Charlesworth and by Tad Savinar. Both shows through May 15.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Bruce & Norman Yonemoto (performance with video and film), Thursday, May 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Exhibitions: Contemporary handmade books by East European artists, through June 19; an installation by Guillaume Bijl, through May 11.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Dana Reitz & Dancers, Wednesday through Sunday, April 28-May 2, at 8:30.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St. Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Performance artists Sundays from 1 to 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season: Wednesday, April 28, at 8: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler, and Douglas Perry; conducted by Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 29, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, David Borgeson, and William Justus; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, April 30, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with June Anderson, Riccardo Calleo, Dominic Cossa, and Boris Martinovich; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 2: "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" (in English), with Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Sheryl Woods, David Eisler, and Douglas Perry; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Suzanne Sonnenschein, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, Garry Grice, and William Justus; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 2, at 7: "La Bohème," with Catherine Lamy, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Vincent LaSelva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 850-5570.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Frederick S. Roffman conducting the first of six performances of Vic-

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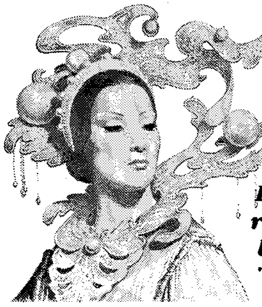
JULIUS CAESAR



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TURANDOT

Rossini's rollicking
THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

Verdi's powerful and poignant
NABUCCO

Stravinsky's wickedly funny
THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

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To improve performance, you build a larger engine.

To improve fuel economy, you build a smaller engine.

The logic of an Einstein.

Of course, it becomes the logic of a Frankenstein when you make the grand public announcement of "The Perfect Compromise." And you begin peddling mediocre performance and mediocre gas mileage.

The real trick is to rise above Einstein's logic and increase performance and fuel economy at the same time.

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The APC stands for Automatic Performance Control. It improves gas mileage by 11%* over the conventional turbo engine. And, at the same time that it's being wonderfully civic-minded, it chops a g-force-inducing second from 0 to 60 acceleration.

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Turbochargers were originally designed for airplanes and racing cars. When they finally and logically found their way into passenger cars, a problem arose.

Turbocharging generates additional pressure in an engine. If the pressure gets too great, the engine starts to knock. That's the engine's none too subtle way of telling you that it's headed for self-destruct.

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The bad news: Those circumstances happen only about 5% of the time you drive. So, in protecting the engine against a 5% possibility, turbocharged engines couldn't give you full power and full fuel efficiency the other 95% of the time.

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	Automatic	*11,000*
900 4-door	*5-speed*	*$10,950*
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900S 3-door	*5-speed*	*$12,800*
	Automatic	*13,150*
900S 4-door	*5-speed*	*$13,500*
	Automatic	*13,850*
900 APC Turbo 3-door	*5-speed*	*$16,200*
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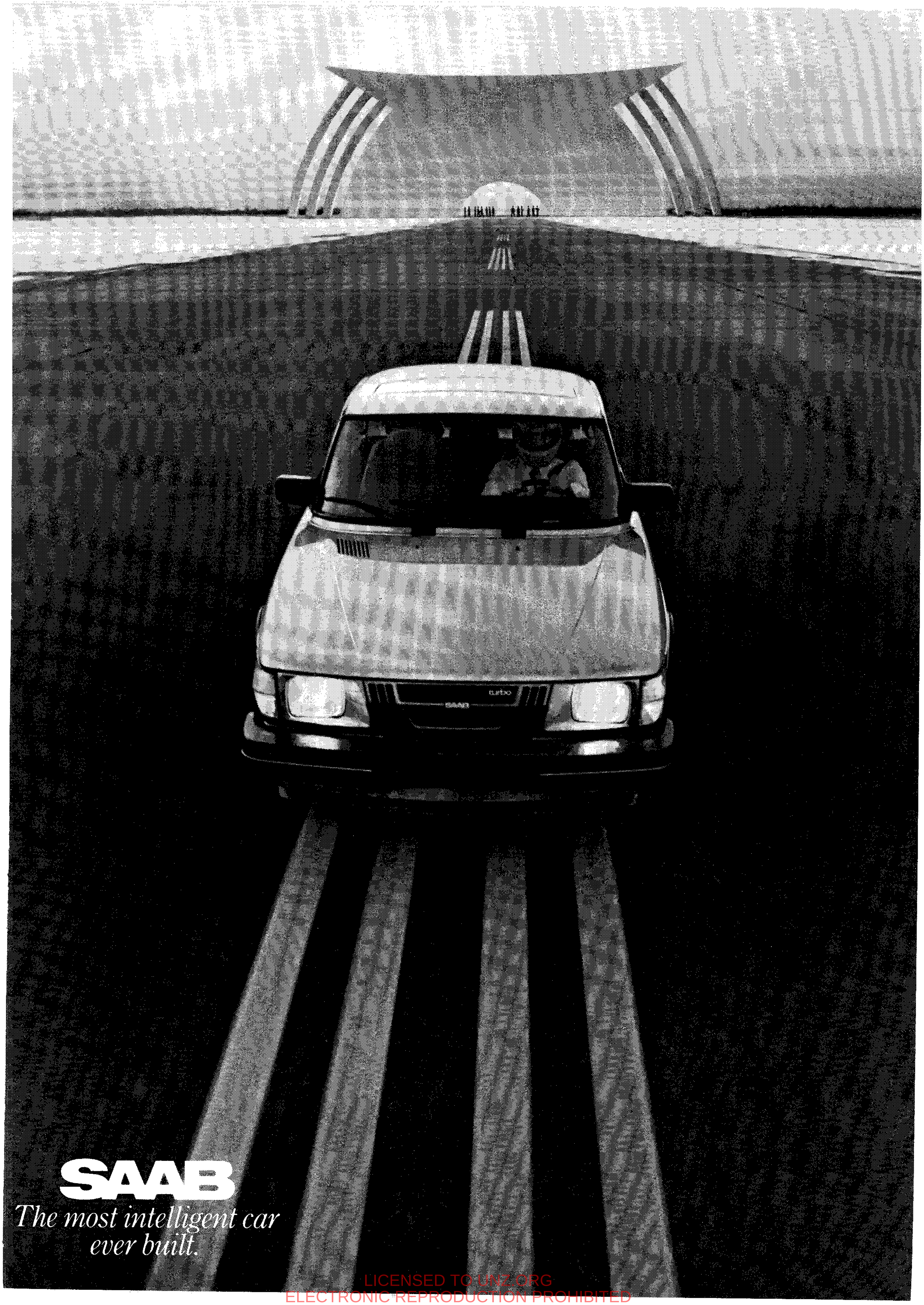
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tor Herbert's operetta "The Enchantress." (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Jewish Opera at the Y—The première of "Mikhoels the Wise," an opera by Bruce Adolphe and Mel Gordon, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by David Yakir. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 9, at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the final performances of the regular season—Thursday through Saturday, April 29-May 1, at 8: The American première of Joseph Marx's "Romantic Piano Concerto" and music by Vivaldi and Beethoven, with Jorge Bolet, piano, and Charles Rex, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 7:30: A repeat of the preceding program, except a Berlioz work replacing the Beethoven. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6; Saturday, May 8; and Wednesday, May 12, all at 8: A program of music by Vivaldi, Richard Strauss, Glière, and Ravel, with Philip Myers, horn; Mr. Rex; and Joseph Robinson, oboe. . . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 2: A repeat of the preceding program, except a Brahms work replacing the Vivaldi, with Mr. Myers and Mr. Robinson.

Hague Philharmonic—Hans Vonk conducting a Ravel-Haydn-Stravinsky program, with Elly Ameling, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting a Sibelius-Rachmaninoff-Brahms program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a Barber-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 5:30.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

American Composers Orchestra—The last in a series of concerts of American music, this one conducted by Gunther Schuller, with Lewis Lipnick, contrabassoon. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing the final program of the season, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus; the St. Thomas Singers; and members of the Coro Borincano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, May 9, at 3.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Warren H. Brown III directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The final concert of the season will be performed by the New Calliope Singers under the direction of Peter Schubert; Jean Kopperud, clarinet; and Stephen Drury, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

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Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Schubert's Mass in E Major, with an orchestra. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a Britten-Purcell program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Cathedral Singers—Richard Westenburg directing an all-Mozart program, with a chamber orchestra. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 2, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society—Dino Anagnost directing a performance of Berlioz's Requiem, with Jon Garrison, tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing an all-Mozart program, with Hei Kyung Hong, soprano; Philip Creech, tenor; Alteouise DeVaughn, mezzo-soprano; and Arthur Woodley, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Concordia Choir—Gerald Coleman directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 3.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead and Paul LaMedica directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

Giora Feidman—Clarinet, with a trio. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 28, at 8, and Wednesday, May 5, at 2.)

Charles Treger and André Watts—Violin and piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Wednesday, April 28, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Lukas Foss, Susan Blaustein, Harvey Sollberger, and others, performed by Susan Belling, soprano; Mr. Sollberger, flute; Dean Drummond, zoomoozophone; and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, April 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Arkady Aronov—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 29, at 8.)

Fitzwilliam String Quartet—The last four in a series of five concerts presenting the American première of the Shostakovich cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 29; Saturday, May 1; Tuesday, May 4; and Thursday, May 6, all at 8.)

New Repertory Ensemble of New York—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Gabrieli Quartet and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 30, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, May 1, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 1, at 3.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Oxana Yablonskaya—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

Marni Nixon—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 1, at 8.)

Joseph Porrello—Tenor. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sunday, May 2, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in a performance of Albeniz's "Iberia" (complete). (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt—Baritone and soprano, in a program of songs from the American theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

John van Buskirk—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, May 2, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The sixth in a series of seven concerts will be devoted to the music of Renaissance composer Ludwig Senfl, and will be performed by the Symphonia Antiqua. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Kathleen Battle—Soprano, with James Levine, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 2, at 8.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Sunday, May 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Daniel Varsano—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8.)

Berenice Lipson-Gruzen—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, May 3, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of music of our time, with Jean Kopperud, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 3, at 8.)

Heidi Lehwalder—Harp, with the Downeast Chamber Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 4, at 2.)

David Leisner—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, May 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of all-Brahms programs, this one with Jaime Laredo, viola, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 4, at 8.)

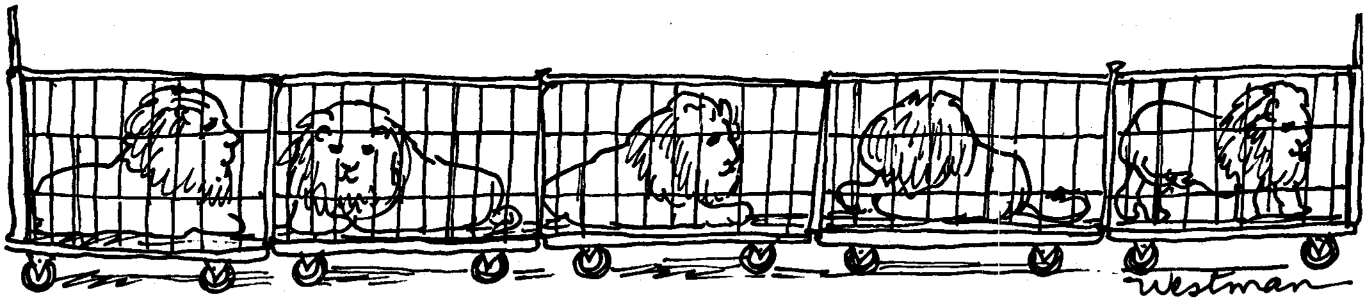
Janus Ensemble—With Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

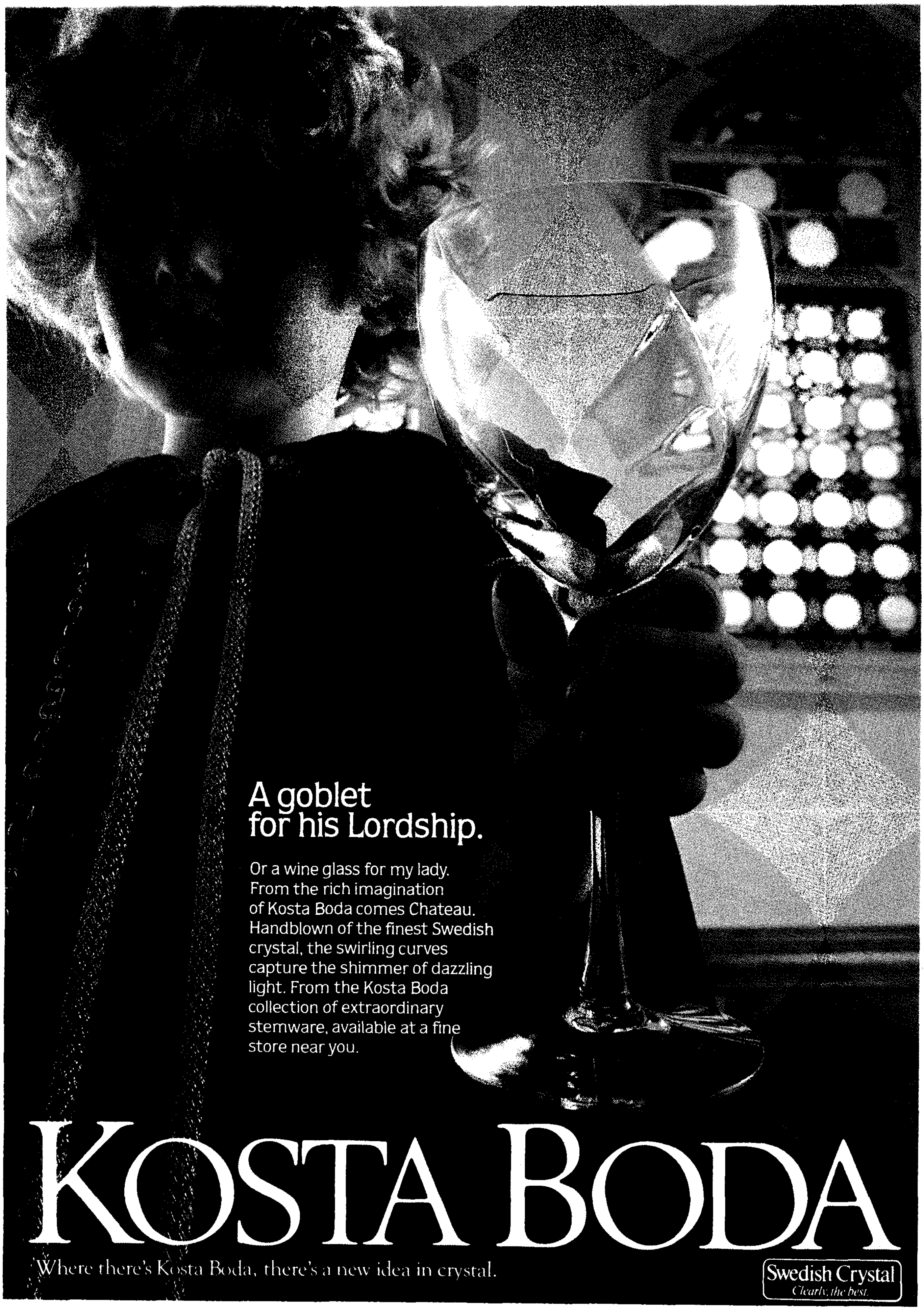
Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

John Challener—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

Zenon Fishbein—Piano. (Borden Auditorium,

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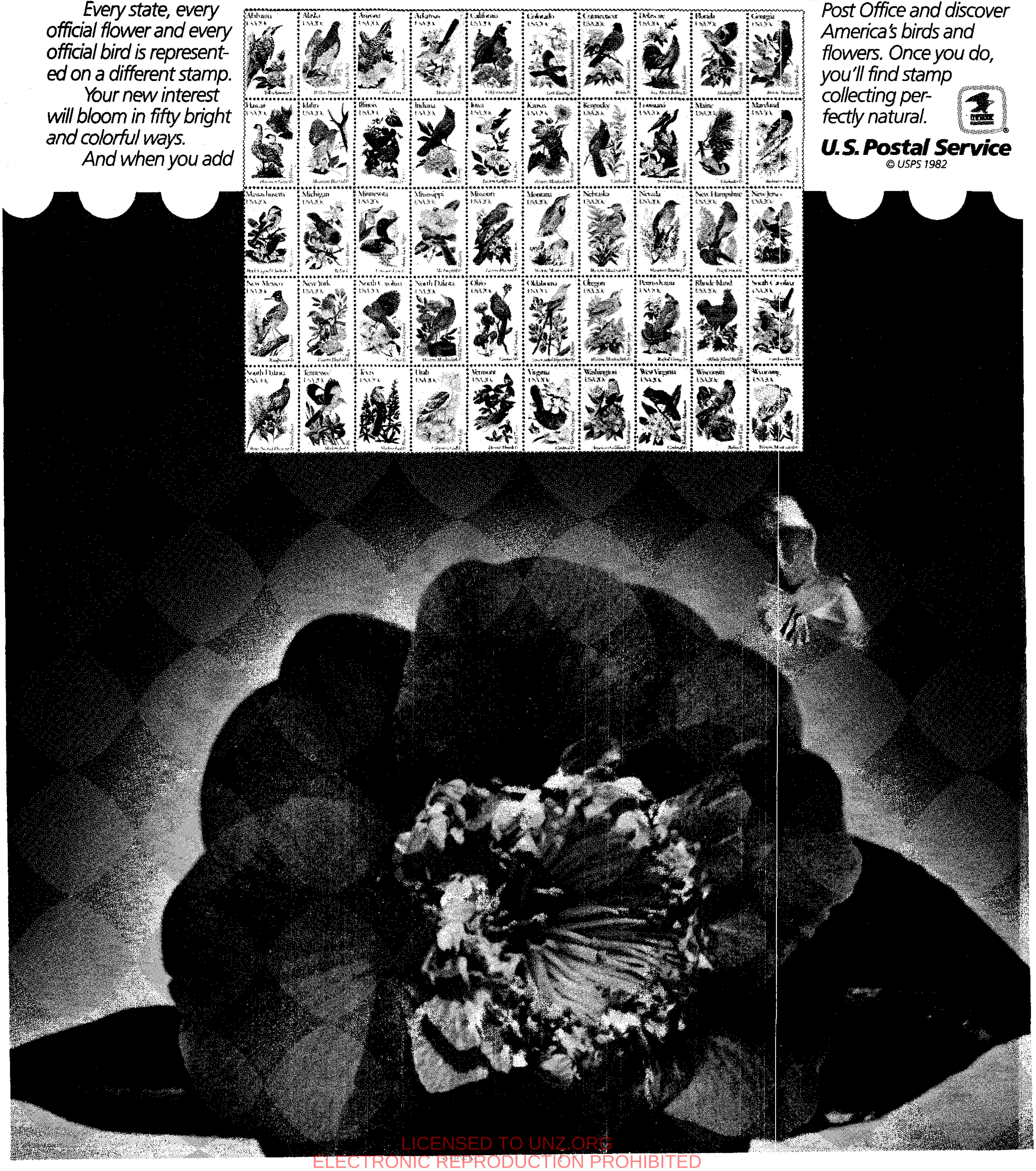
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, May 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Heinz Holliger—Oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, May 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music—The American Chamber Trio, the Ariel Ensemble, and the Jubal Trio in a program of music by Myron Fink and William Mayer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, May 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, May 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Composers' Forum—An eight-hour program entitled "New Music/New Composers," performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble; Ned Rothenberg, saxophonist-composer; the Electronic Art Ensemble; and the Meltable Snaps It. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, May 8, from 2 to 10. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. California, Wednesday and Thursday, April 28-29, at 8. . . . ¶ Seattle, Friday and Saturday, April 30-May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, May 3-4, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Thursday, May 6, at 7:35; Friday, May 7, at 8:05; and Saturday, May 8, at 1:35.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 1.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Boston University, Cornell, and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 1.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Thursday, April 29, at 8:05, and, if necessary, Thursday, May 6, and Tuesday, May 11, at 8:05.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 1; the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 2; and the Withers, Saturday, May 8. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, April 30, through Saturday, Sept. 4. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 1.

Running—The Trevira Ten-Mile Twosome will start at ten-thirty on Sunday, May 2, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish back at the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Jacksonville. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 2, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Sunday through Friday, May 2-7, at 1; semifinals Saturday, May 8, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, May 9, at 1. For information about tickets, call 268-6777.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30, from Thursday, April 29, through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Drama Readings—W. S. Merwin and Howard Norman reading from oral literature. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, April 29, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Grace Schulman and David Ignatow reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ Beatrice Straight and Lee Richardson reading from Jan Hartman's play "A Winter Visitor." (Carter Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Monday, May 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Isaac Bashevis Singer—Telling stories and answering questions. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, May 5, at 8.)

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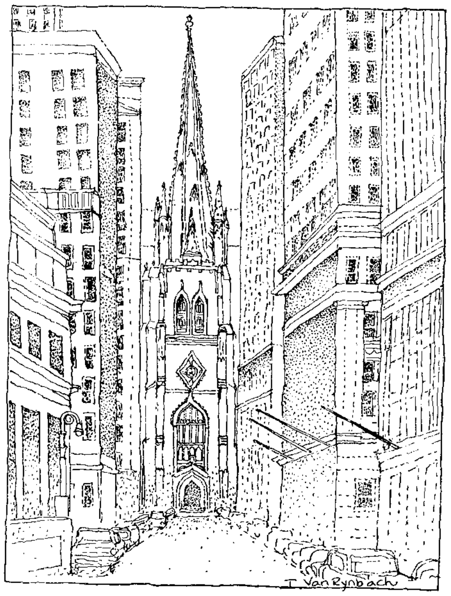
Lecture—Philip Glass speaking about new American music. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Thursday, April 29, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Spring Antiques Show—A hundred dealers showing their wares, half in room settings, including furniture, jewelry, oil paintings, and Russian enamels. Of added interest is a display of artifacts belonging to the 7th Regiment Armory, among them uniforms used between 1814 and 1915. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 28-May 1, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, May 2, from 1 to 6.)

Walking Tour—"Lower Broadway: The World of Wall Street," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 2, starting at City Hall, Broadway and Park Row, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **sotheby's,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, April 29, at 2: The Thomas G. Rizzo Collection of American folk art and Americana. . . . ¶ Friday, April 30, at 10: Old Master and nineteenth-century drawings, from the estate of Christian Humann and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 4, at 7, and Wednesday, May 5, at 10: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission to the Tuesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3543. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 29. . . . **sotheby's,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including books, maps, and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 28, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings, ceramics, and other works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 1, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental rugs. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, May 3, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 5, at 7: Contemporary art by such artists as Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, and Roy Lichtenstein. Admission by *ticket only;* for information, call 546-1128. Exhibition starts Friday, April 30. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 6, at 10 and 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, April 30. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, May 5, at 1: Oriental works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 1.



COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 30.

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, May 9 (day). San Diego, May 10-12 (night). Los Angeles, May 13-15 (n) and May 16 (d). Cincinnati, May 17-19 (n). Houston, May 28-29 (n) and May 30 (d). Atlanta, May 31 (d) and June 1-2 (n). Pittsburgh, June 7-9 (n). . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22 (night) and May 23 (day). Toronto, May 25-26 (n). Mets, May 27 (benefit night exhibition game). Kansas City, June 4-5 (n) and June 6 (d).

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester. May 16.) . . . ¶ Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 3-5.)

Racing—At **pimlico,** Baltimore: The Preakness, May 15. . . . **belmont:** May 19-Aug. 2. The Belmont, June 5. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: May 27-Sept. 4. . . . **epsom,** England: The Derby, June 2.

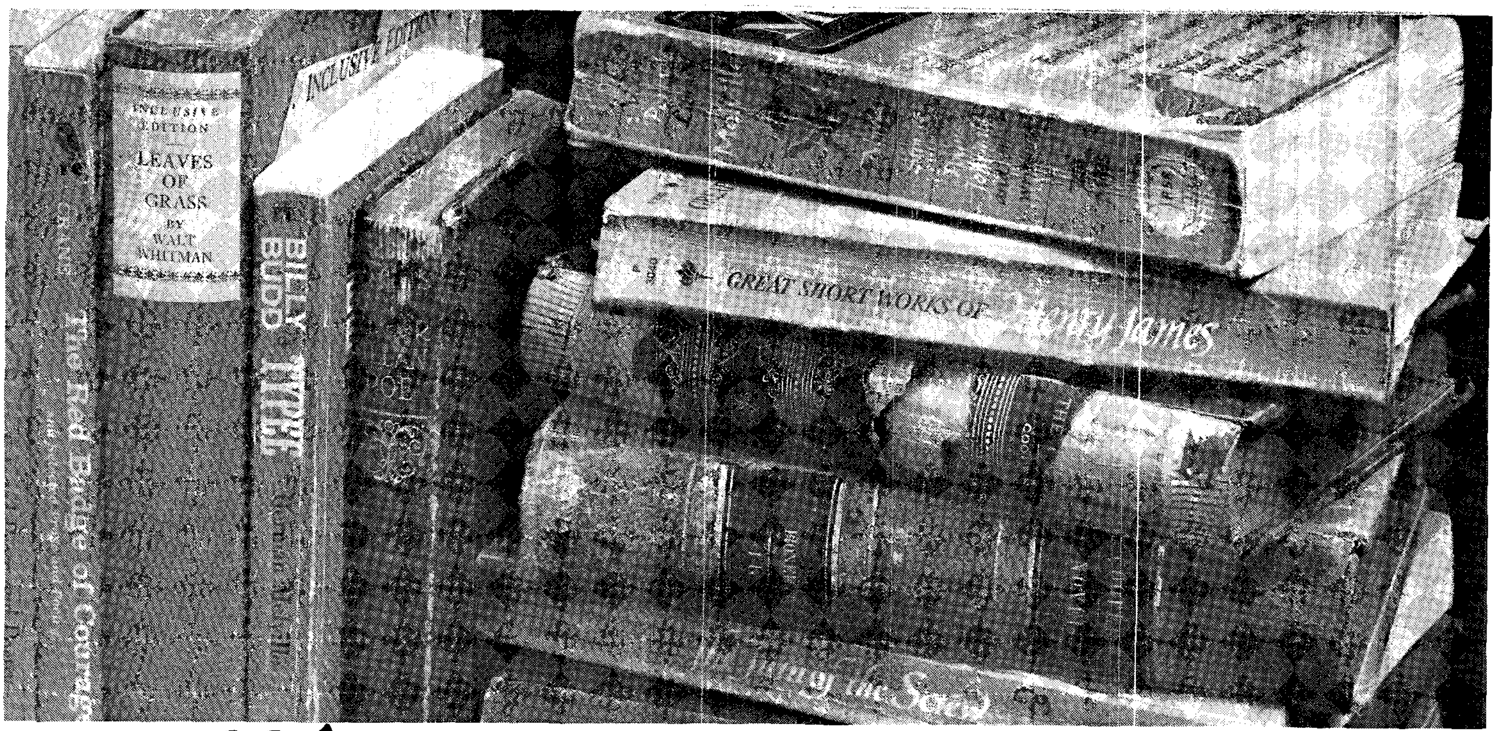
Soccer—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Chicago, May 16. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Fort Lauderdale, May 23. . . . ¶ The Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup games, May 26, May 29, and May 31. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, June 6.

Music—**avery fisher hall** (874-2424): American Philharmonic Orchestra, May 17 and 24. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 18. . . . ¶ New York Philharmonic Spring Festival: Mozart & Stravinsky, May 26-June 18. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): Montreal Symphony Orchestra, May 9. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 11. . . . ¶ William Brown, *tenor,* May 12. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 13. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, May 15. . . . ¶ Orquesta Sinfonica Venezuela, May 17. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, May 19 and May 21-22. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 23. . . . ¶ Israel Philharmonic, May 26. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Serenades, June 2-17. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Yo-Yo Ma, cello, May 9. . . . ¶ Garden State Chamber Orchestra, May 11. . . . ¶ Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, May 13. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, May 17. . . . ¶ William Parker, baritone, May 18. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, May 25. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, May 26. . . . ¶ Concert Royal, May 28. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Guarneri Quartet, May 10, 13, 18, 20, and 25. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, May 11-12. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 15-16. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax and Yoko Ax, piano, May 22.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Raul Julia will star in "Nine," a musical, with direction by Tommy Tune. Arthur Kopit wrote the book and Maury Yeston did the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ Christopher Durang's "Beyond Therapy," about some therapists and their patients, will have John Lithgow and Dianne Wiest in the leading roles. The comedy was presented last year by the Phoenix Theatre. . . . ¶ "Blues in the Night," a musical set in Chicago in the thirties, with Leslie Uggams, Debbie Shapiro, and Ruth Brown. The songs are by such composers as Harold Arlen, Bessie Smith, Johnny Mercer, and Alberta Hunter. . . . ¶ "Do Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?," a musical based on the novel by John R. Powers, who also wrote the book. Music and lyrics are by James Quinn and Alaric Jans, and the stars are Russ Thacker, Robert Fitch, and Maureen Moore.

Dance—Martha Graham Dance Company, at the City Center, June 9-27.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 29-31, June 5-6, and June 12-13. . . . ¶ Memorial Day will be observed on Monday, May 31. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15.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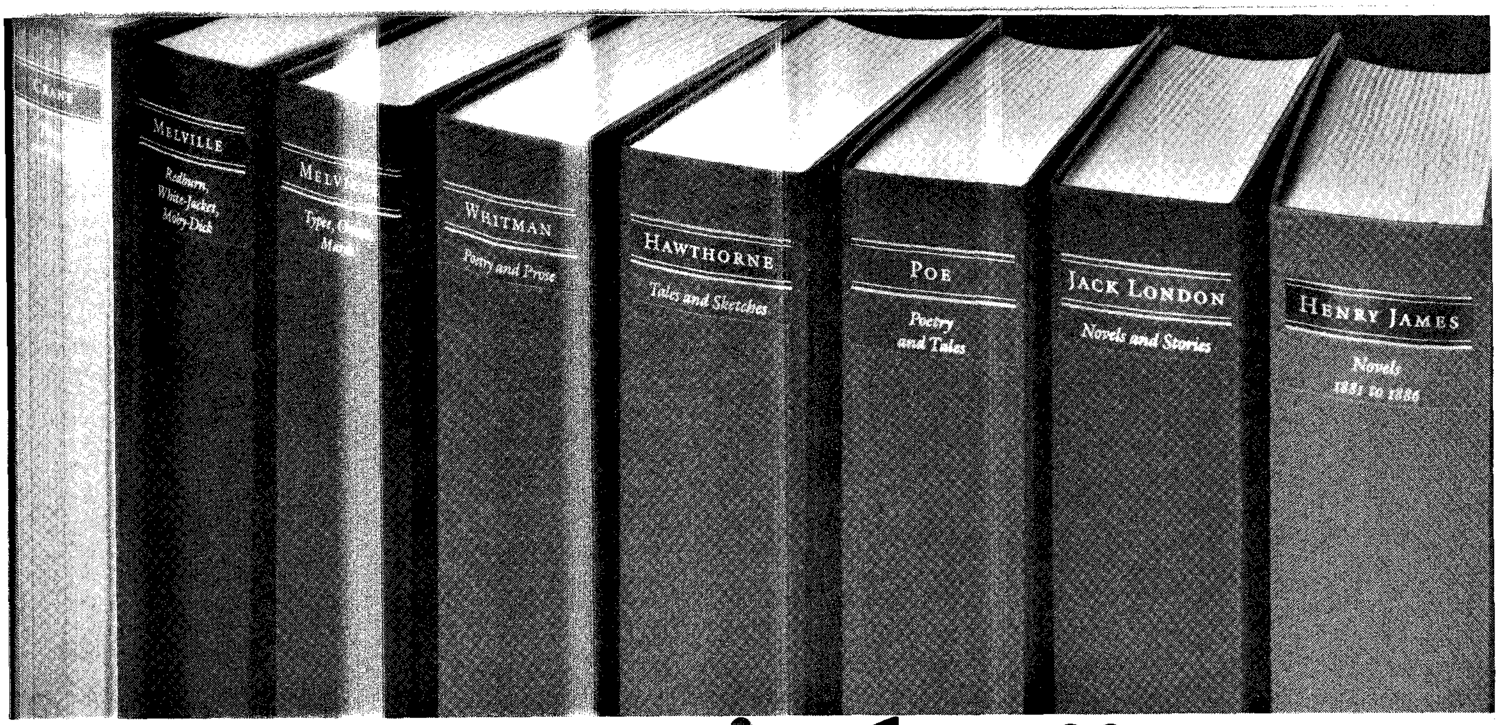

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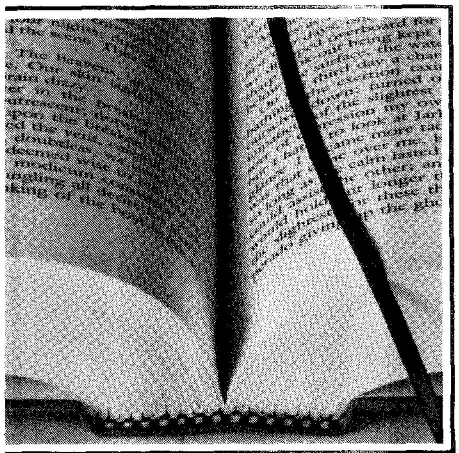
—New York Times Book Review



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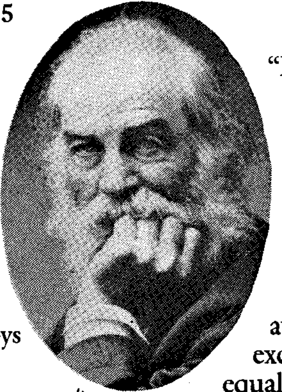

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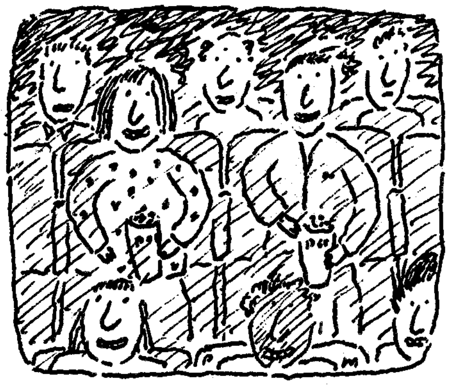
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

A retrospective of films by István Szabó, all in Hungarian:

April 28: "Age of Daydreaming" (1964) and a series of short films.

April 29-30: "Budapest Tales" (1976) and "Confidence" (1979).

May 1-2: "Father" (1967) and "25, Fireman's Street" (1973).

From May 4: "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper;" 1962; directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 29: "Making Love" (Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean and Kate Jackson; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (†).

From April 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 29: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

From April 30: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†).

From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Theatre 3: Through April 29: "Quest for Fire" (†). From April 30: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Cat People" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 29: "Silhouettes" (Giuseppe Murolo), with George David Weiss.

From April 30: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†).

From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 29: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

From April 30: "Deathtrap" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (István Szabó; a Hungarian film, in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Theatre 2: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through April 29: "Cat People" (†). From April 30: "Fun Loving" (†).

Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through April 29: "Missing" (†).

From April 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 29: "Reds" (†).

From April 30: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 29: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

From April 30: "Fun Loving" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through April 29: Theatre closed. From April 30: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Theatre 2: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

Theatre 2: "Cat People" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "One Night Stand" (1978; directed by Allan King; a Canadian film), with Chapelle Jaffe and Brent Carver.

Theatre 2: April 28: "The Fire Within" (†) and "Pickpocket" (†). April 29-May 1: "Fox and His Friends" (1976; in German), directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (†). May 2-3: "Before the Revolution" (†) and "Young Törless" (†). May 4-5: "Edvard Munch" (†). May 6-8: "Phantom India, Parts 1-3" (1972; Louis Malle).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Theatre 2: "Atlantic City" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through April 29: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman. From April 30: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

Theatre 2: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 2: "Three Brothers" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 29: "Missing" (†). From April 30: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 29: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

From April 30: "Who Has Seen the Wind" (1977; Allan King; a Canadian film), with José Ferrer.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
April 28: The final programs of the New Directors/New Films series: At 6, "A Slap in the Face" (U.S.S.R./Armenia; Genrikh Malyan), and at 8, "The Road Warrior" (Australia; George Miller).

From April 29: "The Arrest" (1976; Raphael Rebibo; a Swiss film, in French), with Bernard Le Coq and Catherine Lachens.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through April 29: "A Week's Vacation" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Gérard Lanvin.

From April 30: "Smash Palace" (Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 29: "Wasn't That a Time!" (Jim Brown), a documentary about the Weavers.

From April 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Passione d'Amore" (Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici.

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Three Brothers" (†).

Theatre 2: "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: Through April 29: "An Autumn Marathon" (Georgy Danelia; in Russian). From April 30: "A Slap in the Face" (Genrikh Malyan; a Russian film, in Armenian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 6: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From May 7: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 6: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer. From May 7: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through May 6: "Deathtrap" (†). From May 7: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through April 29: "Missing" (†). From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Reds" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cat People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Theatre 2: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 29: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst. From April 30: "So Fine" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 29: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman. From April 30 (tentative): "Chariots of Fire" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

Theatre 2: Through April 29: "Deathtrap" (†). From April 30: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 3: "On Golden Pond" (†).

Theatre 4: Through April 29: "Budo" (1978; Arthur Davis), a documentary. From April 30: "Soup for One" (Jonathan Kaufer), with Saul Rubinek.

Theatre 5: "Death Wish II" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson and Jill Ireland.

Theatre 6: "Arthur" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through April 29: "Phantom of Terror" (†). From April 30: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip"(†).

Theatre 3: Through April 29: "Parasite" (Charles Band), with Robert Glaudini. In 3-D. From April 30: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 4: "Reds" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through April 29: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).

From April 30: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

Theatre 2: Through April 29: "Silent Rage" (Michael Miller), with Chuck Norris. From April 30: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through April 29: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

From April 30: "Budo" (1978; Arthur Davis), a documentary.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

Through April 29: "Robin Hood" (1973), an animated version from the Disney studios.

From April 30: "Fun Loving" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Cat People" (†).

Theatre 2: "Private Lessons" (Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel and Howard Hesseman.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Amin, the Rise and Fall" (Sharad Patel).

Theatre 2: "Christiane F." (Ulrich Edel; a German film, dubbed in English), with Natja Brunkhorst.

R.K.O. Century National Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer.

Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 29: "Ticket of No Return" (1979; directed by Ulrike Ottinger; in German).

From April 30: "Soldier Girls" (Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

April 28: "Something Different" (1963; Věra Chytilová, in Czech), and "Hester Street" (1975; Joan Micklin Silver), with Carol Kane and Mel Howard.

April 29: "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel: a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

April 30-May 1: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek) with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

May 2: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

May 3: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, Bruxelles" (1978; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

May 4: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Assassination" (1964; Masahiro Shinado; in Japanese).

May 5: "Brussels Transit" (1981; Samy Szlingerbaum; in Yiddish); and "Le Fils d'Amur Est Mort" (1980; Jean-Jacques Andrien; in French).

May 6: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Touch" (†).

May 7: "Un Soir, Un Train" (1968; André Delvaux; in French); and "The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short" (1965; André Delvaux; in French). Mr. Delvaux will be present at 6:30.

May 8: "Life of Brian" (†) and "Take the Money and Run" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 28: "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Homecoming" (1973; Peter Hall), with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers.

April 29-May 1: "The Fortune Cookie" (1966; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau; and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (1970; Billy Wilder), with Robert Stephens, Colin Blakely, and Geneviève Page.

May 2: "The Uppercrust" (1981; Peter Patzak; an Austrian film, in German and English), with Frank Gorshin and Pavel Landovsky; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen. Mr. Patzak will be present at 9:15.

May 3: "Invisible Adversaries" (1977; Valie Export; an Austrian film, in German); and "Toilette" (1979; Frederike Pezold; an Austrian film, in German).

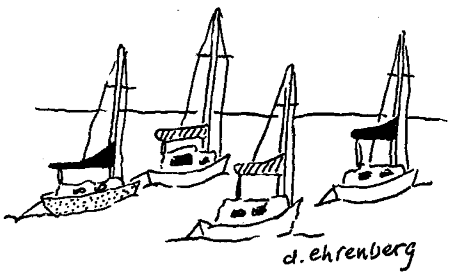
May 4: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland and Marjorie Reynolds; "A Third Reich" (1976; Alfred Kaiser; an Australian film, in German), a documentary; and "Kassbach—A Portrait" (1978; Peter Patzak; an Austrian film, in German).

May 5: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney; and, at 8 P.M. only, "Orlac's Hands" (1925; Robert Wiene; an Austrian silent film), with Conrad Veidt.

May 6: "The Great Waltz" (†) and "The King Steps Out" (†). At 8 P.M. only, a program of four works by Peter Kubelka, who will be present.

May 7: "The Right Man" (1981; Dieter Berner; an Austrian film, in German); and "The Apartment" (1960; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, and Fred MacMurray. Mr. Berner will be present at 9:45.

May 8: "Headstand" (1981; Ernst Josef Lauscher; an Austrian film, in German), with Christoph Waltz; and "Bonjour Tristesse" (1958; Otto Preminger), with Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Jean Seberg. Mr. Lauscher will be present at 8:15.



Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 29: "Behind the Green Door" (1973) and "Resurrection of Eve" (1974), both films with Marilyn Chambers. Both X-rated.

April 30-May 1: "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Just a Gigolo" (1970); David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

May 2-4: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

May 5-6: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

May 7-8: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Mommie Dearest" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 29: "Dance Craze" (1982; Joe Massot).

April 30-May 6: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.

From May 7: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 1: "Love Me Tender" (1956; Robert D. Webb), with Elvis Presley, Richard Egan, and Debra Pagent; and "Jailhouse Rock" (1957; Richard Thorpe), with Elvis Presley, Judy Tyler, and Mickey Shaughnessy.

May 2-4: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

May 5-8: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (†); and "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 1: "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; and "Go Tell the Spartans" (1978; Ted Post), with Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson.

May 2-4: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Special Edition" (1977/80; Steven Spielberg), with Richard Dreyfuss, François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, and Bob Balaban; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.

May 5-8: "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly" (1968) and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967), both films directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

April 28: "Man Hunt" (Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, and John Carradine; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak.

April 29-May 1: "An Affair to Remember" (1957; Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, and Richard Denning; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, Paul Douglas, and Celeste Holm.

May 2-3: "People Will Talk" (1951; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn; and "Compulsion" (†).

May 4-5: "My Darling Clementine" (1946; John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, Victor Mature, and Walter Brennan; and "Western Union" (Fritz Lang), with Robert Young and Randolph Scott.

May 6-8: "Cluny Brown" (†); and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 28: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "As You Like It"

(1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier.

April 29: "Detour" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; "Strange Illusion" (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers; and "The Strange Woman" (1947; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Hedy Lamarr, George Sanders, and Louis Hayward.

April 30-May 1: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Monkey Business" (1952; Howard Hawks), with Cary Grant, Ginger Rogers, Charles Coburn and Marilyn Monroe.

May 2: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "To Forget Venice" (†).

May 3: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (†).

May 4: "Billy Budd" (†); and "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935; Frank Lloyd), with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

May 5: "Thérèse Raquin" ("The Adulteress;" 1953; Marcel Carné; in French), with Simone Signoret and Raf Vallone; and "Banana Peel" (†).

May 6: "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien; "The Dark Past" (1948; Rudolph Maté), with William Holden, Nina Foch, Lee J. Cobb, and Adele Jergens; and "Dead Reckoning" (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

May 7-8: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 28: "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (1938; Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Trevor, and Donald Crisp; and "Brother Orchid" (1940; Lloyd Bacon), with Ann Sothern, Edward G. Robinson, Donald Crisp, and Humphrey Bogart.

April 29: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

April 30-May 1: "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

May 2: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

May 3: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

May 4: "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Olivier, and Sybil Thorndike; and "Bus Stop" (†).

May 5: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "His Girl Friday" (†).

May 6: "Bordertown" (1935; Archie Mayo), with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Cabin in the Cotton" (†).

May 7-8: "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—April 28 at 8: A program of films by John Sibley Watson, James and John Whitney, and Andy Warhol. . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "L'Atalante" (1934; Jean Vigo; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "The Chelsea Girls" (1966; Andy Warhol). . . . ¶ Theatre closed after May 1.

Note—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovation until sometime in June.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Criterion Theatres.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does, the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for bigtime racketeers. Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Waverly.)

Banana Peel (1965)—The plot—about two clever swindlers (Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo)—is perhaps too furiously ingenious, but the performers' pleasure in acting and in each other's company becomes a pleasure to the audience. With Gert Frobe and Claude Brasseur; Marcel Ophuls directed. In French. (Thalia; May 5.)

Before the Revolution (1964)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. The hero Fabrizio discovers that he is not single-minded enough to be a revolutionary, that he is too deeply involved in the beauty of life as it is *before* the revolution. He has "a nostalgia for the present." (The characters of Fabrizio and his young aunt Gina are loosely derived from Stendhal's "The Charterhouse of Parma.") With Francesco Barilli, Adriana Asti, Allen Midgette, and Morando Morandini; cinematography by Aldo Scavarda; music by Gino Paoli and Ennio Morricone. This was Bertolucci's second feature; his first was "La Commare Secca" ("The Grim Reaper"). In Italian. (Film Forum; May 2-3.)

Billy Budd (1962)—Melville's short novel is stripped for action in this tense, straightforward shipboard narrative, directed by Peter Ustinov. Ustinov's efficiency and Robert Krasker's stylized black-and-white cinematography help to release the ambiguities without clogging the film with metaphysical speculation or too many homoerotic overtones. As Billy, the beautiful sailor, an American Prince Myshkin, Terence Stamp wears white pants and suggests angelic splendor without falling into the narcissistic poses that juveniles often mistake for grace. Robert Ryan is the depraved master-at-arms, Claggart, whose self-hatred makes it ncessary for him to destroy Billy, the image of goodness; Ryan gives the role the requisite satanic ugliness. Unfortunately, Ustinov miscasts himself as Captain Vere; as he plays the part, the Captain is a humane man, a good liberal tragically torn by the demands of authority. But what gives Melville's story its fascination and its greatness is the suggestion that Claggart is merely the underling doing the evil Captain's bidding. As actor, director, and co-scenarist, Ustinov may be too much the relaxed, worldly European to understand Melville's raging emotions; in Ustinov's view, Billy is just a victim of unfortunate circumstances. The film doesn't approach Melville's passion, but it's a good movie anyway. With Paul Rogers, Ronald Lewis, Melvyn Douglas, David McCallum, John Neville, and Niall MacGinnis. The adaptation by Ustinov, Robert Rossen, and De Witt Bodeen comes via a play version by Louis O. Coxe and Robert H. Chapman. (Thalia; May 4.)

Bus Stop (1956)—See this not for the William Inge play, shrewdly widened by George Axelrod, but for Marilyn Monroe and Eileen Heckart. Don Murray plays a dimly ardent cowboy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 4.)

Cabin in the Cotton (1932)—Bette Davis in her first wickedly sexy role, trying to tempt Richard Barthelmess away from virtue (Dorothy Jordan). The melodrama about the cheating Southern planters is naïvely socially conscious, but Davis has a lot of flesh impact. Michael Curtiz directed; with Henry B. Walthall, Clarence Muse, Hardie Albright, David Landau, Tully Marshall, and oily, villainous Berton Churchill. The script by Paul Green was adapted from H. H. Kroll's novel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 6.)

Cat People—With Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell, directed by Paul Schrader. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, R.K.O. Century 86th St., New Yorker, and Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini; through April 29.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Movieland; through April 29. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting April 30. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting April 30, tentative.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—A girl with a passion for plumbing is terribly repugnant to stuffy people who don't want to admit that they have drains. This wonderfully suggestive idea is at the center of Ernst Lubitsch's mischievous satire on English propriety, set in contemporary rural England. Jennifer Jones is Cluny (it's her lightest, funniest performance, rivalled only by her dippy blonde in "Beat the Devil") and Charles Boyer is a debonair scrounger—a displaced European sophisticate who encourages her to flout social conventions. These two are surrounded by a prime collection of English class and mass types—the wheezy Richard Haydn, Una O'Connor as his mother, and Reginald Owen, Margaret Bannerman, Peter Lawford, Helen

Walker, Ernest Cossart, Sara Allgood, Florence Bates, Reginald Gardiner, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, Billy Bevan, Whit Bissell, and many others. It's a lovely, easygoing comedy, full of small surprising touches. Based on Margery Sharp's novel, adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein and Elizabeth Reinhardt. (Regency; May 6-8.)

Compulsion (1959)—Based on the famous case of two Chicago Raskolnikovs, Loeb and Leopold, brilliant students but miserably sloppy murderers. The movie has a stylish, jazz-age format, but the script can't make up its little bit of mind—is it an exploitation of thrills and decadence, or a piece of crime research, or an attack on capital punishment? The three principals—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles as their lawyer—were jointly given the Best Actor Award at Cannes, but there's only one remarkable performance—Stockwell as Judd Steiner (i.e., Nathan Leopold). It's always great to see Welles, but as a spokesman for humanity and humility, he's a terrible humbug, and the oration he's called upon to deliver is just blather. (Clarence Darrow's two-day summation is reduced to twelve minutes of spongy sentiment.) There are all kinds of possibilities in the material, but the movie settles for all-purpose generalities. With Diane Varsi, Richard Anderson, E. G. Marshall, and Martin Milner as a student-reporter (if the murderers had really been the aesthetes they were said to be, he would have been the victim). Richard Fleischer directed, from Richard Murphy's script, based on Meyer Levin's play; cinematography by William C. Mellor. (Regency; May 2-3.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile version of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St., and Criterion Theatres; through April 29. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 6. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting April 30.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls, they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

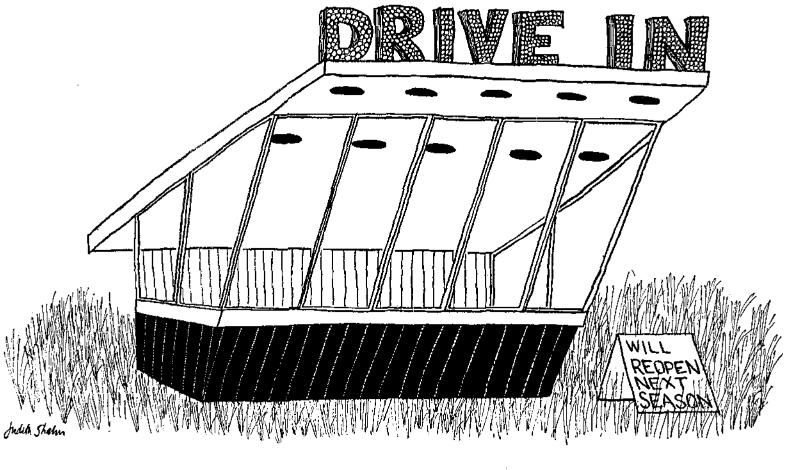
Diva—An up-to-the-minute glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Edvard Munch (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (Film Forum; May 4-5.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Film Forum; April 28.)

Fun Loving (1970; "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx")—Comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Gemini, U. A. 85th St. East, and New Embassy 49th Street; starting April 30.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer, as his sniffing, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus, as the other woman, are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, direct-



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ed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. The cast includes Lionel Atwill, Herman Bing, Hugh Herbert, Minna Gombell, Henry Hull, and Curt Bois. The script is by Walter Reisch and Samuel Hoffenstein, from Gottfried Reinhardt's story. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—In 1928 Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote "The Front Page," the greatest newspaper comedy of them all; Howard Hawks directed this version of it—a spastic explosion of dialogue, adapted by Charles Lederer, and starring Cary Grant as the domineering editor Walter Burns and Rosalind Russell as Hildy Johnson, the unscrupulous crime reporter with printer's ink in her veins. (In the play Hildy Johnson is a man.) Overlapping dialogue carries the movie along at breakneck speed; word gags take the place of the sight gags of silent comedy, as this race of brittle, cynical, childish people rush around on corrupt errands. Russell is at her comedy peak here—she wears a striped suit, uses her long-legged body for ungainly, unladylike effects, and rasps out her lines. And, as Walter Burns, Grant raises mugging to a joyful art. Burns' callousness and unscrupulousness are expressed in some of the best farce lines ever written in this country, and Grant hits those lines with a smack. He uses the same stiff-neck, cocked-head stance that he did in "Gunga Din": it's his position for all-out, unsubtle farce. He snorts and whoops. His Burns is a strong-arm performance, defiantly self-centered and funny. The reporters—a fine crew—are Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Frank Jenks, and Regis Toomey; also with Gene Lockhart as the sheriff, Billy Gilbert as the messenger, Ralph Bellamy as chief stooge—a respectable businessman—and Alma Kruger as his mother, and John Qualen and Helen Mack. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5.)

The King Steps Out (1936)—Those with merciful memories blocked this one out long ago. Josef von Sternberg asked that the film not be included in retrospectives of his work, but he really did make the damned thing. It's a monstrously overstaged version of Fritz Kreisler's operetta "Cissy," with Grace Moore and Franchot Tone struggling through the scenery playing Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria and the young Emperor Franz Josef. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 6.)

Life of Brian (1979)—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the People's Liberation Front of Judea, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will seem a bit oversustained if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 29.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said about this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. It's deeper than an impersonation; she turns herself into Joan Crawford, all right, but she's more Faye Dunaway than ever. Her performance is extravagant—it's operatic and full of primal anger. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. (These destruction orgies were the most talked-about episodes in the book by Crawford's adopted daughter, Christina, on which the movie is based.) Alone and self-mesmerized, Dunaway plays the entire film on emotion. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando, Harry Goz, Michael Edwards, Priscilla Pointer, and Belita Moreno. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Cinema Village; May 7-8.)

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My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

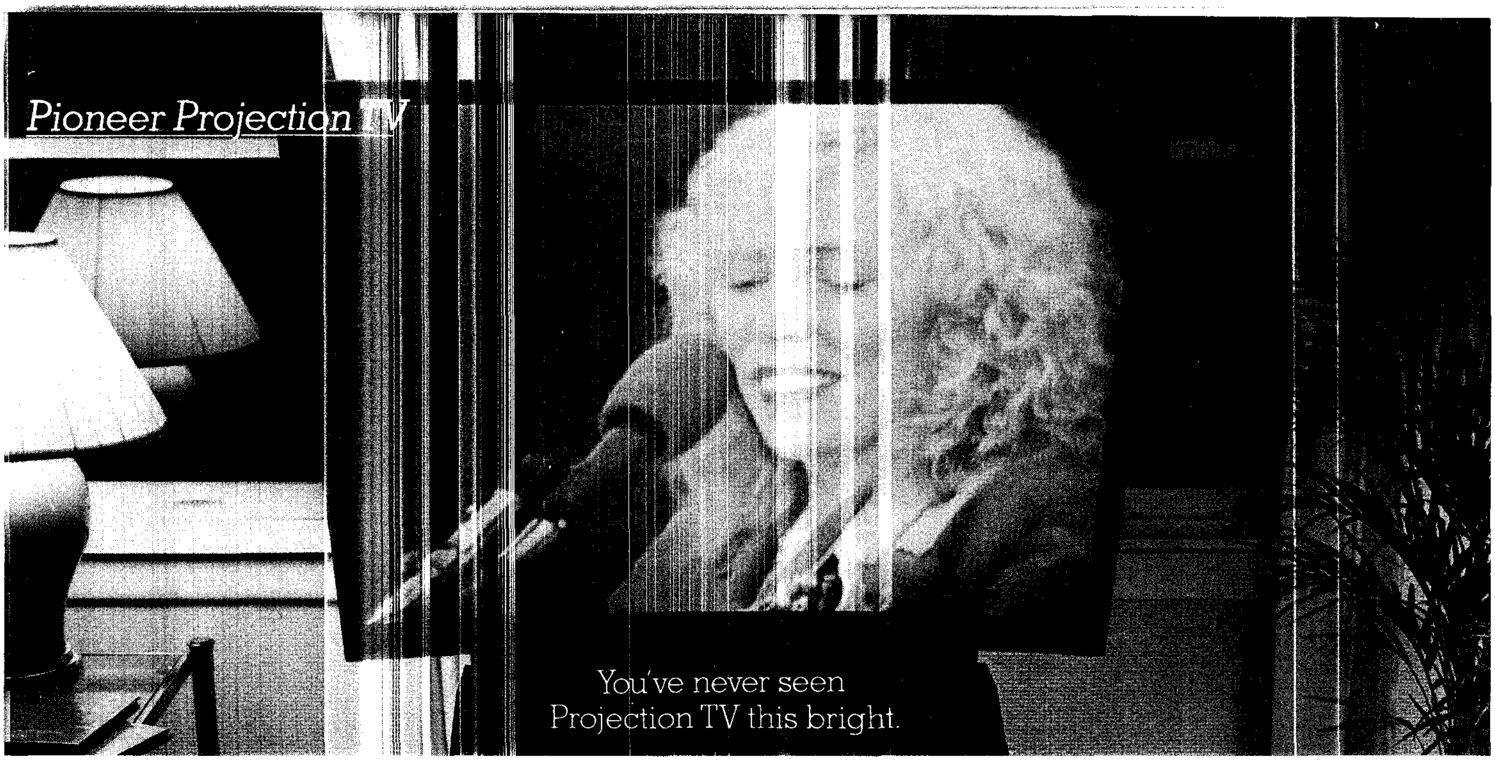
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast, McMurphy (Jack Nicholson), who is locked in a hospital for the insane. The book was a lyric jag, and it became a nonconformists' Bible. Published in 1962, it contained the prophetic essence of the whole Vietnam period of revolutionary politics going psychedelic. Miloš Forman, who directed the movie version, must have understood how crude the poetic-paranoid vision of the book would look on the screen after the sixties paranoia had lost its nightmarish buoyancy, and he and the scenarists Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman did an intelligent job of loosening Kesey's schematism. The movie is set in 1963 and retains most of Kesey's ideas but doesn't diagram them the way the book does. Louise Fletcher gives a masterly performance as Nurse Ratched—she's the company woman incarnate. And Will Sampson, a towering full-blooded Creek, is very impressive as Chief Broom, the resurrected catatonic. Forman's tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art and there's a callousness running through his work; he gets laughs by pretending that mental disturbance is the same as ineptitude. But the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. Nicholson, looking punchy, tired, and baffled—and not on top of his character (as he often is)—lets you see into him, rather than controlling what he lets you see. With William Redfield, Brad Dourif, Scatman Crothers, Danny De Vito, Vincent Schiavelli, Sydney Lassick, Louisa Moritz, Marya Small, and Christopher Lloyd; cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Produced by Saul Zaentz and Michael Douglas. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; May 5-8.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres.)

Phantom of Terror (1970; "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage")—The clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Embassy; through April 29.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Film Forum; April 28.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1981)—Taste and craftsmanship have gone into this Bob Rafelson version of James M. Cain's hot tab-



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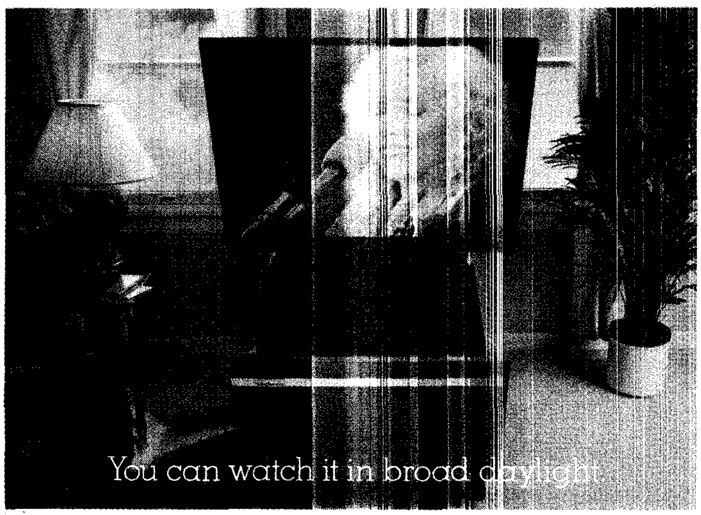

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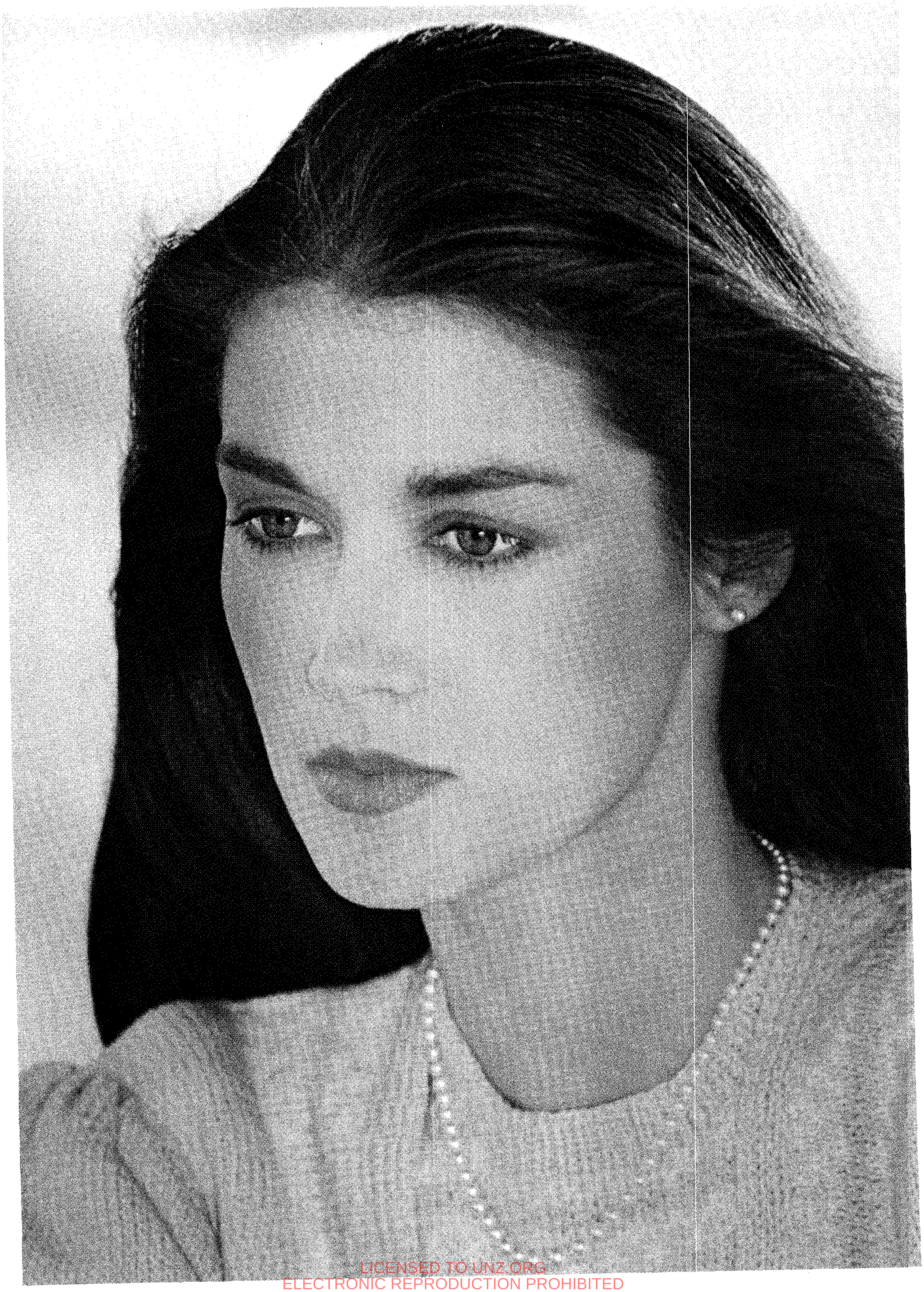

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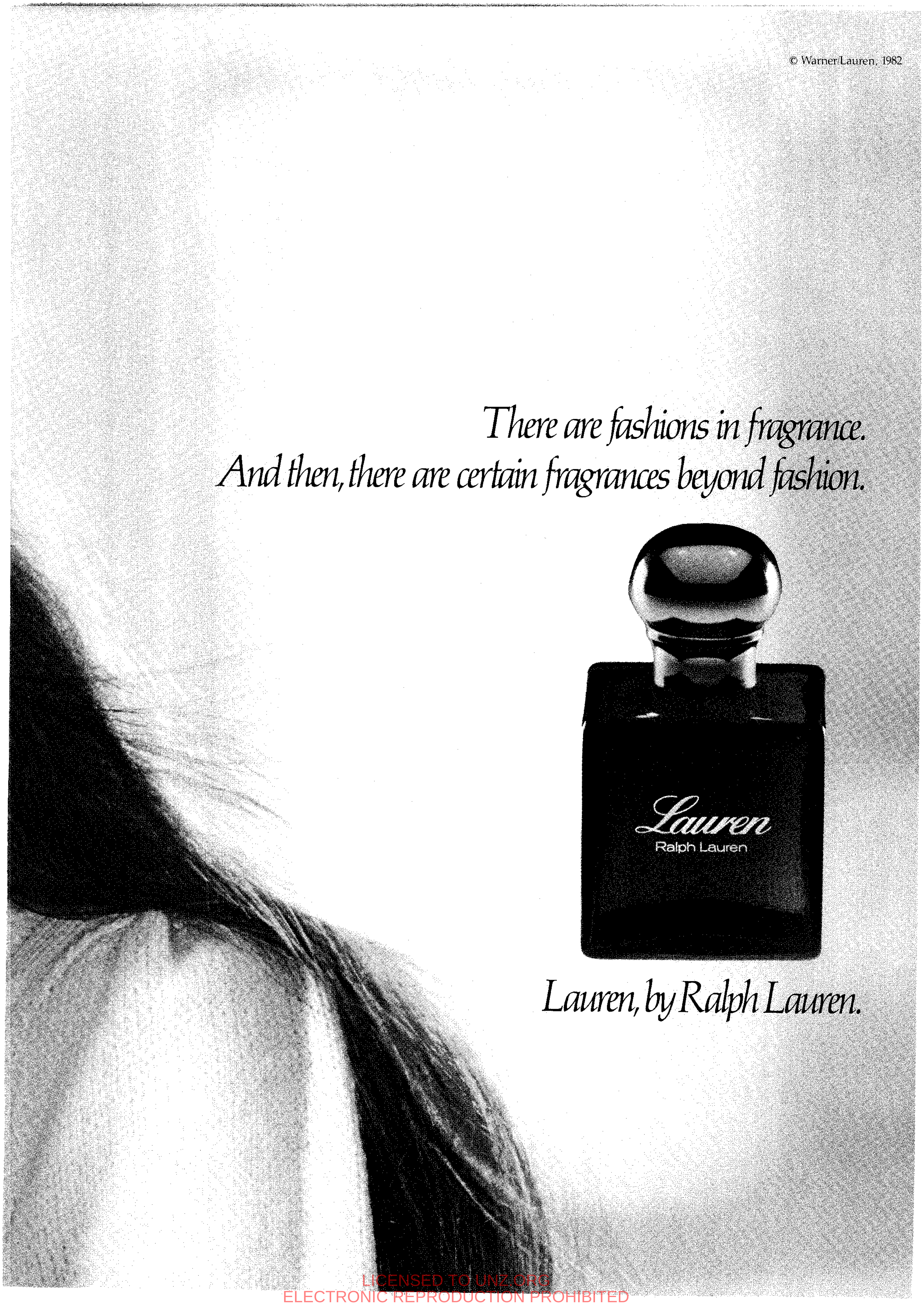
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loid novel, but Rafelson's detached, meditative tone is about as far from Cain's American tough-guy vernacular as you can get. The impulsiveness and raw flamboyance that make the book exciting are missing, and the cool, elegant visuals (Sven Nykvist is the cinematographer) outclass the characters right from the start. As Frank, the drifter whose passion for Cora leads him to kill her husband, Jack Nicholson does a run-through of his overdeliberate, sly, malevolent expressions from "The Shining" while still lobotomized from "Cuckoo's Nest." (His performance could have been given by a Nicholson impersonator.) As Cora, who does the cooking at her husband's roadside café, Jessica Lange is the best reason to see the movie. She looks good-sized—muscular but rounded—and with her short, curly blond hair, a Japanese silk wrapper pulled tight, and a lewd, speculative smile, she's both seraphic and steamy. The film needs to be propelled by a growing intensity in the sex scenes, but the first sex, on the table in the café kitchen, is the hottest. So things go downhill. With John Colicos as greasy Nick, the husband; Michael Lerner as Katz, the lawyer; and a highly expendable episode that features Anjelica Huston as a lion tamer. The sparse yet maundering script is by David Mamet. (4/6/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 29.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through April 29.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (New Yorker, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 29.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Loews Astor Plaza; through April 29. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Embassy; starting April 30.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom; and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Thalia; May 3.)

So Fine—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult; crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s - - -," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife; she's an erotic imp. (10/12/81) (Olympic Quad; starting April 30.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the nation—yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi keeps you in a state of emotional exaltation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio.)

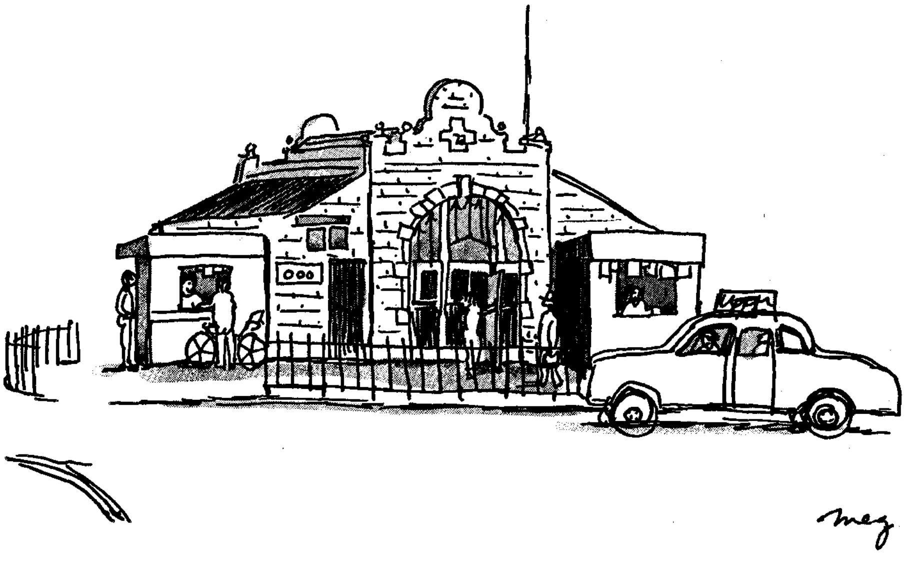
To Forget Venice (1979)—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood, extended simultaneous impressions of Visconti and Bergman, and too many helpings of zabaglione—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. The picture, which is by Franco Brusati, was named the Best Italian Film of 1979 in its native country. As Dante said, "*Figurati un po'!*" ("Go figure it!") With Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (Thalia; May 2.)

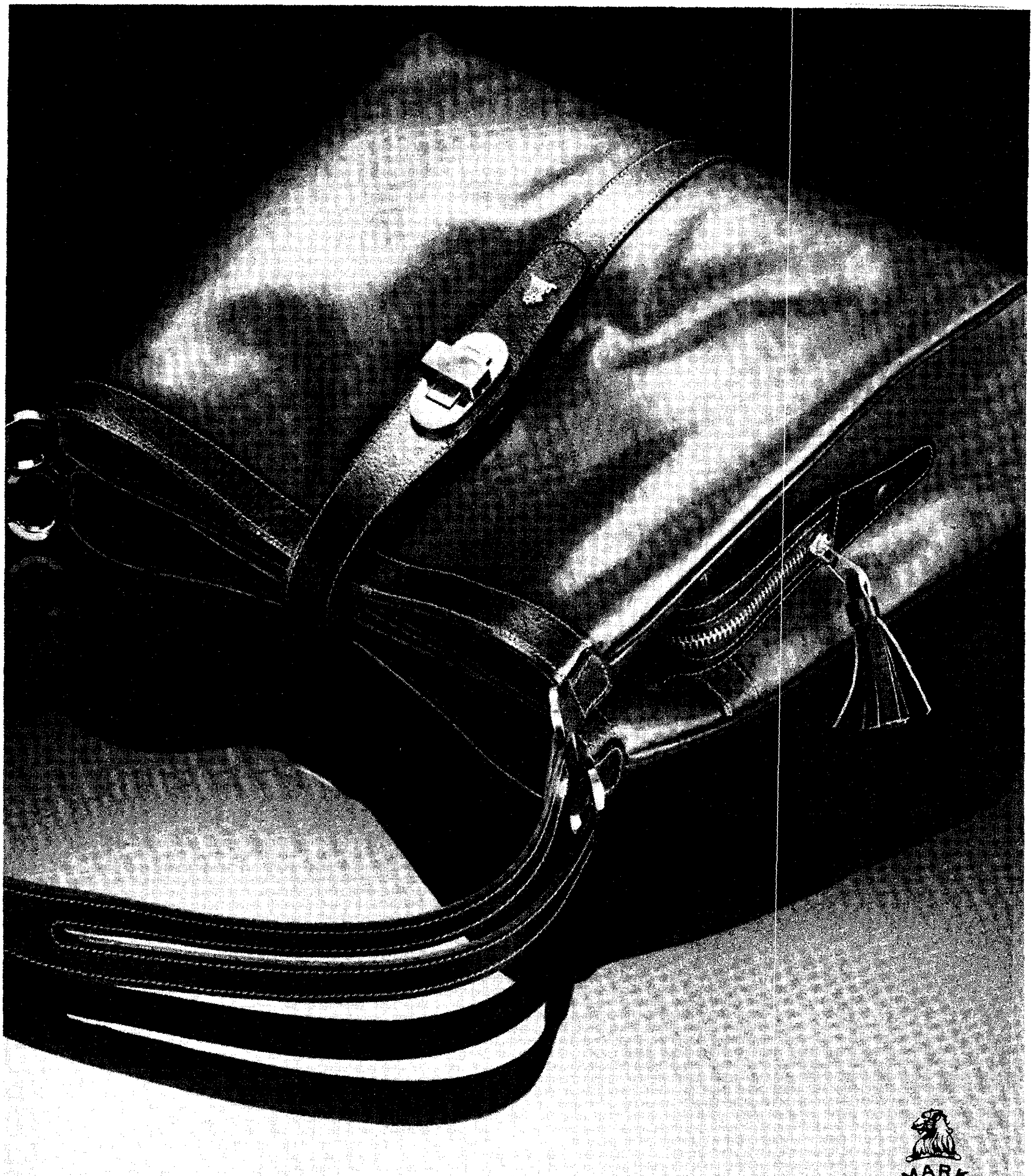
The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very affecting. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 6.)

Two or Three Things I Know About Her (1967)—Godard's picture, with Marina Vlady as a lower-middle-class wife in the outskirts of Paris who becomes a prostitute—respectably parking her children first—in order to buy bourgeois clothes and American cigarettes. The social irony is simply and swiftly confirmed. The "her" of the title probably refers as much to Paris as to the heroine. In French. (Film Forum; April 29-May 1.)

Victor/Victoria—With Julie Andrews, James Garner, and Robert Preston; directed by Blake Edwards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

Young Törless (1968)—The first feature film directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who had previously worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Film Forum; May 2-3.)





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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WOMAN we know who works in a midtown office writes:

The Biltmore Hotel, which has been a landmark in this city and in my life, is being torn down. Every day, as I walk through the dust and din of its demolition on Forty-third Street, there is less of it, and every day I remember another scene in my life which was set there.

As a suburban child, I spent my first night-in-a-hotel there, on a theatre jaunt with my mother, and I remember that the maid who was making up our room told us that Carmine DeSapio (the sinister-looking, dark-glasses-wearing boss of Tammany Hall) had just "met with friends" in *our* room; it was full of smoke, still, and half-empty highball glasses. As a college girl, I met dates there under the famous clock: once, I wore a purple knitted suit to meet a "blind date" who turned out to be at least six inches shorter than I; unliberated, I walked all over New York with my knees bent, and the skirt of my suit was never the same again. Living in the city as a young career woman, I met friends for lunch at the Biltmore Coffee Shop—eggs Benedict and a whiskey sour. My father often took me for lunch, in those days, to the red-and-gold Biltmore Grill—so quiet and elegant that we almost whispered to each other. I introduced my husband-to-be to my best friend at the Biltmore, and I was having lunch there when the news came that President Kennedy had been assassinated.

Over the years, DeSapio lost out to the Reform Democrats; my father died; my children took over my lunch hours; New York became the Big Apple. The Biltmore Hotel seemed much the same, though, and I and a lot of other people went on happily expecting that our children (and probably *their* children) would meet their dates under the clock. But suddenly the decision was made to convert the hotel into an office building; suddenly—hastily—its demolition began. The walls of the Biltmore are almost all down now. Around its original steel skeleton, a new tower is rising, for a building that, a sign proclaims, will become the Bank of America Plaza—a palace for computers instead of people. A city must change or die, they say, but on Forty-third Street this city has managed to do both at once.

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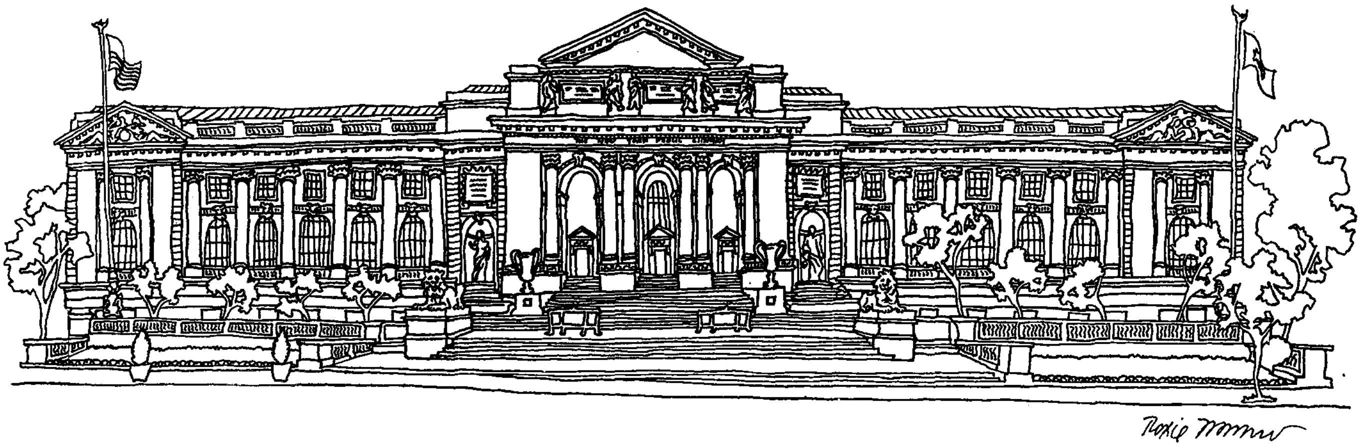
Street Trees

ARBOR WEEK in New York City is the last week in April, and Arbor Day in New York State is the last Friday in April; and, having planted oaks, maples, and Callery pears on our block by way of preparation for these, we decided to attend an arboreal gathering. New York City is so big that there's invariably an individual or a group here to care about every large *and* every least thing. One evening, then, a number of citizens who care about and for street trees—of which New York City has from six to eight hundred thousand, technically under the guardianship of the Parks Department but, because of a seven-year backlog of pruning requests, generally left to make it on their own—gathered at 6 P.M. in the Villard House at Fifty-first and Madison to learn, courtesy of the Parks Council, how to care for "the urban forest."

First up at a walnut-veneer lectern—beside an ailing eight-foot *Ficus*



Roxie Munro

benjamina—was an arborist named Jon Hickey, from Hicksville. Mr. Hickey, a sturdy, round-faced man, ranged around him a small arsenal of professional arborists' tools: handsaw, curved handsaw, pole saw, pole pruner, hand snips, and lopping shears. Then came a slide show, "The Tools and Techniques of Pruning," put together by the National Arborist Association. Daring young men were pictured high up in trees jump-cutting, heading back, dehorning, pollarding, and thinning. Afterward, Mr. Hickey professionally pole-pruned some deadwood from the *Ficus benjamina*. The point of all this seemed to be to discourage you from doing it yourself—volunteer pruners here are not allowed to climb, use poles, or ladders.

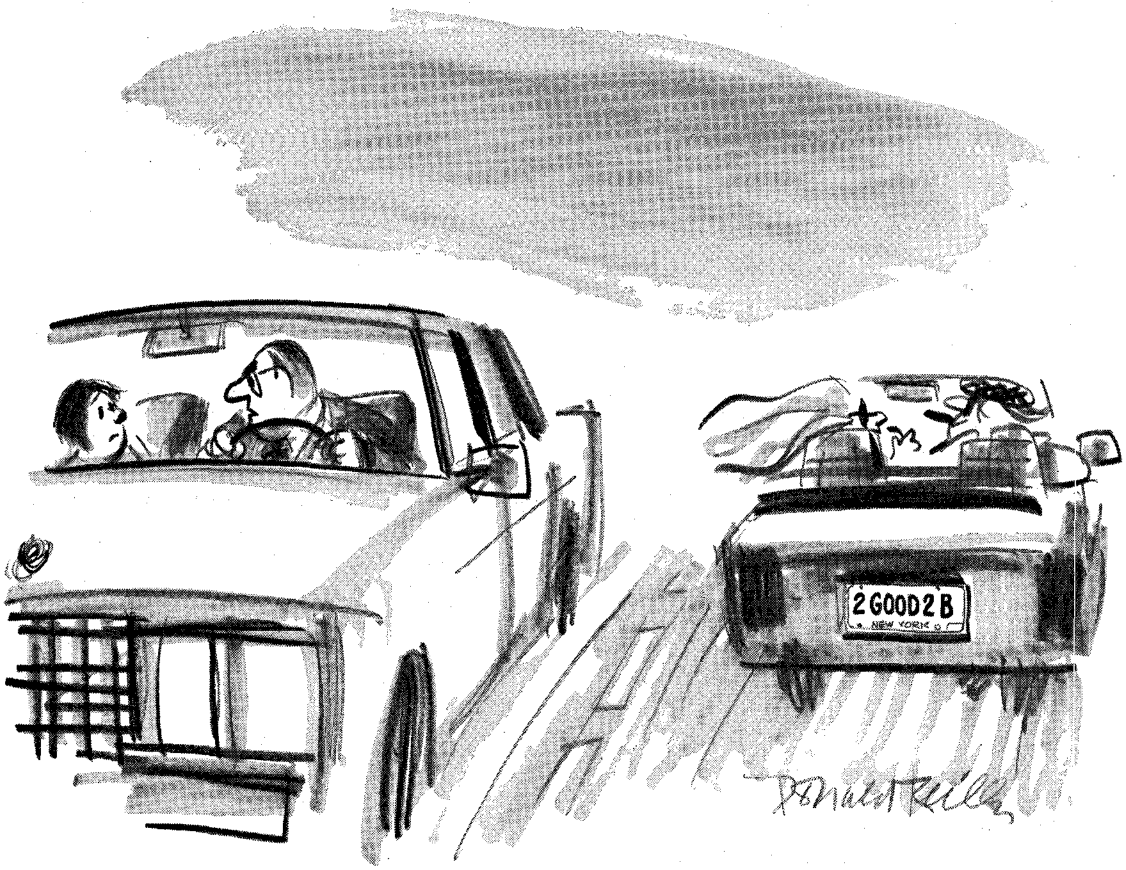
Next, a young woman named Cara Lee, from the Environmental Action Coalition, which is involved with urban-forestry education, gave a short talk on street-tree resources. "As far as a resource goes, *you are it*," she began. "The Parks Department is extremely overworked. The more you can do, the better." She held up photographs. One showed a London plane "probably hit by a car." The wound was not healing. "New York City street trees tend to be living under stress conditions." She displayed a picture of a spray of diseased leaves. "Street trees in New York on the average tend to live from thirteen to fifteen years after they've been planted, and that isn't very good at all."

While Mr. Hickey had dealt with the higher—crown—parts of trees, Miss Lee said that most of the work the Environmental Action Coalition does "has to do with the street-tree pit," and consists of jobs like removing litter and weeds and cultivating the soil; she explained that Parks Department regulations prohibit citizens from pruning any higher than they can reach from a standing, two-feet-on-the-sidewalk position. "City trees are surrounded with a lot of hardware," she said, and an assistant held up "an example of hardware gone awry"—a segment of trunk girdled to strangulation by its own guy wires. She talked about the protective metal collars that until two years ago were put around the trunks of saplings, and, when they've been forgotten, make hothouses for moisture to gather and fungi to grow. "People stuff garbage down into them," she said, "and sometimes set the garbage on fire." The *Times* City Gardener, Linda Yang, who was seated next to us, remarked, "I've found two stolen wallets stuffed down the metal collar on the tree in front of my house." Miss Lee invited people to sign up for a course that would begin the next night, under the aegis of the New York City Street Tree Consortium, and would make each graduate a "certified citizen street-tree pruner."

The next arborist to speak was Tom Wolfe, the New York State Forester for New York City. (His existence was "a remarkably well-kept secret," according to the City Gardener.) A healthily weathered man with Caucasian-Rastafarian hair (tangles of near-dreadlock curls hurtling off his head), who looked as if he'd spent a lot of time in the great urban out-of-doors, he said that three and a half years ago he had come from the north-woods country, near the Canadian border, to minister to the woods of the five boroughs. He is heavily involved with New York's street forest, he said, and is available to help neighborhoods and individuals with their tree problems. People should phone 488-6146 and leave a message, because "I'm not often in," being out on the street "digging a lot of holes" instead.

The meeting was then thrown open for discussion. The cares and concerns of this arbor audience included how to look after elms too stately to treat without a cherry-picker; what could be done about elm-leaf beetles; whether there was hope for the London planes on a woman's block which were suffering from "that terrible anthracnose disease;" what to do about scale on Kwanzan cherries; how to get the roots out of a tree pit after the tree had died; what the standard pit size was; and whether "mounding or welling around a tree" was the more advisable.

One citizen arborist said, after it had been



"Because, son, we're not the sort of people who have amusing license plates, and that's that."

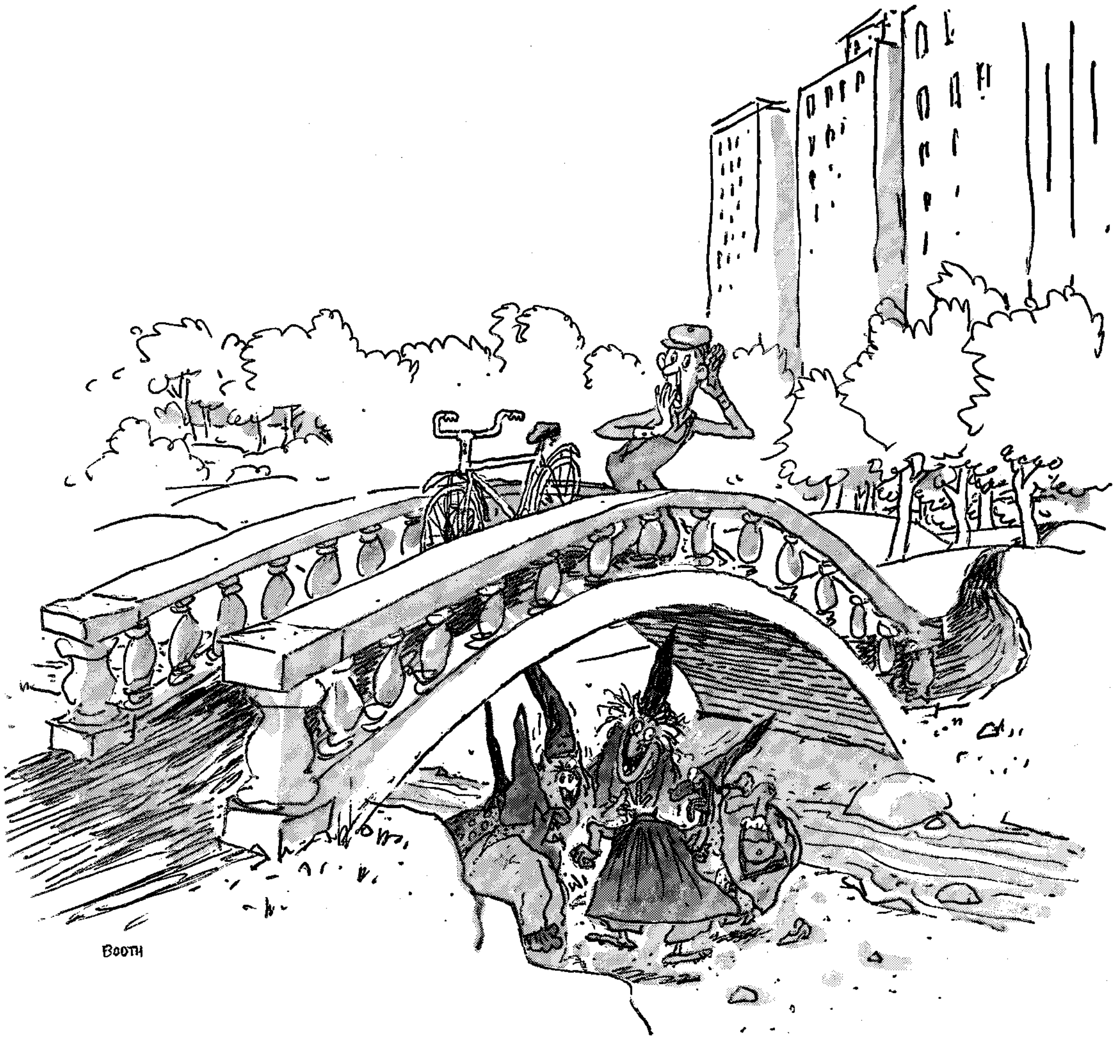
suggested several times that people call on the Parks Department, "Forget the Parks Department! You're just wasting phone calls on the Parks Department. Save your money and *do it yourself.*"

When the City Forester said at one point that citizens should "keep everything out of tree pits, including every other form of plant life," the City Gardener spoke up for flowers in tree pits. "Flowers don't deter dogs, but they do tend to deter the dog owners," she said. "The three-hundred-dollar tree they don't notice, but they don't want to hurt a fifty-cent flower."

A woman brought up a watering problem: "I've planted a tree out front, and a woman in my building has promised to hose it from her second-floor terrace. How much time should she hose—fifteen minutes?"

The City Forester: "That's crazy. I'd fill two buckets and *carry* them down."

"*I* hose trees," a woman declared from across the room, "and I'd say twenty minutes of good hosing from a second-floor balcony. It cleans off the dirt. It's very good for the leaves."



"We will intensify our attack on the morality of the country, step up our pornography campaign, infiltrate the media, and further undermine political, educational, and religious institutions. We'll stir up the old ethnic suspicions and spread rumors about shortages and rationing. Then we'll top it all off with a whole new era of earsplitting psychedelic rock!"

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After

FORTY-TWO seniors majoring in fashion design at the Parsons School of Design spent an evening recently in the grand ballroom of the New York Hilton—along with fourteen hundred other people (leading designers, clothes manufacturers and retailers, fashion critics, supporters of Parsons, families of the students)—having dinner (spinach crêpe, veal chop, potato balls, snow peas, salad, hot apple cobbler) and watching their work glide down a runway at the Parsons Fashion Critics Awards Show. A public-address system carried the rich voice of Edith Raymond Locke, the editor of *YOU! Video Magazine* and the commentator for the evening, above a thundering musical soundtrack. She said, "It's slouchy; it's bloused; it's belted at the hipline; it's right in every way." She said, "Featherweight suède, omnipresent and important." She said, "Teal, violet, purple, and chartreuse for this striped plissé dress—it's a knockout! Can you imagine how many yards of scarlet ribbon is ruched and appliquéd by hand in this organdie gown? Evening pajamas—*super!*"

Some of the students posed in groups for photographers, who said, "Everybody look at us [click], right at us [click], at us, please [click, click], that's good [click], that's great." The students overheard remarks like "This is an elegant party. I'm glad I came," and "I've just turned in my resignation. We're taking a week in Florida, and when we come back I've decided to deal only with Jordache," and "The women here are *so* dressed up, which is to be expected. But what's funny is their makeup doesn't accompany it. Their flamboyance stops at their necks." They saw dinner jackets worn with every possible variety of neckwear; they shared tables with fashion notables; they noticed a handsome dark-haired woman on the dance floor holding a glass of champagne and leaning back extravagantly from her partner; they heard speeches in which people said things like "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a wonderful evening;" and some of them received awards.

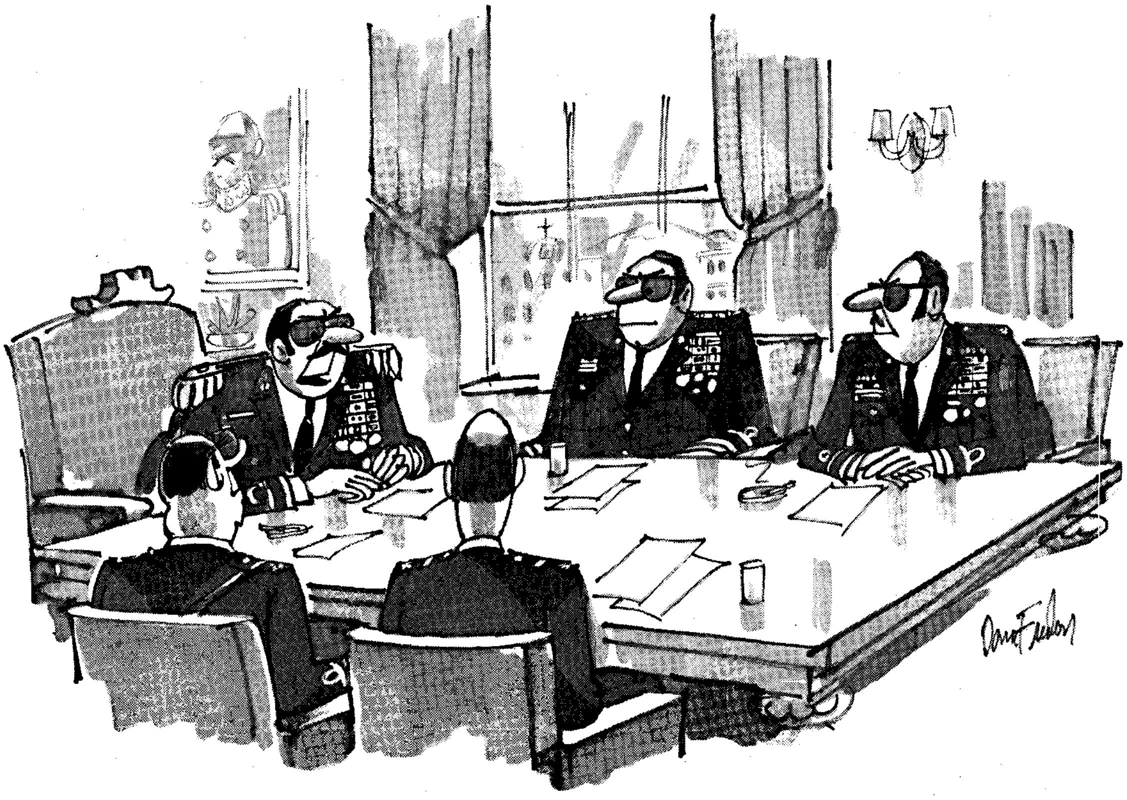
The morning after, the students' designs were on sale in a room on the top floor of Parsons' building at Fortieth Street and Seventh Avenue. The room had mirrors along one wall, and track lighting, and was full of racks of clothes, and Parsons students, and women shopping ("Could you *die* for these pants?" "This is mag*ni*ficent. Let me try it on"). Through windows opposite the mirrors was a view of Seventh Avenue.

We talked to Lauren Gibson ("That's G-i-b-s-o-n," she said, "like the refrigerators"), who is tall, attractive, blond, and twenty-three, and is from Providence, Rhode Island. The previous evening, Miss Gibson had been presented with an award for a many-pleated summer dress of écru linen. "I got the idea for the dress from a group of designs I did that were sort of nineteen-twenties-inspired," she told us. "The focal point for spring was going to be more at the hips, I felt, so I made it low-waisted. The dress is pleated by hand, all perfectly along the grain of the fabric, and it just took hours. I call it a lawn-party dress. The critic I worked with in class—we have outside critics from the industry who come in and give us advice through the year—described it as a wedding dress, and the commentator at the show described it in terms of 'Brideshead Revisited,' though it was done before I knew about that, which I guess is interesting, since the whole thing about fashion is coincidence. When you start designing, you never know where you'll end up."

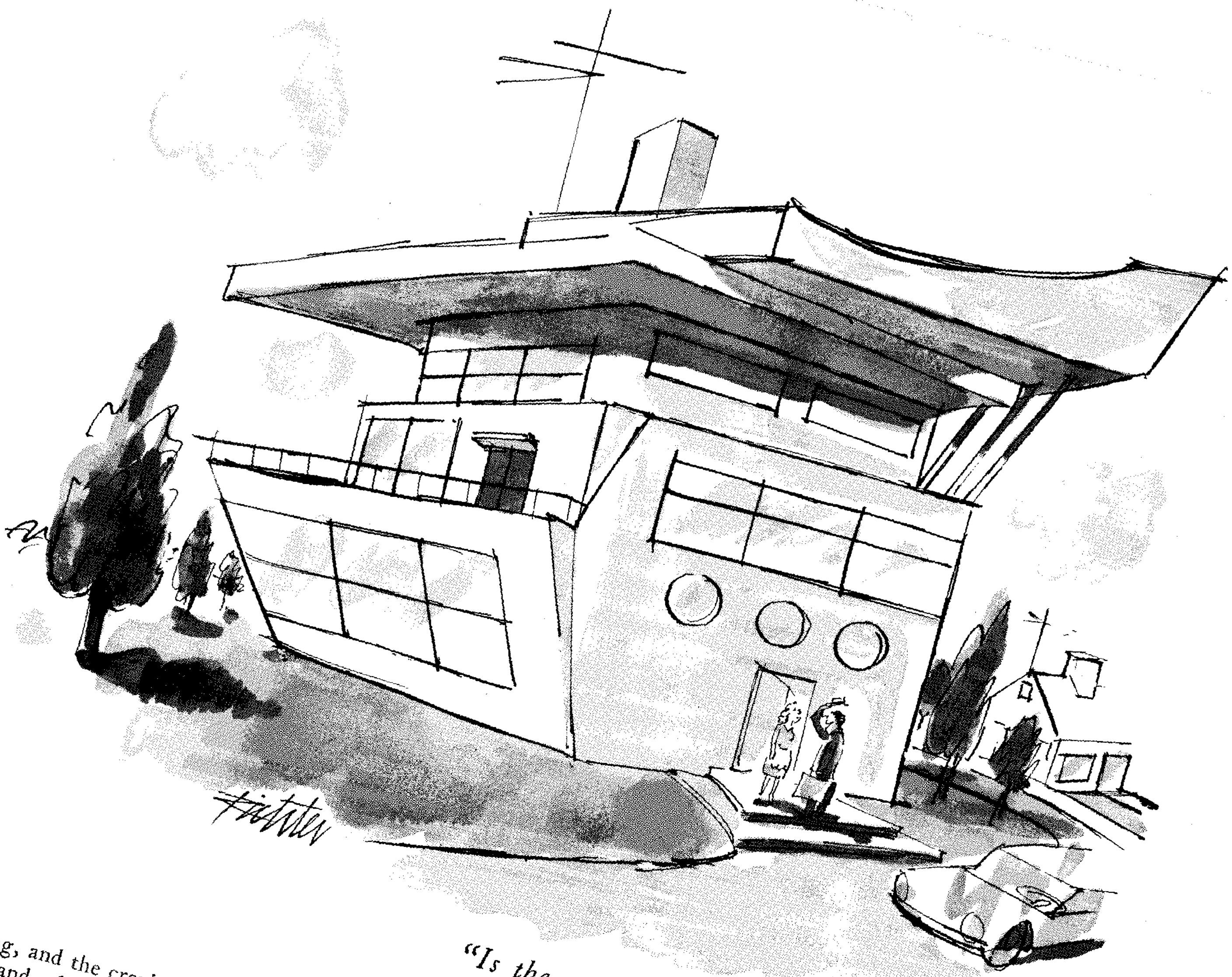
Another student held a sweater toward Miss Gibson and asked, "How much is this sweater? Do you know? Ross's sweater?"

Miss Gibson said she didn't. "I had two other things for sale," she continued. "One was a wool dress with a mohair coat, all piped in leather, and the other was a big suède dress with a pewter concha belt for an accessory. Both of them went earlier this morning, and so did the linen dress. An interesting thing happened with that. Three weeks ago, the class was getting garments ready for the jury to select—there is a jury of thirty-three people from the industry which votes on what is to be included, and there is a rule that everyone gets to show at least one thing. Anyway, that morning I was ironing the linen dress with a regular commercial iron, like one you use at home, not the steam industrial one we have at school, and I scorched —scorched, not burned, scorched—my dress. I thought I was finished. One of my instructors took hydrogen peroxide to it for a couple of hours, though, and the scorch mark finally came out."

We also talked to Isaac Mizrahi, who is twenty years old, lives in Brooklyn, and, besides attending Parsons, works for the designer Perry Ellis. He was standing by a window looking down at the avenue. He, too, had won an award—for a design described in the show's catalogue as "linen dress, checks and stripes." "It was actually two dresses, one to be worn on top of the other," Mr. Mizrahi told us. "Of all my designs, I think it was the most successful, because it expressed something very much my own. There was nothing forced about it. I just draped it, and it hung like a dream. My other designs were O.K.—they were good, and I liked them—but they were not total successes. I think my major problem was that I was afraid to be as big as I wanted to be. I did a coat, for instance, like a pegged polo coat—it was ivory angora and wool with one-piece sleeves and patch pockets—and it *could* have been double the size. I've sold everything but one top. It's a rose-colored tank top, with beads, and it's very shift-y, and I'd rather keep it and give it to someone like my mother, who would appreciate it. My mother's very elegant, truly inspirational. That's very Geoffrey Beeneish of me to say." He paused, then went on, "I'm really glad school is almost over, and I can just think about work, because I was really beginning to go crazy. I think I'm insane. Not insane, actually; I hate that word. It's so 'Merv Griffin Show'—you know, 'I have to be in*sane* to work in this business, Merv.' But you do get tired. We start in the fall and do sketches, and the teacher picks ten or so from them, and we show them to the critic, and he or she picks one from each season—spring, summer, and fall—for us to make, and then we do a muslin draft, and then a pattern, and then there's the shopping for materials, and all the fittings



"All those in favor of accepting the results of the free election say 'Aye.'"



"Is the, er, curator of the house in?"

and sewing, and the craziness and indecision, and, finally, the show. It builds up. And anyway I love working for Perry Ellis. I think he would have been the *best* critic for me. I mean forget it, he would have under*stood*. His showroom is directly across Seventh Avenue. That's it right there. See the big windows? You can look right in from here. It's a bird's-eye view. Every time he has a show, all of us here in the classrooms and the workrooms just drop whatever we're doing and line up at the windows."

Heading for Work

NICE day—might rain, might not. En route to bus on Columbus Avenue, we pass a nearly vacant store. Signs say "Marble Counter Top $25" and "Cash Register $50." Window full of metal hooks and monkey wrenches. Plumber? Butcher? Fish store? Whatever it was, it's all over now. At bus stop, grizzled man sits on step of building drinking clear liquor from small bottle. When bus arrives, he gets up, skinny-legged, walks away on the bias. Passenger on bus reading *Post*. Back-page headline: "SCRATCH TIMELY WRITER." (Horse.) Tinted windows of bus make day look as if big storm coming. Sign near St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center renovation says enthusiastically that relocated emergency room "Offers a Full Spectrum of Emergency Care." At Fifty-sixth and Ninth, a green official sign with arrow says "F.D.R. Drive." Arrow points into middle of large apartment building. Get off bus at Forty-ninth. Advertisement on wall says Poconos hotel has "Name Entertainment." In window of Pozzo Pastry Shop sits splendid white cake with pink roses: "Joyeux Anniversaire Lydie," it says, in graceful red letters. "Felicidad," says cake nearby. Man walking down Ninth Avenue stops abruptly, puts exploratory finger to eye. (Always a big surprise when one gets something in one's eye. One never thinks, Guess I'm about due to get something in my eye.) Aguilera Record Shop sells Discos-Tapes, Articulos Religiosos y Novedades. Turn east on Forty-seventh Street. Sombre block. Suddenly a group of trees in full leaf—light green against red-brown brick—behind fence of playground in Interim Site Improvement park. At Times Square, turn south. Hotel Piccadilly rises like a brown butte in Arizona above earth-colored, bombed-out wreckage at site of Portman Hotel. Turn east on Forty-fourth Street. Between Sixth and Fifth Avenues, at the Harvard Club, a natty middle-aged man in black shoes, gray flannels, and dark-blue blazer emerges from the building carrying two crimson water pitchers. He reaches up to the window boxes, waters the ivy, and goes back inside.

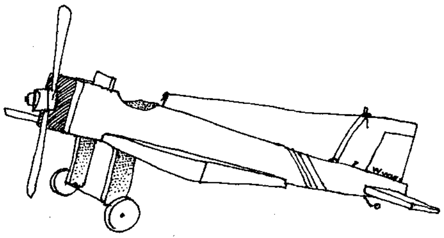
LIGHTNING

Edward Connors, on assignment for *Folks,* set out to interview nine people who had been struck by lightning. "Nine?" he said to his editor, Penfield. "Nine, ten," said Penfield, "doesn't matter, but it has to be more than eight." "Why?" asked Connors, and Penfield said that the layout was scheduled for five pages and they wanted at least two people who had been struck by lightning per page plus somebody pretty sensational for the opening page. "Slightly wonderful," said Penfield, "nice body, I don't have to tell you, somebody with a special face. Also, struck by lightning."

Connors advertised in the *Village Voice* for people who had been struck by lightning and would be willing to talk for publication about the experience and in no time at all was getting phone calls. A number of the callers, it appeared, had great-grandfathers or great-grandmothers who had also been struck by lightning, usually knocked from the front seat of a buckboard on a country road in 1910. Connors took down names and addresses and made appointments for interviews, trying to discern from the voices if any of the women callers might be, in the magazine's terms, wonderful.

Connors had been a reporter for ten years and a free-lancer for five, with six years in between as a PR man for Topsy Oil in Midland-Odessa. As a reporter he had been excited, solid, underpaid, in love with his work, a specialist in business news, a scholar of the regulatory agencies and their eternal gavotte with the Seven Sisters, a man who knew what should be done with natural gas, with nuclear power, who knew crown blocks and monkeyboards and Austin chalk, who kept his own personal hard hat ("WellTech") on top of a filing cabinet in his office. When his wife pointed out, eventually, that he wasn't making enough money (absolutely true!) he had gone with Topsy, whose PR chief had been dropping handkerchiefs in his vicinity for several years. Signing on with Topsy, he had tripled his salary, bought four moderately expensive suits, enjoyed (briefly) the esteem of his wife, and spent his time writing either incredibly dreary releases about corporate doings or speeches in praise of free enterprise for the company's C.E.O., E. H. ("Bug") Ludwig, a round, amiable, commanding man of whom he was very fond. When Connors' wife left him for a racquetball pro attached to the Big Spring Country Club he decided he could afford to be poor again and departed Topsy, renting a dismal rear apartment on Lafayette Street in New York and patching an income together by writing for a wide variety of publications: classical-record reviews for *High Fidelity*, the *Times* Travel pieces ("Portugal's Fabulous Beaches"), exposés for *Penthouse* ("Inside the Trilateral Commission"). To each assignment he brought a good brain, a good eye, a tenacious thoroughness, gusto. He was forty-five, making a thin living, curious about people who had been struck by lightning.

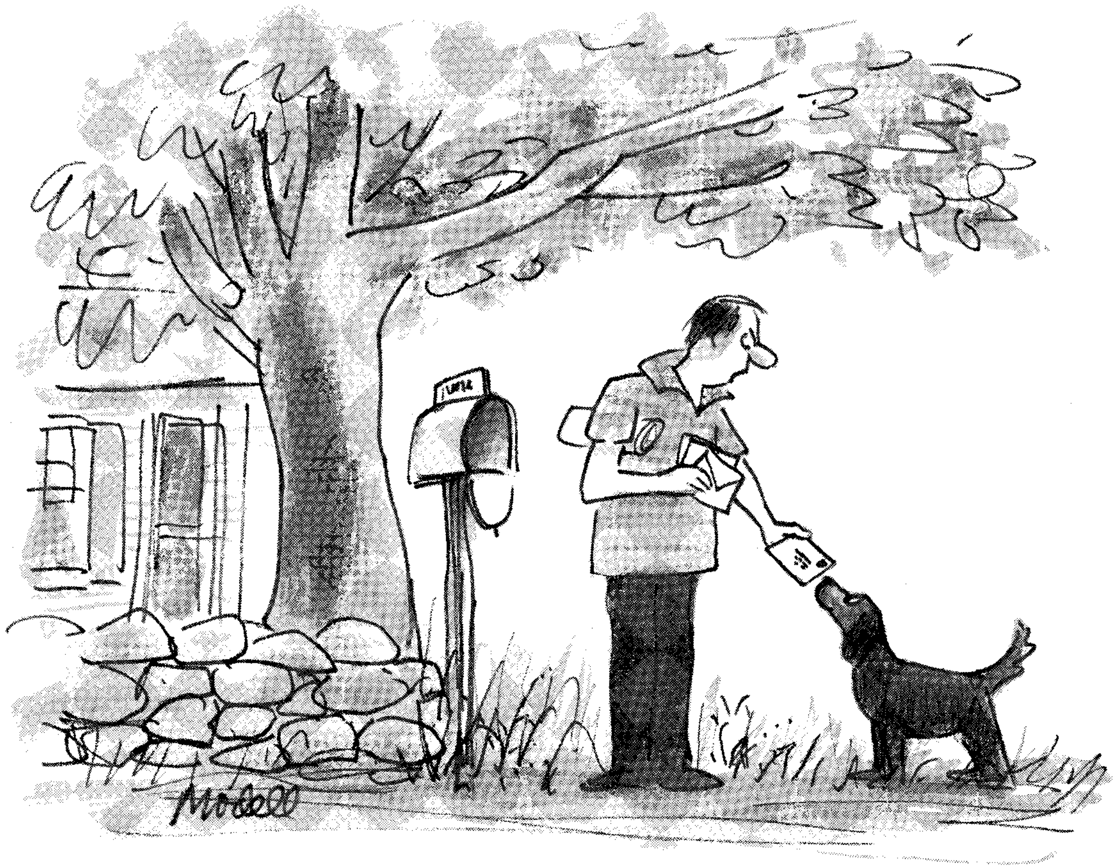
The first man he interviewed was a thirty-eight-year-old tile setter named Burch who had been struck by lightning in February, 1978, and had immediately become a Jehovah's Witness. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me," said Burch, "in a way." He was a calm, rather handsome man with pale-blond hair cut short, military style, and an elegantly spare (deep grays and browns) apartment in the West Twenties that looked, to Connors, as if a decorator had been involved. "I was coming back from a job in New Rochelle," said Burch, "and I had a flat. It was clouding up pretty good and I wanted to get the tire changed before the rain started. I had the tire off and was just about to put the spare on when there was this just terrific crash and I was flat on my back in the middle of the road. Knocked the tire tool 'bout a hundred feet, I found it later in a field. Guy in a VW van pulled up right in front of me, jumped out and told me I'd been struck. I couldn't hear what he was saying, I was deafened, but he made signs. Took me to a hospital and they checked me over, they were amazed—no burns, nothing, just the deafness, which lasted about forty-eight hours. I figured I owed the Lord something, and I became a Witness. And let me tell you my life since that day has been—" He paused, searching for the right word. "*Serene.* Truly serene." Burch had had a great-grandfather who had also been struck by lightning, knocked from the front seat of a buckboard on a country road in Pennsylvania in 1910, but no conversion had resulted in that case, as far as he knew. Connors arranged to have a *Folks* photographer shoot Burch on the following Wednesday and, much impressed—rarely had he encountered serenity on this scale—left the apartment with his pockets full of Witness literature.



Connors next talked to a woman named MacGregor who had been struck by lightning while sitting on a bench on the Cold Spring, New York, railroad platform and had suffered third-degree burns on her arms and legs. She had been wearing a rubberized raincoat, which had, she felt, protected her somewhat, but maybe not, she couldn't be sure. Her experience, while lacking a religious dimension per se, had made her think very hard about her life, she said, and there had been some important changes. (*Lightning changes things*, Connors wrote in his notebook.) She had married the man she had been seeing for two years but had been slightly dubious about, and on the whole this had been the right thing to do. She and Marty had a house in Garrison, New York, where Marty was in real estate, and she'd quit her job with Estée Lauder because the commute, which she'd been making since 1975, was just too tiring. Connors made a date for the photographer. Mrs. MacGregor was pleasant and attractive (fawn-colored suit, black clocked stockings) but, Connors thought, too old to start the layout with.

The next day he got a call from someone who sounded young. Her name was Edwina Rawson, she said, and she had been struck by lightning on New Year's Day, 1980, while walking in the woods with her husband, Marty. (*Two Martys in the same piece?* thought Connors, scowling.) Curiously enough, she said, her great-grandmother had also been struck by lightning, knocked from the front seat of a buggy on a country road outside Iowa City in 1911. "But I don't want to be in the magazine," she said. "I mean, with all those rock stars and movie stars. Olivia Newton-John I'm not. If you were writing a book or something—"

Connors was fascinated. He had never come across anyone who did not want to appear in *Folks* before. He was also slightly irritated. He had seen perfectly decent colleagues turn amazingly ugly when refused a request for an interview. “Well,” he said, “could we at least talk? I promise I won’t take up much of your time, and, you know, this is a pretty important experience, being struck by lightning—not many people have had it. Also you might be interested in how the others felt . . .” “O.K.,” she said, “but off the record unless I decide otherwise.” “Done,” said Connors. *My God, she thinks she’s the State Department.*



“It’s for you.”

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EDWINA was not only slightly wonderful but also mildly superb, worth a double-page spread in anybody’s book: *Vogue*, *Life*, *Elle*, *Ms.*, *Town & Country*, you name it. Oh Lord, thought Connors, there are ways and ways to be struck by lightning. She was wearing jeans and a parka and she was beautifully, beautifully black—a great plus, Connors noted automatically, for the magazine conscientiously tried to avoid lily-white stories. She was carrying a copy of *Variety* (not an actress, he thought, *please* not an actress) and was not an actress but doing a paper on *Variety* for a class in media studies at N.Y.U. “God, I love *Variety*,” she said. “The stately march of the grosses through the middle pages.” Connors decided that “Shall we get married?” was an inappropriate second remark to make to one newly met, but it was a very tough decision.

They were in a bar called Bradley’s, on University Place in the Village, a bar Connors sometimes used for interviews because of its warmth, geniality. Edwina was drinking a Beck’s, and Connors, struck by lightning, had a feeble paw wrapped around a vodka-tonic. Relax, he told himself, go slow, we have half the afternoon. There was a kid, she said, two-year-old boy, Marty’s. Marty had split for California and a job as a systems analyst with Warner Communications, good riddance to bad rubbish. Connors had no idea what a systems analyst did: go with the flow? The trouble with Marty, she said, was that he was immature, a systems analyst, and white. She conceded that when the lightning hit he had given her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, perhaps saved her life; he had taken a course in C.P.R. at the New School, which was entirely consistent with his cautious, be-prepared, white-folks attitude toward life. She had nothing against white folks, Edwina said with a warm smile—or rabbits, as black folks sometimes termed them—but you had to admit that, qua folks, they sucked. Look at the Trilateral Commission, she said—a perfect example. Connors weighed in with some knowledgeable words about the Commission, detritus from his *Penthouse* piece, managing to hold her interest through a second Beck’s.

“Did it change your life, being struck?” asked Connors. She frowned, considered. “Yes and no,” she said. “Got rid of Marty, that was an up. Why I married him I’ll never know. Why he married *me* I’ll never know. A minute of bravery, never to be repeated.” Connors saw that she was much aware of her own beauty; her hauteur about appearing in the magazine was appropriate—who needed it? People would dig slant wells for this woman, go out into a producing field with a tank truck in the dead of night and take off five thousand gallons of somebody else’s crude, write fanciful checks, establish Pyramid Clubs with tony marble-and-gold headquarters on Zurich’s Bahnhofstrasse. What did he have to offer?

“Can you tell me a little bit more about how you felt when it actually hit you?” he asked, trying to keep his mind on business. “Yes,” Edwina said. “We were taking a walk—we were at his mother’s place in Connecticut, near Madison—and Marty was talking about whether or not he should take a SmokeEnders course at the Y—he smoked Kents, miles and miles of Kents. I was saying yes, yes, do it! and whammo! the lightning. When I came to, I felt like I was burning inside, inside my chest, drank seventeen glasses of water, chugalugged them, thought I was going to bust. Also, my eyebrows were gone. I looked at myself in the mirror and I had zip eyebrows. Looked really funny, maybe improved me.” Regarding her closely, Connors saw that her eyebrows were in fact dark dramatic slashes of eyebrow pencil. “Ever been a model?” he asked, suddenly inspired. “That’s how I make it,” Edwina said. "That's how I keep little Zachary in britches. Look in the Sunday *Times Magazine*, I do Altman's, Macy's, you'll see me and three white chicks, usually, lingerie ads. . . ."

The soul burns, Connors thought, having been struck by lightning. Without music, Nietzsche said, the world would be a mistake. Do I have that right? Connors, no musician (although a scholar of fiddle music from Pinchas Zukerman to Eddie South, "dark angel of the violin" 1904-62), agreed wholeheartedly. Lightning an attempt at music on the part of God? Does get your attention, Connors thought, but "attempt" wrong by definition because God is perfect by definition. . . . Lightning at once a coup de théâtre and career counselling? Connors wondered if he had a song to sing, one that would signify to the burned beautiful creature before him.

"The armadillo is the only animal other than man known to contract leprosy," Connors said. "The slow, friendly armadillo. I picture a leper armadillo, white as snow, with a little bell around its neck, making its draggy scamper across Texas from El Paso to Big Spring. My heart breaks."

Edwina peered into his chest where the cracked heart bumped around in its cage of bone. "Man, you are one sentimental taxpayer."

Connors signalled the waiter for more drinks. "It was about 1880 that the saintly armadillo crossed the Rio Grande and entered Texas," he said, "seeking to carry its message to that great state. Its message was: Squash me on your highways. Make my nine-banded shell into beautiful lacquered baskets for your patios, decks, and mobile homes. Watch me hayfoot-strawfoot across your vast savannas enriching same with my best-quality excreta. In some parts of South America armadillos grow to almost five feet in length and are allowed to teach at the junior-college level. In Argentina—"

"You're crazy, baby," Edwina said, patting him on the arm.

"Yes," Connors said, "would you like to go to a movie?"

The movie was "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears," a nifty item. Connors, Edwina inhabiting both the right and left sides of his brain, next interviewed a man named Stupple who had been struck by lightning in April, 1970, and had in consequence joined the American Nazi Party—specifically the Horst Wessel Post #66 in Newark, which had (counting Stupple) three members. *Can't use him*, thought Connors, *wasting time*, nevertheless faithfully inscribing in his notebook pages of viciousness having to do with the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and the alleged genetic inferiority of blacks. *Marvellous, don't these guys ever come up with anything new?* Connors remembered having heard the same routine, almost word for word, from an Assistant Grand Dragon of the Shreveport (La.) Klan, a man somewhat dumber than a bathtub, in 1957 at the Dew Drop Inn in Shreveport, where the ribs in red sauce were not bad. Stupple, who had put on a Nazi armband over his checked flannel shirt for the interview, which was conducted in a two-room apartment over a failing four-lane bowling alley in Newark, served Connors Danish akvavit frozen into a block of ice, along with a very good Japanese beer, Kirin, as a chaser. "Won't you need a picture?" Stupple asked at length, and Connors said, evasively, "Well, you know, lots of people have been struck by lightning . . ."

Telephoning Edwina from a phone booth outside the Port Authority Terminal, he learned that she was not available for dinner. "How do you feel?" he asked her, aware that the question was imprecise—he really wanted to know whether having been struck by lightning was an ongoing state or, rather, a one-time illumination—and vexed by his inability to get a handle on the story. "Tired," she said. "Zach's been yelling a lot, call me tomorrow, maybe we can do something . . ."

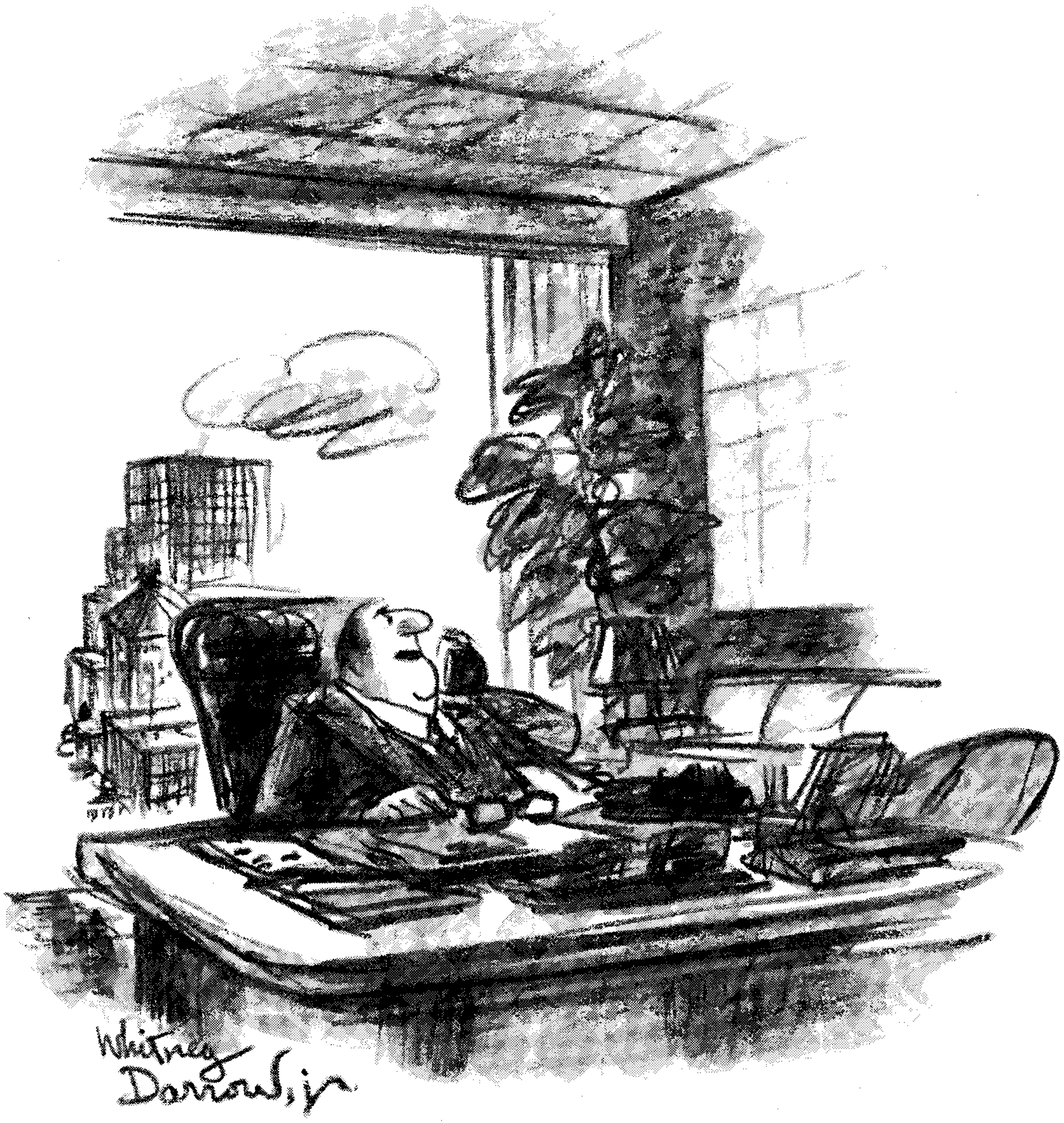
Penfield, the *Folks* editor, had a call on Connors' service when he got back to Lafayette Street. "How's it coming?" Penfield asked.

"I don't understand it yet," Connors said. "How it works. It changes people." "What's to understand?" said Penfield. "Wham-bam-thank you Ma'am. You got anybody I can use for the opening? We've got these terrific shots of individual bolts, I see a four-way bleed with the text reversed out of this saturated purple sky and this tiny but absolutely wonderful face looking up at the bolt—" "She's black," said Connors. "You're going to have trouble with the purple, not enough contrast." "So it'll be subtle," said Penfield

"Another nice thing about this spot—it hasn't been discovered yet."

excitedly, "rich and subtle. The bolt will give it enough snap. It'll be nice."

Nice, thought Connors, what a word for being struck by lightning.



"Oh, nothing much. Still chasing the great white whale."

Connors, trying to get at the core of the experience—did being struck exalt or exacerbate preëxisting tendencies, states of mind, and what was the relevance of electroshock therapy, if it was a therapy?—talked to a Trappist monk who had been struck by lightning in 1975 while working in the fields at the order's Piffard, New York, abbey. Having been given permission by his superior to speak to Connors, the small, bald monk was positively loquacious. He told Connors that the one deprivation he had felt keenly, as a member of a monastic order, was the absence of rock music. "Why?" he asked rhetorically. "I'm too old for this music, it's for kids, I know it, you know it, makes no sense at all. But I love it, I simply love it. And after I was struck, the community bought me this Sony Walkman." Proudly he showed Connors the small device with its delicate earphones. "A special dispensation. I guess they figured I was near-to-dead, therefore it was all right to bend the Rule a bit. I simply love it. Have you heard the Cars?" Standing in a beet field with the brown-habited monk, Connors felt the depth of the man's happiness and wondered if he himself ought to rethink his attitude toward Christianity. It would not be so bad, after all, to spend one's days pulling beets in the warm sun while listening to the Cars and then retire to one's cell at night to read St. Augustine and catch up on Rod Stewart and the B-52's.

"The thing is," Connors said to Edwina that night at dinner, "I don't understand precisely what effects the change. Is it pure fright? Gratitude at having survived?" They were sitting in an Italian restaurant called Da Silvano on Sixth near Houston, eating tortellini in a white sauce. Little Zachary, a good-looking two-year-old, sat in a high chair and accepted bits of cut-up pasta. Edwina had had a shoot that afternoon and was not in a good mood. "The same damn thing," she said, "me and three white chicks, you'd think somebody'd turn it around just once." She needed a *Vogue* cover and a fragrance campaign, she said, and then she would be sitting pretty. She had been considered for *Hashish* some time back but didn't get it and there was a question in her mind as to whether her agency (Jerry Francisco) had been solidly behind her. "Come along," said Edwina, "I want to give you a back rub, you look a tiny bit peaked."

Connors subsequently interviewed five more people who had been struck by lightning, uncovering some unusual cases, including a fellow dumb from birth who, upon being struck, began speaking quite admirable French; his great-grandfather, as it happened, had also been struck by lightning, blasted from the seat of a farm wagon in Brittany in 1909. In his piece Connors described the experience as "ineffable," using a word he had loathed and despised his whole life long, spoke of lightning-as-grace and went so far as to mention the descent of the Dove. Penfield, without a moment's hesitation, cut the whole paragraph, saying (correctly) that the *Folks* reader didn't like "funny stuff" and pointing out that the story was running long anyway because of the extra page given to Edwina's opening layout, in which she wore a Mary McFadden pleated tube and looked, in Penfield's phrase, approximately fantastic.

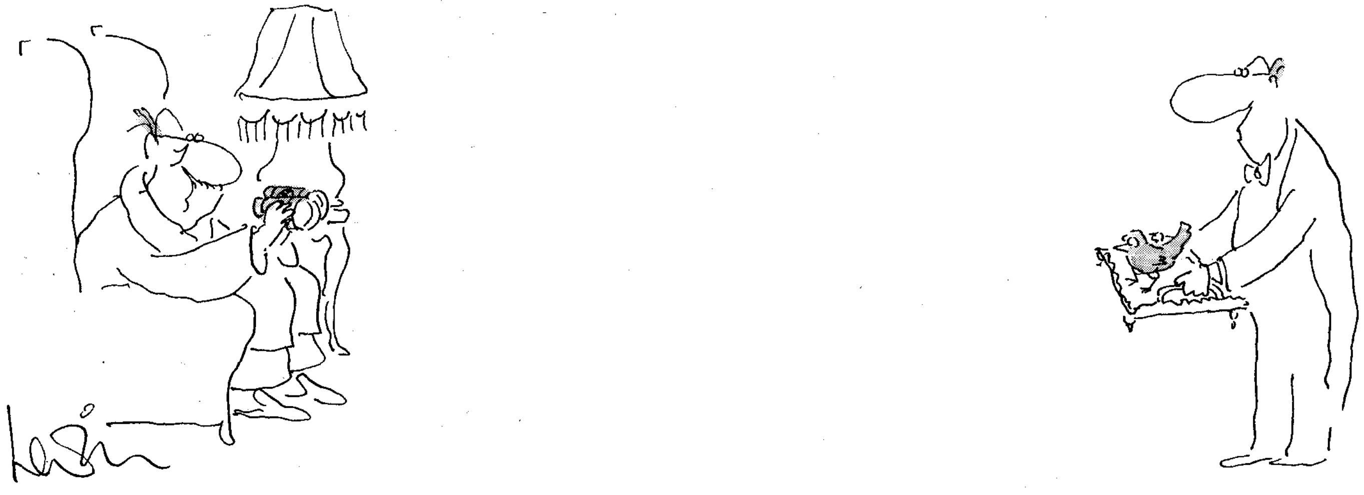
—Donald Barthelme

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER

THIS, then, is the terrain. The steepest mountains, thickly covered, where huge, sharp rocks might pose the greatest danger and where only the bravest, surest, most deeply arched of human feet will venture, where a large stream might flow, and, flowing perilously, having only a deep ambition to see itself mighty and powerful, bends and curves and dips in many directions, making a welcome and easy path for each idle rill and babbling brook, each trickle of rain fallen on land that lies sloping; and that stream, at last swelled to a great, fast, flowing body of water, falls over a ledge with a roar, a loudness that is more than the opposite of complete silence, then rushes over dry, flat land in imperfect curves—curves as if made by a small boy playfully dragging a toy behind him—then hugs closely to the paths made, ruthlessly conquering the flat plain, the steep ridge, the grassy bed; all day, all day, a stream might flow so, and then it winds its way to a gorge in the earth, a basin of measurable depth and breadth, and so collects itself in a pool: now comes the gloaming, for day will end, and the stream, its flow stilled and gathered up, so that trees growing firmly on its banks, their barks white, their trunks bent, their branches covered with leaves and reaching up, up, are reflected in the depths, awaits the eye, the hand, the foot that shall then give all this a meaning.

But what shall that be? For now here is a man who lives in a world bereft of its very nature. He lies on his bed as if alone in a small room, waiting and waiting and waiting. For what does he wait? He is not yet complete, so he cannot conceive of what it is he waits for. He cannot conceive of the fields of wheat, their kernels ripe and almost bursting, and how happy the sight will make someone. He cannot conceive of the union of opposites, or, for that matter, their very existence. He cannot conceive of flocks of birds in migratory flight, or that night will follow day and season follow season in a seemingly endless cycle, and the beauty and the pleasure and the purpose that might come from all this. He cannot conceive of the wind that ravages the coastline, casting asunder men and cargo, temporarily interrupting the smooth flow of commerce. He cannot conceive of the individual who, on looking up from some dreary, everyday task, is struck just then by the completeness of the above and the below and his own spirit resting in between; or how that same individual, suddenly rounding a corner, catches his own reflection, transparent and suspended in a pane of glass, and so smiles to himself with shy admiration. He cannot conceive of the woman and the child at play—an image so often regarded as a symbol of human contentment; or how calamity will attract the cold and disinterested gaze of children. He cannot conceive of a Sunday: the peal of church bells, the sound of seraphic voices in harmony, the closeness of congregation, the soothing words of praise and the much longed for presence of an unearthly glory. He cannot conceive of how emotions, varying in color and intensity, will rapidly heighten, reach an unbearable pitch, then finally explode in the silence of the evening air. He cannot conceive of the chance invention that changes again and again and forever the great turbulence that is human history. Not for him can thought crash over thought in random and violent succession, leaving his brain suffused in contradiction. He sits in nothing, this man: not in a full space, not in emptiness, not in darkness, not in light or glimmer of. He sits in nothing, in nothing, in nothing.

LOOK! A man steps out of bed, a good half hour after his wife, and washes himself. He sits down on a chair and at a table that he made with his own hands (the tips of his fingers are stained a thin chocolate brown from nicotine). His wife places before him a bowl of porridge, some cheese, some bread that has been buttered, two boiled eggs, a large cup of tea. He eats. The goats, the sheep, the cows are driven to pasture. A dog barks. His child now enters the room. Walking over, she bends to kiss his hand, which is resting on his knee, and he, waiting for her head to come up, kisses her on the forehead with lips he has purposely moistened. "Sir, it is wet," she says. And he laughs at her as she dries her forehead with the back of her hand. Now, clasping his wife to him, he bids her goodbye, opens the door, and stops. For what does he stop? What does he see? He sees before him himself, standing in sawdust, measuring a hole, just dug, in the ground, putting decorative grooves in a bannister, erecting columns, carving the head of a cherub over a door, lighting a cigarette, pursing his lips, holding newly planed wood at an angle and looking at it with one eye closed; standing with both hands in his pockets, the thumbs out, and rocking back and forth on his heels, he surveys a small accomplishment—a last nail driven in just so. Crossing and recrossing the threshold, he watches the sun,



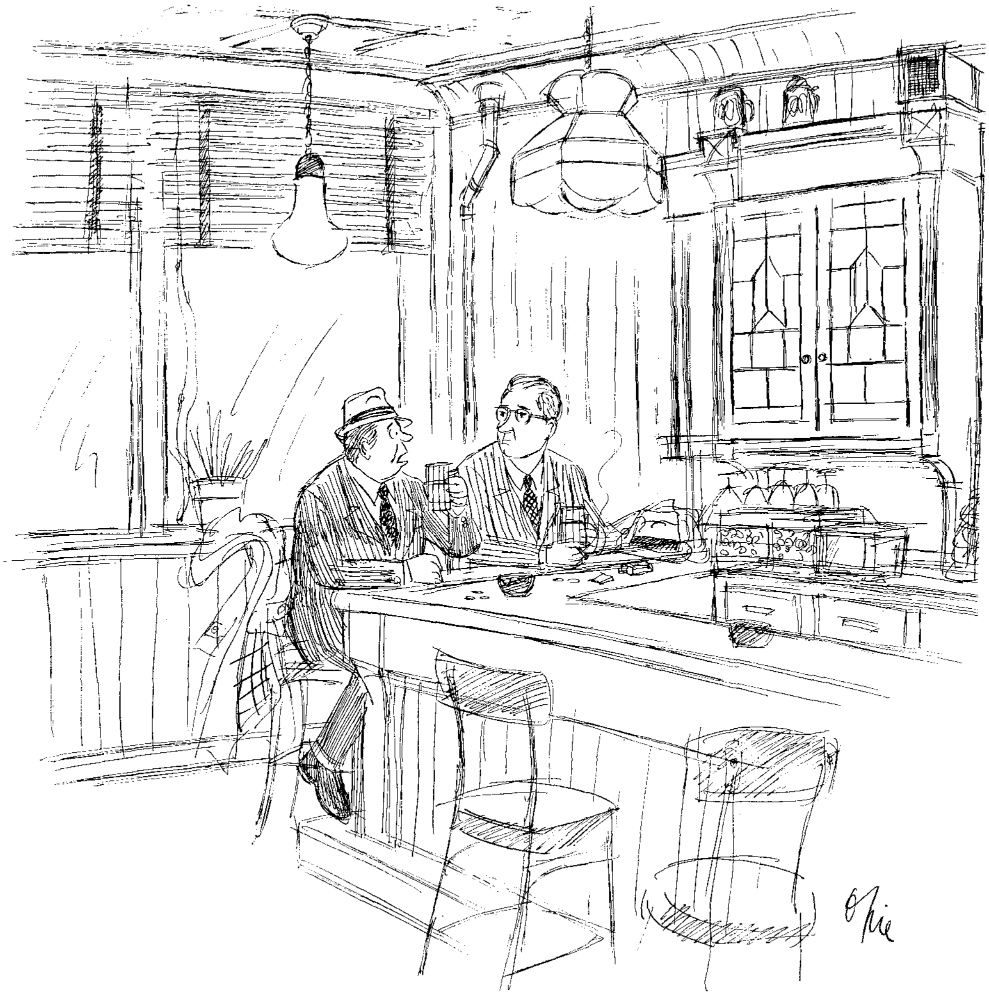
"Will that be all, sir?"

a violent red, set on the horizon, he hears the birds fly home, he sees the insects dancing in the last warm of the day's light, he hears himself sing out loud:

> Now the day is over,
> Night is drawing nigh;
> Shadows of the evening
> Steal across the sky.

All this he sees (and hears). And who is this man, really? So solitary, his eyes sometimes aglow, his heart beating at an abnormal rate with a joy he cannot identify or explain. What is the virtue in him? And then again, what can it matter? For tomorrow the oak will be felled, the trestle will break, the cow's hooves will be made into glue.

But so he stands, forever, crossing and recrossing the threshold, his head lifted up, held aloft and stiff with vanity; then his eyes shift and he sees and he sees, and he is weighed down. First lifted up, then weighed down—always he is so. Shall he seek comfort now? And in what? He seeks out the living fossils. There is the shell of the pearly nautilus lying amidst colored chalk and powdered ink and India rubber in an old tin can, in memory of a day spent blissfully on the beach. The flatworm is now a parasite. Reflect. There is the earth, its surface apparently stilled, its atmosphere hospitable. And yet here stand pile upon pile of rocks of an enormous size, riven and worn down from the pressure of the great seas, now receded. And here the large veins of gold, the bubbling sulfurous fountains, the mountains covered with hot lava; at the bottom of some caves lies the black dust, and below that rich clay sediment, and trapped between the layers are filaments of winged beasts and remnants of invertebrates. "And where shall I be?" asks this man. Then he says, "My body, my soul." But quickly he averts his eyes and feels himself now, hands pressed tightly against his chest. He is standing on the threshold once again, and, looking up, he sees his wife holding out toward him his brown felt hat (he had forgotten it); his child crossing the street, joining the throng of children on their way to school, a mixture of broken sentences, mispronounced words, laughter, budding malice, and energy abundant. He looks at the house he has built with his own hands, the books he has read standing on shelves, the fruit-bearing trees that he nursed from seedlings, the larder filled with food that he has provided. He shifts the weight of his body from one foot to the other, in uncertainty but also weighing, weighing. . . . He imagines that in one hand he holds emptiness and yearning and in the other desire fulfilled. He thinks of tenderness and love and faith and hope and, yes, goodness. He contemplates the beauty in the common thing: the sun rising up out of the huge, shimmering expanse of water that is the sea; it rises up each day as if made anew, as if for the first time. "Sing again. Sing now," he says in his heart, for he feels the cool breeze at the back of his neck. But again and again he feels the futility in all that. For stretching out before him is a silence so dreadful, a vastness, its length and breadth and depth immeasurable. Nothing.



"And then it hit me. I've reached that stage in life where most of my friends are lawyers."

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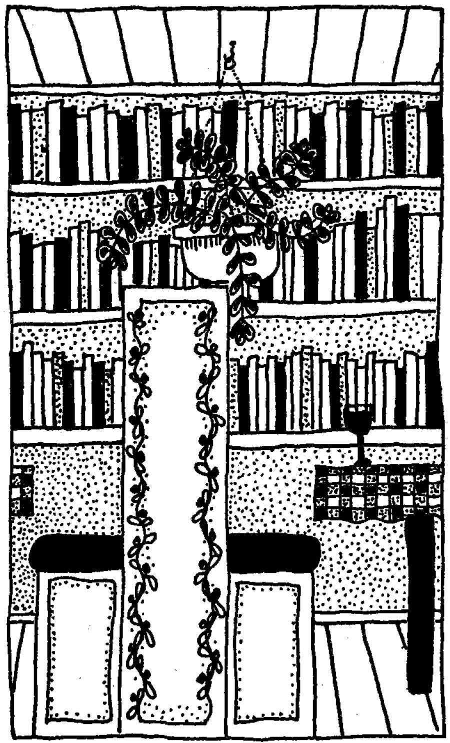
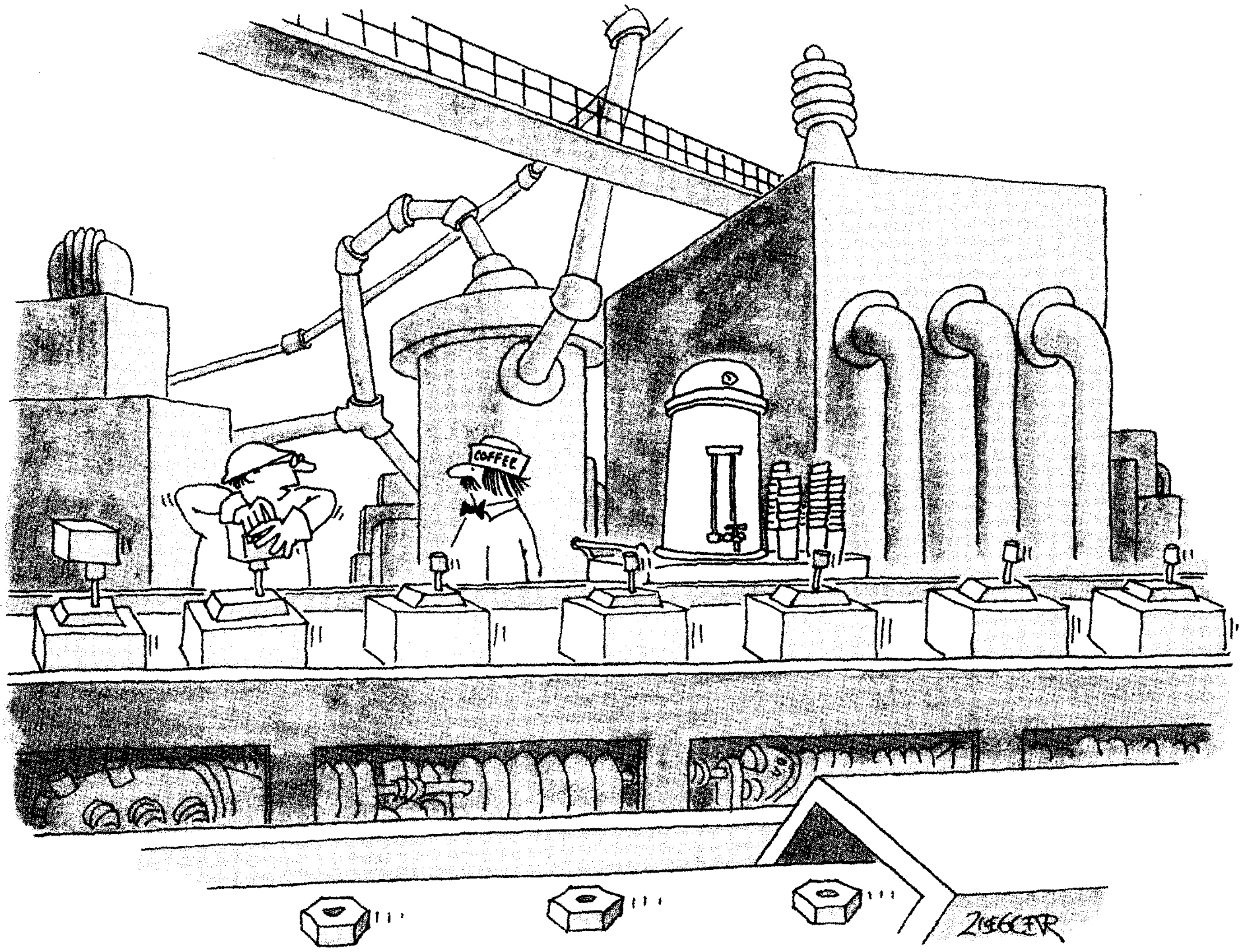
THE branches were dead; a fly hung dead on the branches, its fragile body fluttering in the wind as if it were remnants of a beautiful gown; a beetle had fed on the body of the fly but now lay dead, too. Death on death on death. Dead lay everything. The ground stretching out from the river no longer a verdant pasture but parched and cracked with tiny fissures running up and down and into each other; and, seen from high above, the fissures presented beauty: not a pleasure to the eye but beauty all the same; still, dead, dead it was. Dead lay everything that had lived and dead also lay everything that would live. All had had or would have its season. And what should it matter that its season lasted five billion years or five minutes? There it is now, dead, vanished into darkness, banished from life. First living briefly, then dead in eternity. How vainly I struggle against this. Toil, toil, night and day. Here a house is built. Here a monument is erected to commemorate something called a good deed, or even in remembrance of a woman with exceptional qualities, and all that she loved and all that she did. Here are some children, and immeasurable is the love and special attention lavished on them. Vanished now is the house. Vanished now is the monument. Silent now are the children. I recall the house, I recall the monument, I summon up the children from the eternity of darkness, and sometimes, briefly, they appear, though always slightly shrouded, always as if they had emerged from mounds of ashes, chipped, tarnished, in fragments, large parts missing: the ribbons, for instance, gone from the children's hair. These children whom I loved best—better than the monument, better than the house—once were so beautiful that they were thought unearthly. Dead is the past. Dead shall the future be. And what stands before my eyes, as soon as I turn my back, dead is that, too. Shall I shed tears? Sorrow is bound to death. Grief is bound to death. Each moment is not as fragile and fleeting as I once thought. Each moment is hard and lasting and so holds much that I must mourn for. And so what a bitter thing to say to me: that life is the intrusion, that to embrace a thing as beauty is the intrusion, that to believe a thing true and therefore undeniable, that is the intrusion; and, yes, false are all appearances. What a bitter thing to say to me, I who for time uncountable have always seen myself as newly born, filled with a truth and a beauty that could not be denied, living in a world of light that I called eternal, a world that can know no end. I now know regret. And that, too, is bound to death. And what do I regret? Surely not that I stand in the knowledge of the presence of death. For knowledge is a good thing; you have said that. What I regret is that in the face of death and all that it is and all that it shall be I stand powerless, that in the face of death my will, to which everything I have ever known bends, stands as if it were nothing more than a string caught in the early-morning wind.

Now! There lived a small creature, and it lived as both male and female inside a mound that it made on the ground, its body wholly covered with short fur, broadly striped, in the colors field-yellow and field-blue. It hunted a honeybee once, and when the bee, in bee anger and fright, stung the creature on the corner of the mouth, the pain was so unbearably delicious that never did this creature hunt a honeybee again. It walked over and over the wide space that surrounded the mound in which it lived. As it walked over and over the wide ground that surrounded the mound in which it lived, it watched its own feet sink into the grass and heard the ever so slight sound the grass made as it gave way to the pressure, and as it saw and heard it felt a pleasure unbearably delicious, and, each time, the pleasure unbearably delicious was new to this creature. It lived so, banking up each unbearably delicious pleasure in deep, dark memory unspeakable, hoping to perhaps one day throw the memories into a dungeon, or burn them on an ancient pyre, or banish them to land barren, but now it kept them in this way. Then all its unbearably delicious pleasure it kept free, each thing taken, time in, time out, as if it were new, just born. It lived so in a length of time that may be measured to be no less than the blink of an eye, or no more than one hundred millenniums. This creature lived inside and outside its mound, remembering and forgetting, pain and pleasure so equally balanced, each assigned to what it judged a natural conclusion, yet one day it did vanish, leaving no sign of its existence, except for a small spot, which glowed faintly in the darkness that surrounded it. I divined this, and how natural to me that has become. I divined this, and it is not a spectre but something that stood here. I show it to you. I yearn to build a monument to it, something of dust, since I now know —and so soon, so soon—what dust really is.

"Death is natural," you said to me, in such a flat, matter-of-fact way, and then you laughed—a laugh so piercing that I felt my eardrums shred, I felt myself mocked. Yet I can see that a tree is natural, that the sea is natural, that the twitter of a twittering bird is natural to a twittering bird. I can see with my own eyes the tree; it stands with limbs spread wide and laden with ripe fruit, its roots planted firmly in the rich soil, and that seems natural to me. I can see with my own eyes the sea, now with a neap tide, its surface smooth and calm; then in the next moment comes a breeze, soft, and small ripples turn into wavelets conquering wavelets, and that seems natural to me again. And the twittering bird twitters away, and that bears a special irritation, though not the irritation of the sting of the evening fly, and that special irritation is mostly ignored, and what could be more natural than that? But death bears no relation to the tree, the sea, the twittering bird. How much more like the earth spinning on its invisible axis death is, and so I might want to reach out with my hand and make the earth stand still, as if it were a bicycle standing on its handlebars upside down, the wheels spun in passing by a pair of idle hands, then stilled in passing by yet another pair of idle hands. Inevitable to life is death and not inevitable to death is life. Inevitable. How the word weighs on my tongue. I glean this: a worm winds its way between furrow and furrow in a garden, its miserable form shuddering, dreading the sharp open beak of any common bird winging its way overhead; the bird, then taking to the open air, spreads its wings in majestic flight, and how noble and triumphant is this bird in flight; but look now, there comes a boy on horseback, his body taut and eager, his hand holding bow and arrow, his aim pointed and definite, and in this way is the bird made dead. The worm, the bird, the boy. And what of the boy? His ends are endless. I glean again the death in life.



IS life, then, a violent burst of light, like flint struck sharply in the dark? If so, I must continually strive to exist between the day and the day. I see myself as I was as a child. How *much I was loved and how much* I loved. No small turn of my head, no wrinkle on my brow, no parting of my lips is lost to me. How much I loved myself and how much I was loved by my mother. My mother made up elaborate tales of the origins of ordinary food, just so that I would eat it. My mother sat on some stone steps, her voluminous skirt draped in folds and falling down between her parted



"The usual."

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legs, and I, playing some distance away, glanced over my shoulder and saw her face—a face that was to me of such wondrous beauty: the lips like a moon in its first and last quarter, a nose with a bony bridge and wide nostrils that flared out and trembled visibly in excitement, ears the lobes of which were large and soft and silklike; and what pleasure it gave me to press them between my thumb and forefinger. How I worshipped this beauty, and in my childish heart I would always say to it, "Yes, yes, yes." And, glancing over my shoulder, yet again I would silently send to her words of love and adoration, and I would receive from her, in turn and in silence, words of love and adoration. Once, I stood on a platform with three dozen girls, arranged in rows of twelve, all wearing identical white linen dresses with corded sashes of green tied around the waist, all with faces the color of stones found lying on the beach of volcanic islands, singing with the utmost earnestness, in as nearly perfect a harmony as could be managed, minds blank of interpretation:

In our deep vaulted cell
The charm we'll prepare
Too dreadful a practice
For this open air.

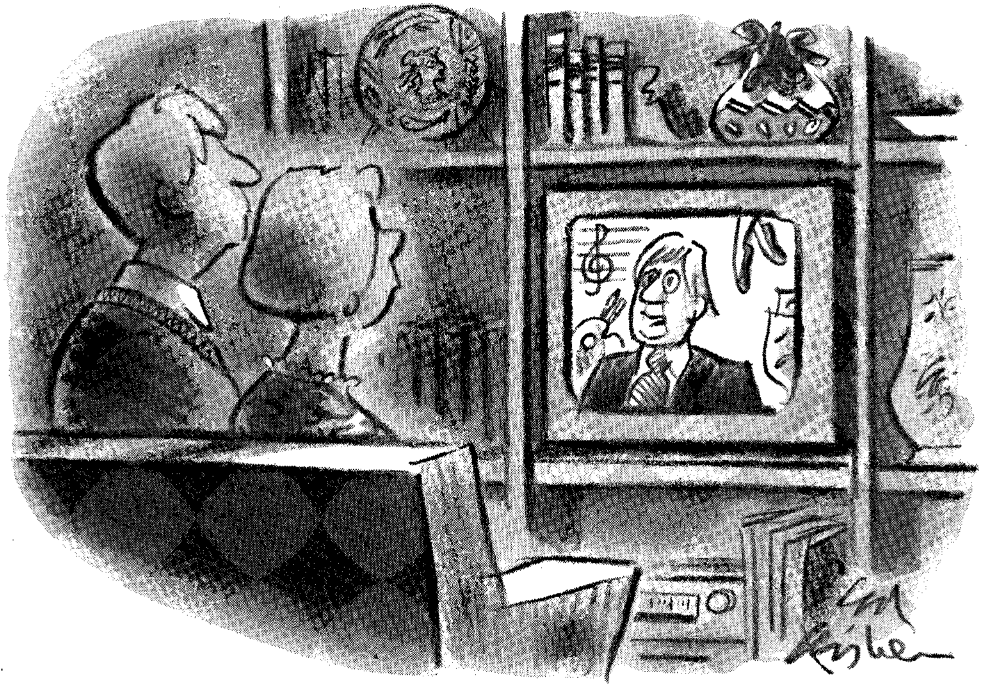
Time and time again, I am filled up with all that I thought life might be—glorious moment upon glorious moment of contentment and joy and love running into each other and forming an extraordinary chain: a hymn sung in rounds. Oh, the fields of flowers in which I have walked and gazed and gazed at the small cuplike flowers, in wanton hues of red and gold and blue, swaying in the day breeze, and from which I had no trouble tearing myself away, since their end was unknown to me.

I WALKED to the mouth of the river, and it was then still in the old place near the lime-tree grove. The water was clear and still. I looked in, and at the bottom of the river I could see a house, and it was a house of only one room, with an A-shaped roof. The house was made of rough, heavy planks of unpainted wood, and the roof was of galvanized iron and was painted red. The house had four windows on each of its four sides, and one door. Though the door and the windows were all open, I could not see anything inside and I had no desire to see what was inside. All around the house was a wide stretch of green—green grass freshly mowed a uniform length. The green, green grass of uniform length extended from the house for a distance I could not measure or know just from looking at it. Beyond the green, green grass were lots of pebbles, and they were a white-gray, as if they had been in water for many years and then placed in the sun to dry. They, too, were of a uniform size, and as they lay together they seemed to form a direct contrast to the grass. Then, at the line where the grass ended and the pebbles began, there were flowers: yellow and blue irises, red poppies, daffodils, marigolds. They grew as if wild, intertwined, as if no hand had ever offered guidance or restraint. There were no other living things in the water—no birds, no vertebrates or invertebrates, no fragile insects—and even though the water flowed in the natural way of a river, none of the things that I could see at the bottom moved. The grass, in little wisps, didn't bend slightly; the petals of the flowers didn't tremble. Everything was so true, though—that is, true to itself—and I had no doubt that the things I saw were themselves and not resemblances or representatives. The grass was the grass, and it was the grass without qualification. The green of the grass was green, and I knew it to be so and not partially green, or a kind of green, but green, and the green from which all other greens might come. And it was so with everything else that lay so still at the bottom of the river. It all lay there not like a picture but like a true thing and a different kind of true thing: one that I had never known before. Then I noticed something new: it was the way everything would light up. It was as if the sun shone not from where I stood but from a place way beyond and beneath the ground of the grass and the pebbles. How strange the light was, how it filled up everything, and yet nothing cast a shadow. I looked and looked at what was before me in wonderment and curiosity. What should this mean to me? And what should I do on knowing? A woman now appeared at the one door. She wore no clothes. Her hair was long and so very black, and it stood out in a straight line away from her head, as if she had commanded it to be that way. I could not see her face. I could see her feet, and I saw that her insteps were high, as if she had been used to climbing high mountains. Her skin was the color of brown clay, and she looked like a statue, liquid and gleaming, just before it is to be put in a kiln. She walked toward the place where the grass ended and the pebbles began. Perhaps it was a great distance, it took such a long time, and yet she never tired. When she got to the place where the green grass ended and the pebbles began, she stopped, then raised her right hand to her forehead, as if to guard her eyes against a far-off glare. She stood on tiptoe, her body swaying from side to side, and she looked at something that was far, far away from where she stood. I got down on my knees and I looked, too. It was a long time before I could see what it was that she saw.

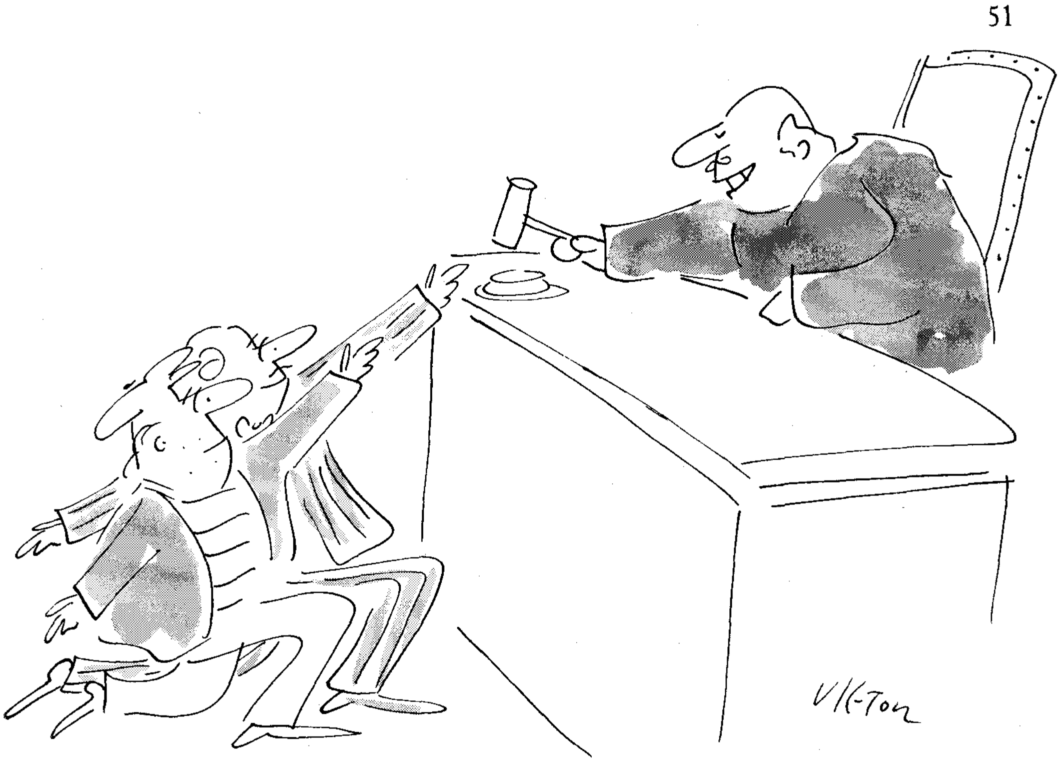
I saw a world in which the sun and the moon shone at the same time. They appeared in a way I had never seen before: the sun was The Sun, a creation of Benevolence and Purpose and not a star among many stars, with a predictable cycle and a predictable end; the moon, too, was The Moon, and it was the creation of Beauty and Purpose and not a body subject to a theory of planetary evolution. The sun and the moon shone uniformly onto everything. Together, they made up the light, and the light fell on everything, and everything seemed transparent, as if the light went through each thing, so that nothing could be hidden. The light shone and shone and fell and fell, but there were no shadows. In this world, or this terrain, there was no day and there was no night. And there were no seasons, and so no storms or cold from which to take shelter. And in this world were many things blessed with unquestionable truth and purpose and beauty. There were steep mountains, there were valleys, there were seas, there were plains of grass, there were deserts, there were rivers, there were forests, there were vertebrates and invertebrates, there were mammals, there were reptiles, there were creatures of the dry land and the water, and there were birds. And they lived in this world not yet divided, not yet examined, not yet numbered, and not yet dead. I looked at this world as it revealed itself to me—how new, how new—and I longed to go there.

I stood above the land and the sea and looked back up at myself as I stood on the bank of the mouth of the river. I saw that my face was round in shape, that my irises took up almost all the space in my eyes, and that my eyes were brown, with yellow-colored and black-colored flecks; that my mouth was large and closed; that my nose, too, was large and my nostrils broken circles; my arms were long, my hands large, the veins pushing up against my skin; my legs were long, and, judging from the shape of them, I was used to running long distances. I saw that my hair grew out long from my head and in a disorderly way, as if I were a strange tree, with many branches. I saw my skin, and it was red. It was the red of flames when a fire is properly fed, the red of flames when a fire burns alone in a darkened place, and not the red of flames when a fire is burning in a cozy room. I saw myself clearly, as if I were looking through a pane of glass.

I stood above the land and the sea, and I felt that I was not myself as I had once known myself to be: I was not made up of flesh and blood and muscles and bones and tissue and cells and vital organs but was made up of my will, and over my will I had com-



"Owing to our policy of programming only the best of the arts, we have temporarily run out of masterpieces."



"Funny. Very funny. But guilty."

plete dominion. I entered the sea then. The sea was without color, and it was without anything that I had known before. It was still, having no currents. It was as warm as freshly spilled blood, and I moved through it as if I had always done so, as if it were a perfectly natural element to me. I moved through deep caverns, but they were without darkness and sudden shifts and turns. I stepped over great ridges and huge bulges of stones, I stooped down and touched the deepest bottom; I stretched myself out and covered end to end a vast crystal plane. Nothing lived here. No plant grew here, no huge sharp-toothed creature with an ancestral memory of hunter and prey searching furiously for food, no sudden shift of wind to disturb the water. How good this water was. How good that I should know no fear. I sat on the edge of a basin. I felt myself swing my feet back and forth in a carefree manner, as if I were a child who had just spent the whole day head bent over sums but now sat in a garden filled with flowers in bloom colored vermillion and gold, the sounds of birds chirping, goats bleating, home from the pasture, the smell of vanilla from the kitchen, which should surely mean pudding with dinner, eyes darting here and there but resting on nothing in particular, a mind conscious of nothing—not happiness, not contentment, and not the memory of night, which soon would come.

I stood up on the edge of the basin and felt myself move. But what self? For I had no feet, or hands, or head, or heart. It was as if those things—my feet, my hands, my head, my heart—having once been there, were now stripped away, as if I had been dipped again and again, over and over, in a large vat filled with some precious elements and were now reduced to something I yet had no name for. I had no name for the thing I had become, so new was it to me, except that I did not exist in pain or pleasure, east or west or north or south, or up or down, or past or present or future, or real or not real. I stood as if I were a prism, many-sided and transparent, refracting and reflecting light as it reached me, light that never could be destroyed. And how beautiful I became. Yet this beauty was not in the way of an ancient city seen after many centuries in ruins, or a woman who has just brushed her hair, or a man who searches for a treasure, or a child who cries immediately on being born, or an apple just picked standing alone on a gleaming white plate, or tiny beads of water left over from a sudden downpour of rain, perhaps—hanging delicately from the bare limbs of trees—or the sound the hummingbird makes with its wings as it propels itself through the earthly air.

Yet what was that light in which I stood? How singly then will the heart desire and pursue the small glowing thing resting in the distance, surrounded by darkness; how, then, if on conquering the distance the heart embraces the small glowing thing until heart and glowing thing are indistinguishable and in this way the darkness is made less? For now a door might suddenly be pushed open and the morning light might rush in, revealing to me creation and a force whose nature is implacable, unmindful of any of the individual needs of existence, and without knowledge of future or past. I might then come to believe in a being whose impartiality I cannot now or ever fully understand and accept. I ask, When shall I, too, be extinguished, so that I cannot be recognized even from my bones? I covet the rocks and the mountains their silence. And so, emerging from my pit, the one I sealed up securely, the one to which I have consigned all my deeds that I care not to reveal—emerging from this pit, I step into a room and I see that the lamp is lit. In the light of the lamp, I see some books, I see a chair, I see a table, I see a pen; I see a bowl of ripe fruit, a bottle of milk, a flute made of wood, the clothes that I will wear. And as I see these things in the light of the lamp, all perishable and transient, how bound up I know I am to all that is human endeavor, to all that is past and to all that shall be, to all that shall be lost and leave no trace. I claim these things then—mine—and now feel myself grow solid and complete, my name filling up my mouth.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*Photo caption in the Dublin Evening Press*]

The topless streaker of Twickenham, 24-year-old Erica Roe, all wrapped up in her home today, has been threatened with the sack from her job (see Page 3).

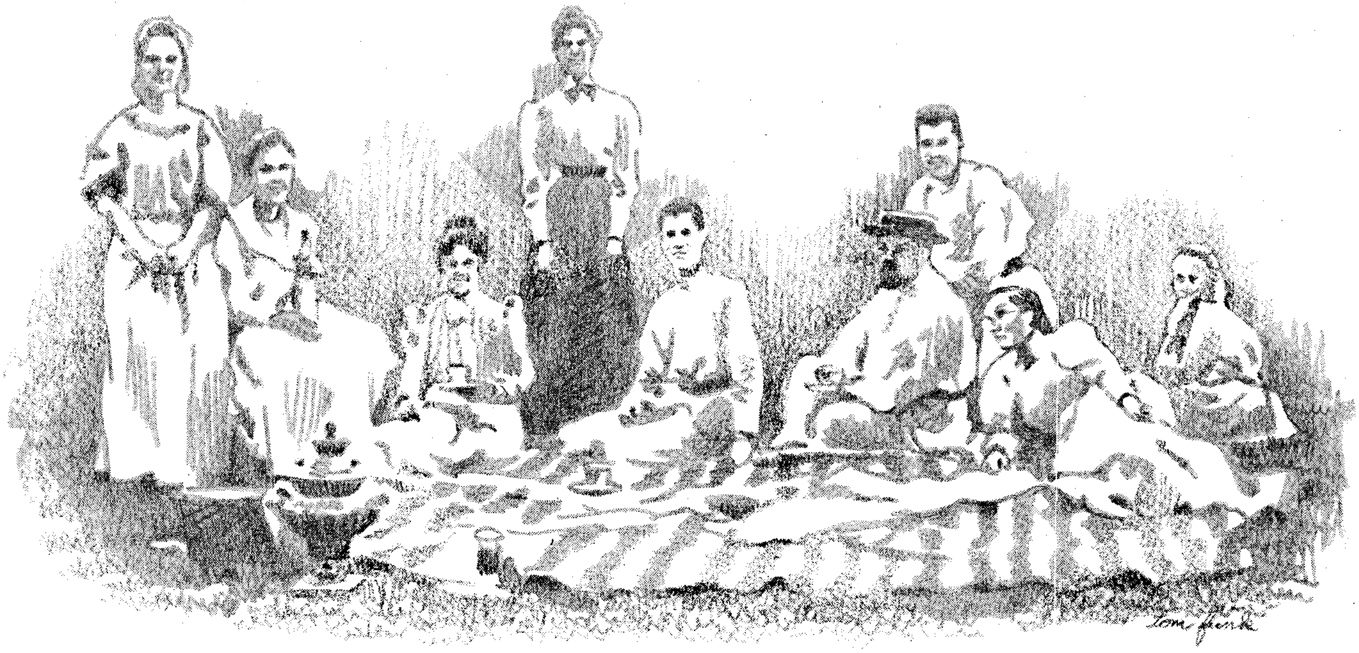
But today she was offered a new job—earning £250 a day as model substitute for Kevin Keegan.

The Harry Fenton chain of menswear shops in London said it wanted her to model double-breasted jackets and suits after England soccer captain Keegan's contract with the firm has ended.

PERSONAL HISTORY

RUSSIAN BLOOD

II—MOPSY, NIKA, AND UNCLE



A picnic with friends and neighbors: Russia, about 1900. Mopsy is second from the left, Uncle fifth, Nika seventh, and Grandmother eighth.

Mopsy and I went back together as far as I can go. Roaring Gap, North Carolina, summer of 1951. Mopsy (her youngest daughter, reading about Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail in a little book by Beatrix Potter, decided she should be called Mopsy, and that became her family name; her real name was Elizaveta—Elizabeth—Shoumatoff) was going to a resort in the Blue Ridge Mountains to paint a number of prosperous Southerners—Grays of Winston-Salem, tobacco Reynoldses, Chathams of Chatham blankets, stocking-company Haneses. On the spur of the moment, she decided to take me, then her youngest grandchild, along. I was four.

I vaguely remember a man in Elizabethan duds handing out samples of a new cigarette (Raleigh? Cavalier?) in front of the Greystone Inn as we went in to dinner. I clearly recall a drive we took one Saturday morning to Elkin, near the foot of the mountains. I'd complained of a toothache, and the nearest dentist was in Elkin. Mopsy always drove a Cadillac. This Cadillac had big fins and made no noise. With the windows up and the air-conditioner on, it almost seemed as if we were gliding down to Elkin. Serenely negotiating switchbacks, Mopsy was telling me a story about a witch called Goody Grum, who always said "hoity-toity." I was sitting beside her like a little conspirator, hanging on every word. Anyone who was ever painted by her as a child can attest that she was a mesmerizing storyteller. Goody Grum was a character in a British magazine called *Chatterbox*, which Mopsy read when she was a girl in Russia, but I didn't learn this until much later. When I was growing up, I didn't think of Mopsy as being Russian. She was always low-key about the past. There was nothing foreign about her. She didn't have an accent. She spoke a cultivated, Continental, neutral sort of English (not American, not English, not Russian) sprinkled with Mopsyisms—"by the bye," "anyhoo."

Sometimes there would be an opening in the lush Appalachian foliage, and we could see down to the hazy plain where we were headed, or across to the next rib of the Blue Ridge, where there was an abandoned road—probably the old road to Elkin—with grass growing through its cracks. We rounded one bend in time to see a man walking on the abandoned road across a gully slightly below us. "Look, Mopsy," I said. The man was dressed in rags. He had over one shoulder a stick with a bundle hanging from the end of it. Mopsy explained that he was a hobo. I still dream of that hobo from time to time, and nothing in my life has surpassed the bliss of that spin to Elkin. But when I asked Mopsy about it years later she couldn't remember it at all.

She developed a special relationship, almost a pact, with each of her four grandchildren. With my sister, Tonia, it began when she was sitting for the second of four portraits that Mopsy did of her. Tonia was a snow-blond five-year-old, and Mopsy told her how when she herself was a girl she would get up at six in the morning to weed the garden, and would read the lives of the saints by candlelight long after she was supposed to be asleep, because she wanted to be good, like them. Only the servants knew about her private devotions, and she had sworn them to secrecy. Years later, when Mopsy was invited by Princess Joan of Luxembourg to paint her children, Charles and Charlotte, she took along Tonia and her other granddaughter, Victoria (my cousin), and Tonia was able to experience her grandmother from the vantage point of young womanhood. It was one of Mopsy's last trips. She was in her eighties, and was in great form. After an elaborate luncheon (sev-

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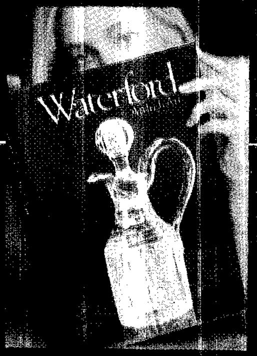

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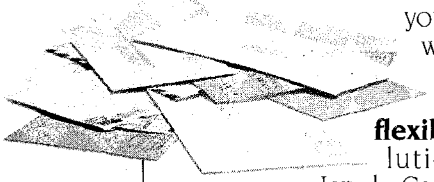

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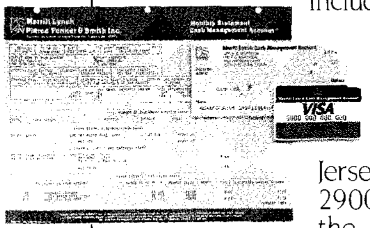
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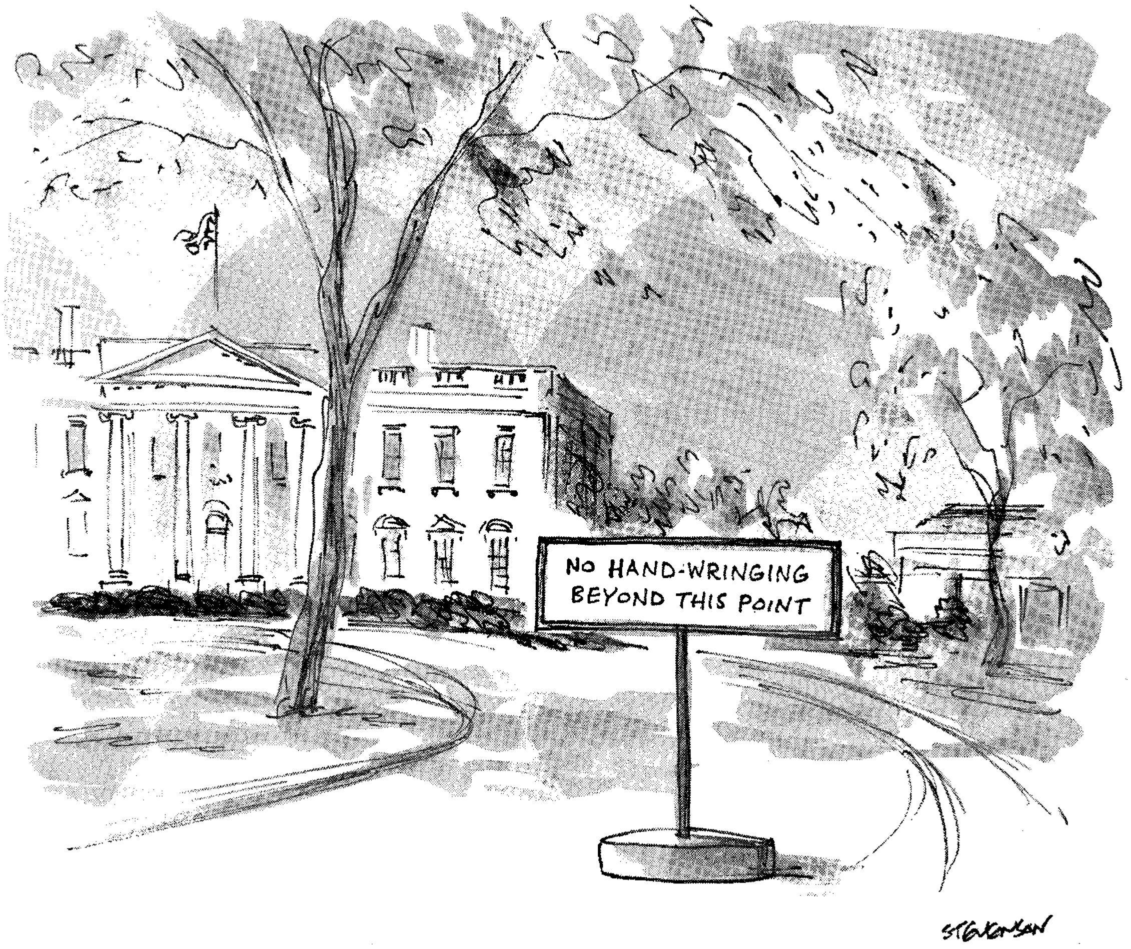
en plate changes, sculptured potatoes), the entire party was getting up from the table when Mopsy felt her legs starting to give. Fortunately, two men in blue-green livery who had been standing against a wall came up and caught her under either arm. "I beg your pardon," she said to them with her most gracious smile. "I must have caught that heel of mine again." That was Mopsy's only concession to time—an occasional loss of equilibrium, a breakdown of the inner ear. Back in their rooms, Mopsy, Tonia, and Victoria told slightly macabre *anekdoti* and laughed for hours. Mopsy knew hundreds of them. She collected them. One of her favorites concerned a parrot whose vocabulary was limited to two words: "*Charmante soirée.*" "One evening, just before a large dinner party," she told her granddaughters that afternoon, "the parrot was attacked by the cat, who pulled it from its cage and took it under the couch. The parrot's mistress was ushering in guests at the time. Just as they had all seated themselves, they heard an awful screech coming from under the couch. When the mistress pushed the couch aside, only the parrot's beak was left, still squawking '*charmante soirée.*' "

I first noticed the equilibrium problem in 1970, at a cocktail party. Svetlana Alliluyeva, Stalin's daughter, who had defected three years earlier, was among the guests. She had embraced the Russian Orthodox Church and had come to stay with Mopsy for a few days. It was an emotional visit for Mopsy: Svetlana's father, after all, was responsible for the numerous arrests and probably the execution of her oldest brother, Nika. Svetlana turned out to be a small woman with a round, compelling face. "He was a wonderful father," she said to Mopsy as they stood chatting. "I only saw that side." Mopsy was listening with her usual rapt attention (she always made you feel important by *really* listening) when all of a sudden, for no apparent reason, she just fell. "I'm an expert at falling," she said, laughing, as we helped her to her feet. "All I need is a flat surface. I don't even need steps."

In every room of Mopsy's house, generally in the easternmost corner as you entered, there was an icon. And every morning, before she was brought her soft-boiled egg, her hot milk and coffee, her toast with Tasmanian honey, and her *Times*, she would sit up in bed and read the appropriate entries in both the "Daily Word" and the "Russian Saints' Calendar." There was always a light burning in a little red glass, called a *lampada*, before the several dozen images of her bedroom *kiot*, or corner stand of icons. "The light is a constant source of prayer for everybody," she explained to me once. I had asked her about the icons. They were powerful friends if you believed in them, she said. She had four Virgins. The small, Italianate one, painted on mother-of-pearl, she'd got at a monastery near the family's country house a few days before they left Russia, in 1917. The Bogoroditsa, or Mother of God, she'd had in her room since childhood. The seventeenth-century Our Lady of the Burning Bush was entirely covered in silver except for painted hands. Its job was to protect the house. The family icon, said to have been given to a fourteenth-century ancestor by two angels, also depicted a Madonna. Once, I brought the family icon into the living room to look at it in the light. Mopsy was smoking a cigarette. "Please put it back," she said. "I can't smoke with it around." She had three icons of St. Spyridonius, the wonder-worker ("If you want money, pray to him, and the money will come"); one of Panteleimon, the patron saint of physicians; one of St. Tsilimel, the healer; one of St. Barbara, the patroness of "someone who doesn't want to die suddenly." This last was one of three small travelling icons that had belonged to the late Czar. Mopsy's brother Andrei Avinoff, known to us as Uncle—a remarkably versatile man, who made his mark here as an artist, a lepidopterist, and a museum director—had got them from his friend Victor Hammer, the art dealer. Beside the *lampada* were some sprigs of pussy willow, which, because palm fronds were unavailable in Russia, had always been used on Palm Sunday there. There were also several crosses on the


NO HAND-WRINGING BEYOND THIS POINT
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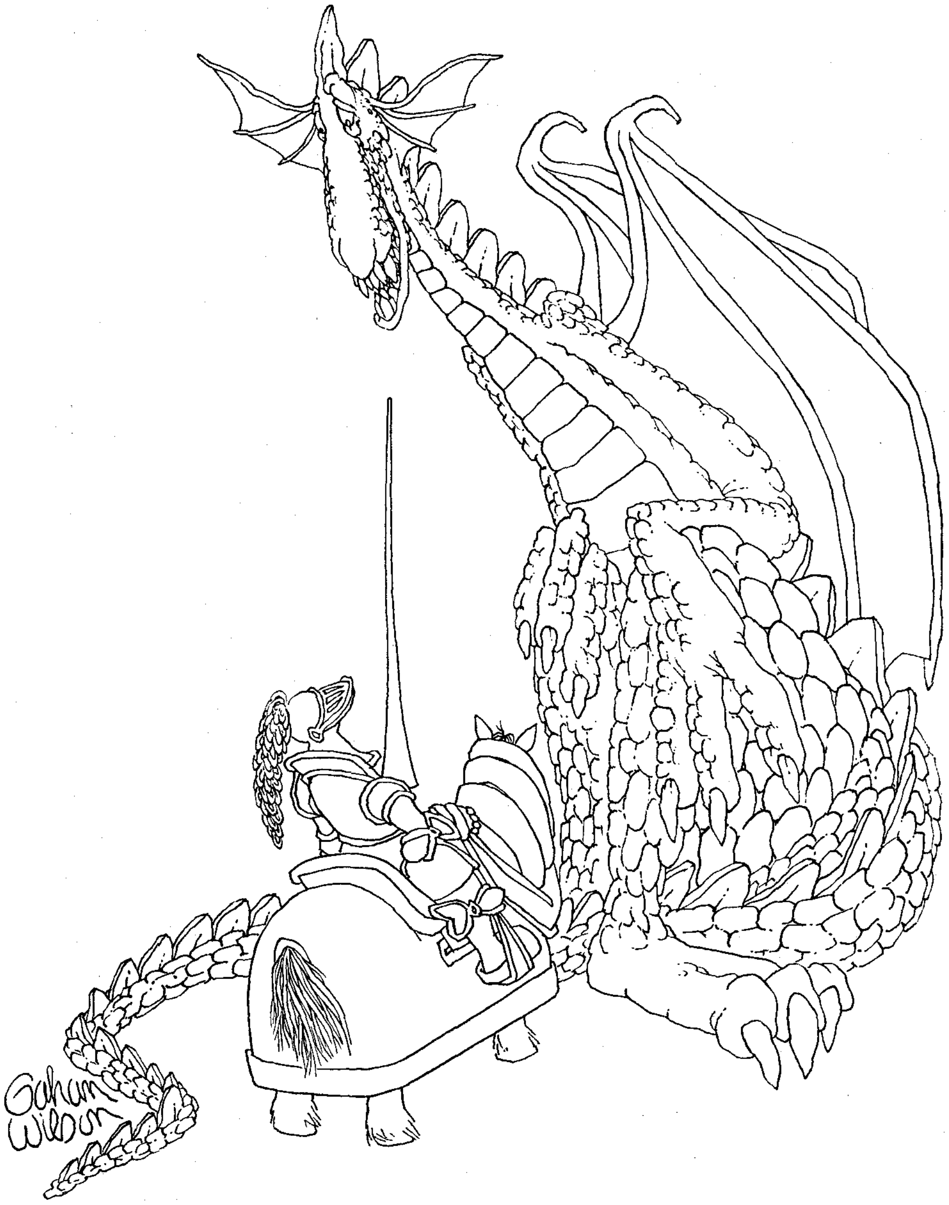

"I had a maiden once, but she left me."

table of her *kiot*. One was made of olivewood and was a present from her old schoolmate Valya Svetkova, who became Sister Barbara, Mother Superior of the Mount of Olives Convent in the Garden of Gethsemane. She was Mopsy's best friend at the Pension Constant in St. Petersburg when they were sixteen.

Mopsy never started a painting without a prayer. "When I was a girl," she once told me, "illustrating stories that I read, like 'Quo Vadis,' Mother said, 'You must pray to St. John the Divine. He helps artists.' I did for a while, but then I switched to St. Alypius. I thought he'd be a more reliable saint for help. He was the first Russian artist. He lived in Kiev during the twelfth century, and his bones are buried in the catacombs there. He died in the middle of painting an icon, and an angel came and finished it for him." During her last year—1980—when she was ninety-one, Mopsy still painted every day, but sometimes, when she wasn't feeling up to par, when she was feeling decrepit and her head was heavy, she'd ask St. Alypius to take over. The work was as fine as ever, or better than ever. In her studio, there was a painting of St. Alypius at his easel.

Mopsy had given an icon of the Virgin of Kazan to Our Lady of Kazan Church in Sea Cliff, Long Island—a small wooden church, hand-carved in the old North Russian style—which was about four miles away from where she lived. She was a behind-the-scenes patroness, and at odd moments, like Friday afternoon, she would sometimes go there to pray. She didn't attend the Sunday services. As a rule, she didn't have much to do with the Sea Cliff Russian colony, whose five hundred souls form one of the largest pockets of White Russians in the East. There was a woman in Sea Cliff from whom she bought *pelmeni*—Siberian meat dumplings that are a sort of cross between wonton and ravioli. And sometimes when Mopsy was having a party, or on the help's day off, Nadya Vladimirovna, a former cabaret and opera singer, would come over from Sea Cliff and help out. But Mopsy and Uncle had adapted more successfully than most of their compatriots; they were "good sports" about the Revolution. They took the break in their destinies as a challenge and, right at the beginning, got down to the business of becoming American. By the thirties, they were off and away, while many of their fellow-exiles were still huddled together and living in the past.

Mopsy's home, on a quiet street in Locust Valley, was an unusually tactful ranch, sitting in the shade of its low roof, with gray shingle siding, a varied border of evergreen shrubs, ivy climbing the brick entry. There was a rose bed with more than twenty-five varieties; a birch tree held a clear-plastic cylinder filled with thistle seed, which attracted goldfinches all summer long. The house was rambling and "cozy"—the quality that Mopsy admired most, in houses and people. She broke away from the cluttered, fruitcake richness of the interiors she had known as a child, but, not surprisingly, the house did have a distinctly Russian flavor. There was a lot of malachite, the opaque green stone with black swirls—a semiprecious form of copper ore—that was quarried extensively in the Urals during imperial times and carved into all kinds of objects. Mopsy had a two-foot replica of the famous statue of Peter the Great rearing on his horse which overlooks the Neva River in Leningrad. Its base was malachite. So was the base of her bronze head of Nicholas I. When a friend, Sophie Troubetzkoy, was visiting, a few years back, she noticed the head of Nicholas and came out with a flabbergasting bit of gossip: he wasn't the son of Alexander I at all but the son of a handsome admiral named Klokachov. "Now, you mustn't spread that around," Mopsy warned me. "It would shake the world. If it's true, then the Romanoffs . . . aren't the Romanoffs!" Mopsy also had a mantel

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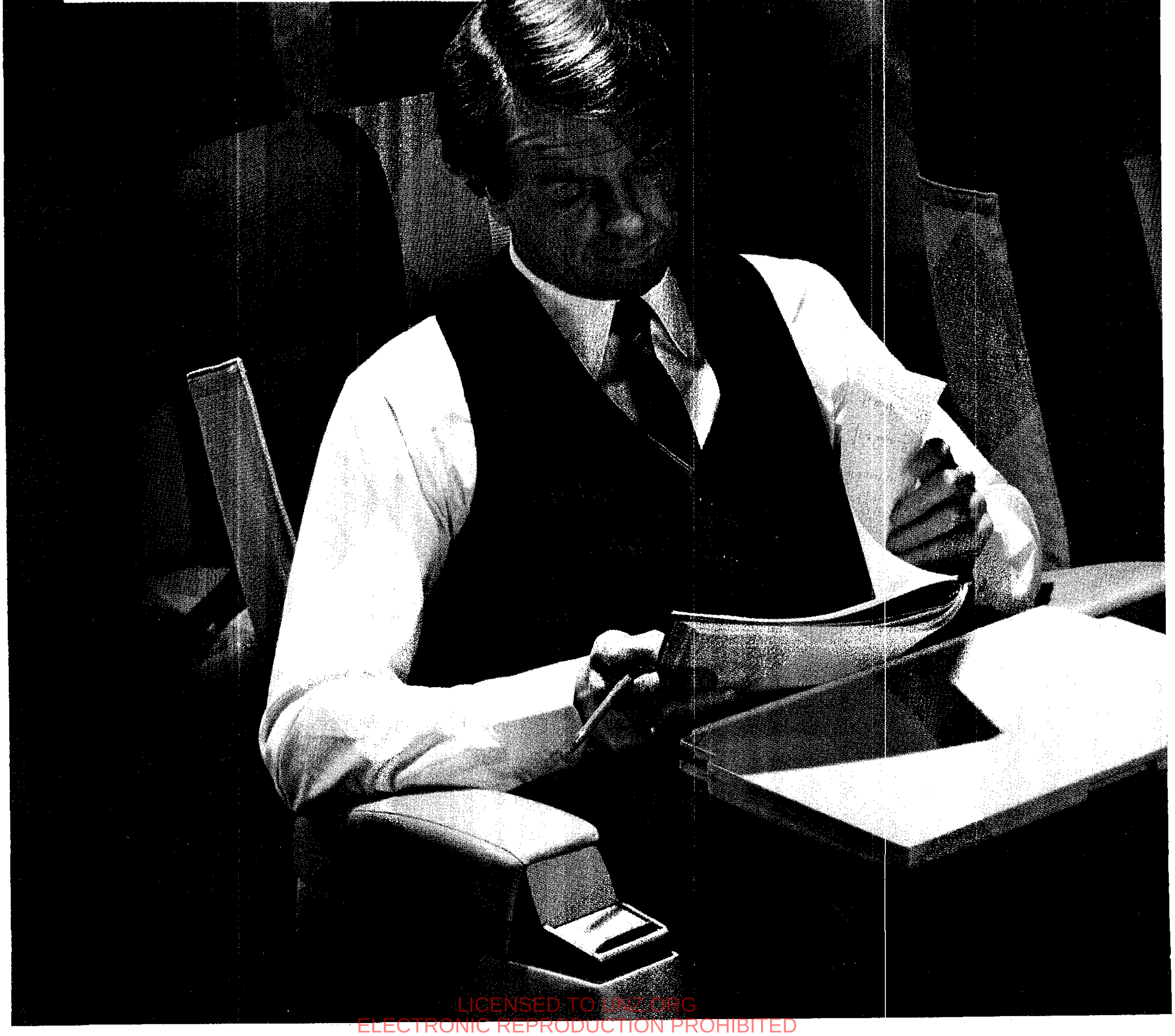

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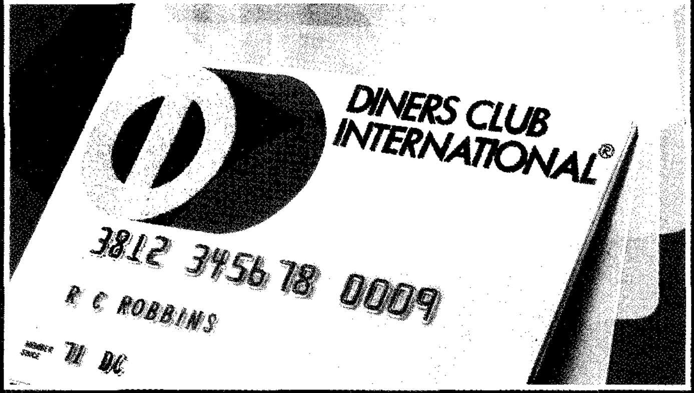

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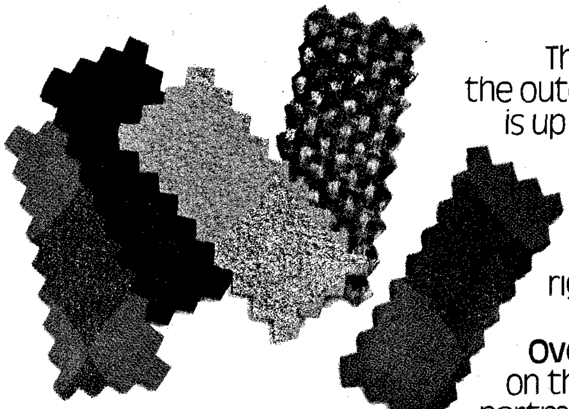

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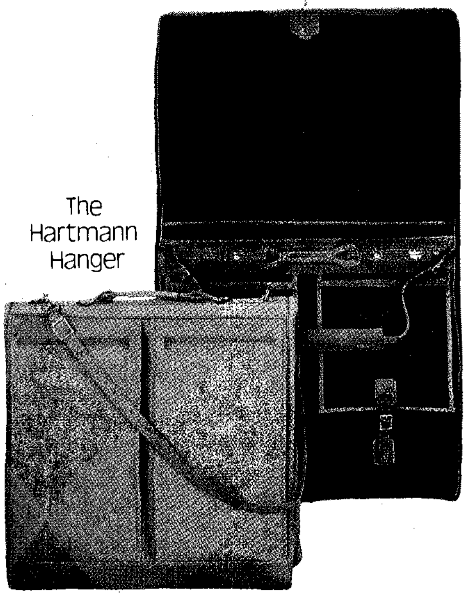

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clock, two urns, and a tabletop of malachite. The shelves in the glass cabinet of an antique secretary in her living room contained an assortment of prerevolutionary bric-a-brac: Fabergé eggs, lacquered boxes with miniature scenes from Russian folktales painted on them, silver cigarette cases, mother-of-pearl opera glasses, a cup from a set of china made during the Napoleonic wars for the generals of Alexander I.

Handelsman

"I don't agree. I think this is a great century to be living in. And a good thing, too, since it happens to be the one we ***are*** *living in."*

• •

Most of the pictures in the house had been painted by Uncle and were of flowers with butterflies. He was considered by such discriminating observers of art as John Walker, the director of the National Gallery during the nineteen-fifties and sixties, and Helen Clay Frick to be the finest flower painter of this century. "His art was the art of a high culture, such as Russia had, for a limited number of people who were, in a sense, dilettantish," Walker has told my sister. "It bore no relation to the art that was being done by the significant artists of the twentieth century. But in just sheer technical bravura of the type that he practiced—accurate delineation, fairly dry wash, and so on—no one could surpass him." Over the fireplace was an Old Dutch bouquet he had been working on when he died, in 1949. Only the butterflies—a tiger swallowtail and a tortoiseshell—and the flowers had been painted in. On other walls hung his roses with butterflies, his orchids with butterflies. The hallway leading to the dining room had some of his Jamaican landscapes—tree ferns and waterfalls, air plants and languidly flapping heliconiïne butterflies, and the sun-drenched hillsides of the Cockpit Country, frothing with rain forest. Butterflies were more than a hobby for Uncle; they were his lifelong passion. Before the Revolution, he had financed forty-two collecting expeditions and had himself trekked into the remote fastnesses of Ladakh and western Tibet in search of new species. By 1917, the year he left Russia, he had more than eighty thousand specimens in his collection—one of the largest ever made by a private individual. Although he had to leave it behind, he continued to do important lepidopterological work here. Mopsy didn't share Uncle's scientific interest in butterflies, but she liked to have them around. They had warm associations. She had butterflies on her mailbox, on her soap and towels and toilet-seat covers, on her matchboxes and ashtrays, on her curtains, table mats, and china. In the dining room, there was a triptych of Uncle's in which a *Urania* moth, a black day-flying species with swallowtails and opalescent bars, and several spectacular tropical butterflies were gliding over a crumbled, vine-smothered ruin.

Mopsy never had a real show, and only a handful of her more than three thousand portraits are on public view. The Locust Valley Library has one she did of its first treasurer. The Frick Collection has a small watercolor of Adelaide Frick. The White House has her portraits of Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson. (She was approached about doing Richard Nixon, but refused.) The portraitists Mopsy most admired were Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, the court painter of Marie Antoinette and Catherine the Great, and Peter Sokoloff, who painted the notables during the reign of Nicholas I. The cultural niche she eventually filled here was comparable to theirs. Like them, she painted the most illustrious families, the captains of industry, the heads of state. Having a watercolor by Mme. Shoumatoff in your living room was to the members of that group a mark of standing. It went with being in the *Social Register*. She worked best in watercolor, and gradually perfected a technique of laying color on color which was original. No other aquarellist comes close to her skin tones or her eyes. She captured the essence of the person through the eyes. Her eyes are uncanny.

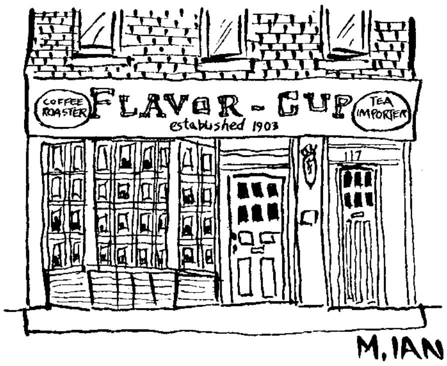
Whether it was art that she was doing is an interesting question. I don't think she herself cared. She didn't keep up with what was going on in the art world or try to be associated with it. She didn't worry about being contemporary. Both she and Uncle were throwbacks to a more pictorial, representational endeavor, which has been largely displaced by the camera. The photograph is more accurate, but something has been lost: the patience, the care, the coming to terms with the subject which their sort of painting required. Mopsy and Uncle were deeply perceptive in a way I don't expect that people will ever be again. Certainly in their dedication, and their concern with technique, they were artists. And Mopsy was concerned not just with the painting but with the total presentation. She was fussy about the matting, and supervised the framing to the last detail. “A frame, like a good dress, must not be noticed,” she told me once. And while she was still able she would always go to the subject’s house, not only to see where the portrait was going to hang but to examine the entire habitat.

I was once asked by someone who didn’t know her if there was any sadness in the fact that a woman whose family had owned two villages and thousands of acres had been reduced to making flattering portraits of rich capitalists. I explained that it wasn’t like that at all. Her work wasn’t a degrading chore. There was a high purpose to it. It was almost like icon painting. She gave her subjects a radiance and a graciousness that they might have had only once a year. She brought out a side of them that they might not even have seen in themselves, but they recognized it instantly, and were grateful to her. If that was flattery, she was guilty of it. To me, it was legitimate. What nicer gift could you make to someone? Her deft little cosmetic touches were harder to defend against the charge of flattery. She was known to tactfully fix a subject’s nose when the situation was utterly hopeless, or (as in the case of her last portrait of me) give you more chin than you really had, to make up for a deficiency. But that was part of her positive outlook. On her living-room coffee table there was a soapstone carving of the three little monkeys covering their ears, eyes, or mouth with their hands. Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil—she fended off tragedy with brilliant success by the simple expedient of snubbing it, of refusing to admit that it even existed.

MOST of the former Russian nobility, suddenly, unceremoniously out in the cold after the Revolution of 1917, hadn’t the first idea of how to make a living. Outside of card-playing, riding, and a fluency in French, they had no skills to speak of. Since the time of Catherine the Great, the Russian noble had been a Voltairean aristocrat. His function had been ornamental—to cut an elegant figure. He had not been expected to make a contribution, or to sully himself with mundane matters, as he had during the time of Peter the Great. A noblewoman named Irina Tatischev relates in an unpublished memoir that Kerensky’s soldiers burst into her Petrograd palace and asked where the kitchen was, and she realized that she didn’t even know. She’d only seen the food come up on the dumbwaiter. To many nobles like Irina, whose devotion to the Czar was unquestioning, almost childlike, the Revolution came as a complete surprise. They couldn’t understand why anyone should have wanted, in Irina’s words, to cut the branch he was sitting on. They had always loved the peasants, and thought the peasants loved them. Now, in exile, they expected at any moment to be welcomed back to a “hospitable, remorseful, racemosa-blossoming Russia,” as Vladimir Nabokov put it.

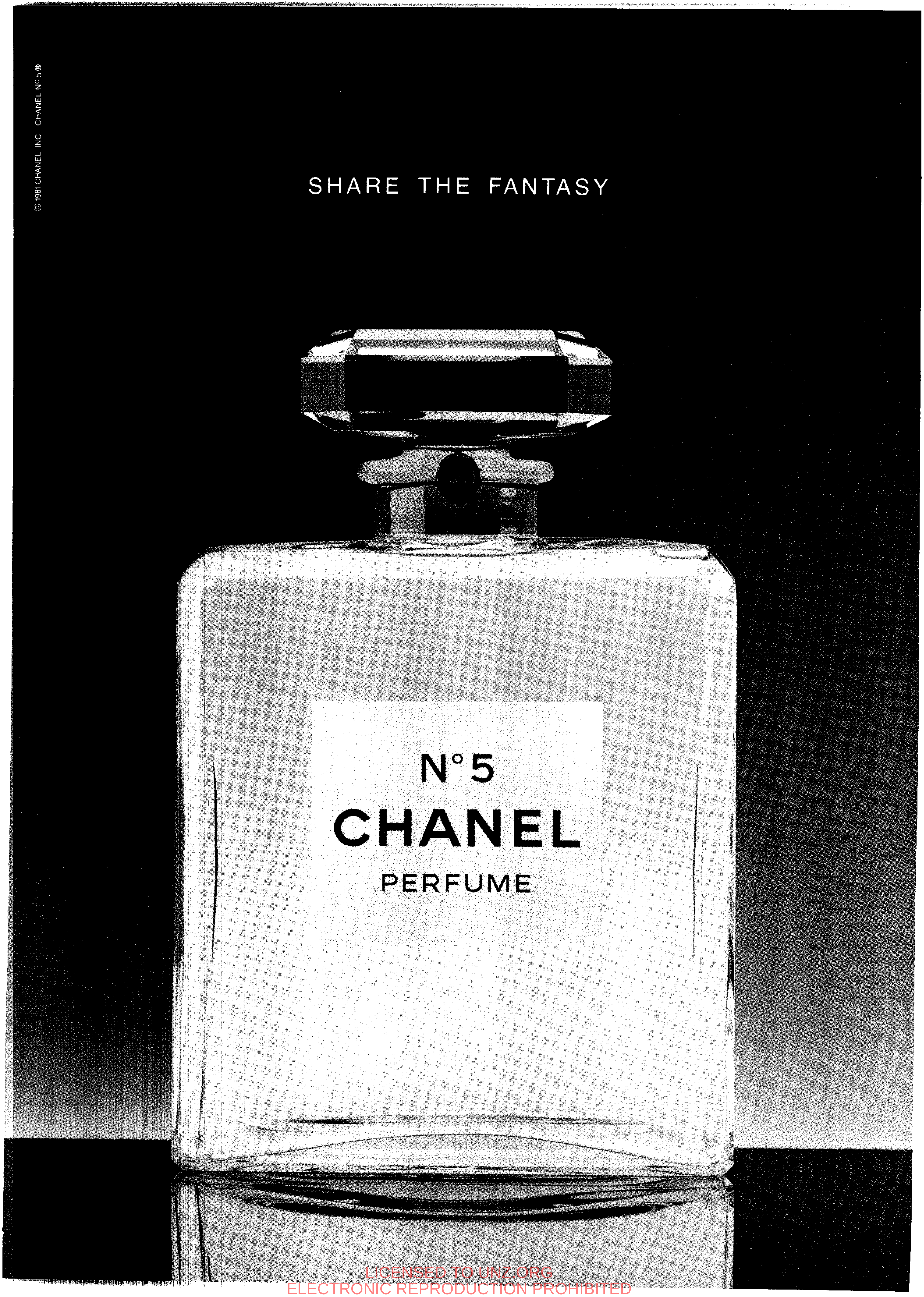
The easiest way to stay afloat was to marry money. There was a market in America and on the Continent for Russians of noble rank—titled ones, especially—and a good many cashed in on it. The Shoumatoff family, however, had other resources. Mopsy could paint exquisite likenesses of people. Uncle had many well-developed sides. He could have had a career in any number of fields—law, diplomacy, piano, art, art history, entomology. He spoke seven languages, read ten more, and exuded erudition. Thanks to Miss Whishaw, their childhood English governess, he and Mopsy spoke perfect English. From a childhood stint in Tashkent, they had got a taste for adventure and strange places which helped them respond to their new situation with gaiety and interest. Uncle was thirty-three, Mopsy almost twenty-nine. Mopsy’s husband, Lyova, who was a Baltic German, was thirty. His English wasn’t bad. Like many Baltic Germans, he had a background of business administration. He was a doer, not a brooder. People who knew him describe his personality as “sparkling.”

Having crossed the continent from San Francisco by train, they arrived at Pennsylvania Station on December 1, 1917, and immediately took a suite at the Savoy: Mopsy; Uncle; their mother, Alexandra Nicolaevna; Lyova; Mopsy and Lyova’s three-year-old daughter, Zoric; their maid, Alika; Lyova’s secretary, Stepanov; and another maid, Mila, who had been bolshevized on the boat to Honolulu and would soon be deported as a Communist. Mopsy’s and Uncle’s brother Nicholas (called Nika), a liberal and a patriot, had refused to join the Shoumatoff party on the last trans-Siberian express out of Petrograd before the Bolshevik coup. Someone had to stay and pick up the pieces, he told them. His wife, Masha, had remained with him.



Uncle and Lyova, who were official representatives of Alexander Kerensky’s Provisional Government, went to Washington and terminated their commissions. On the fallen government’s behalf, Uncle had already deposited in a New York bank several million dollars’ worth of funds with which he was entrusted. When the Bolsheviks in Russia heard about this money, they demanded that Uncle sign it over. He refused. (The funds are supposed to be still gathering interest somewhere.) After a month at the Savoy, the family hadn’t come up with a plan, but one thing was certain: at fifty dollars a day, they couldn’t stay there much longer. They rented an apartment on West End Avenue while Mopsy and Lyova waited for the birth of their second child. The child—Nicholas, who became my father—arrived in February of 1918.

With the money that was left, the family bought a dairy farm in the Catskills—a dilapidated house with a turret and a veranda, a barn, and a hundred acres near the town of Pine Bush. As a commercial venture, the Pine Bush farm was not a success. They sold their milk to Borden’s. Uncle was delegated to drive the wagon on its first run to the milk train. He wasn’t sure of the route, and at an intersection the horse pulled one way and Uncle the other, the wagon capsized, and all the milk spilled into a ditch. The only person who took the farm seriously was Alexandra Nicolaevna, who was by now being called by her new, American name, Grandmother, which she would have for the rest of her life. Grandmother wore a set of jangling keys about her waist, as she had at Shideyevo, the family estate in Russia, and she threw herself into making preserves, wine, and black-currant kvass with a new friend, the local Dutch Reformed minister, the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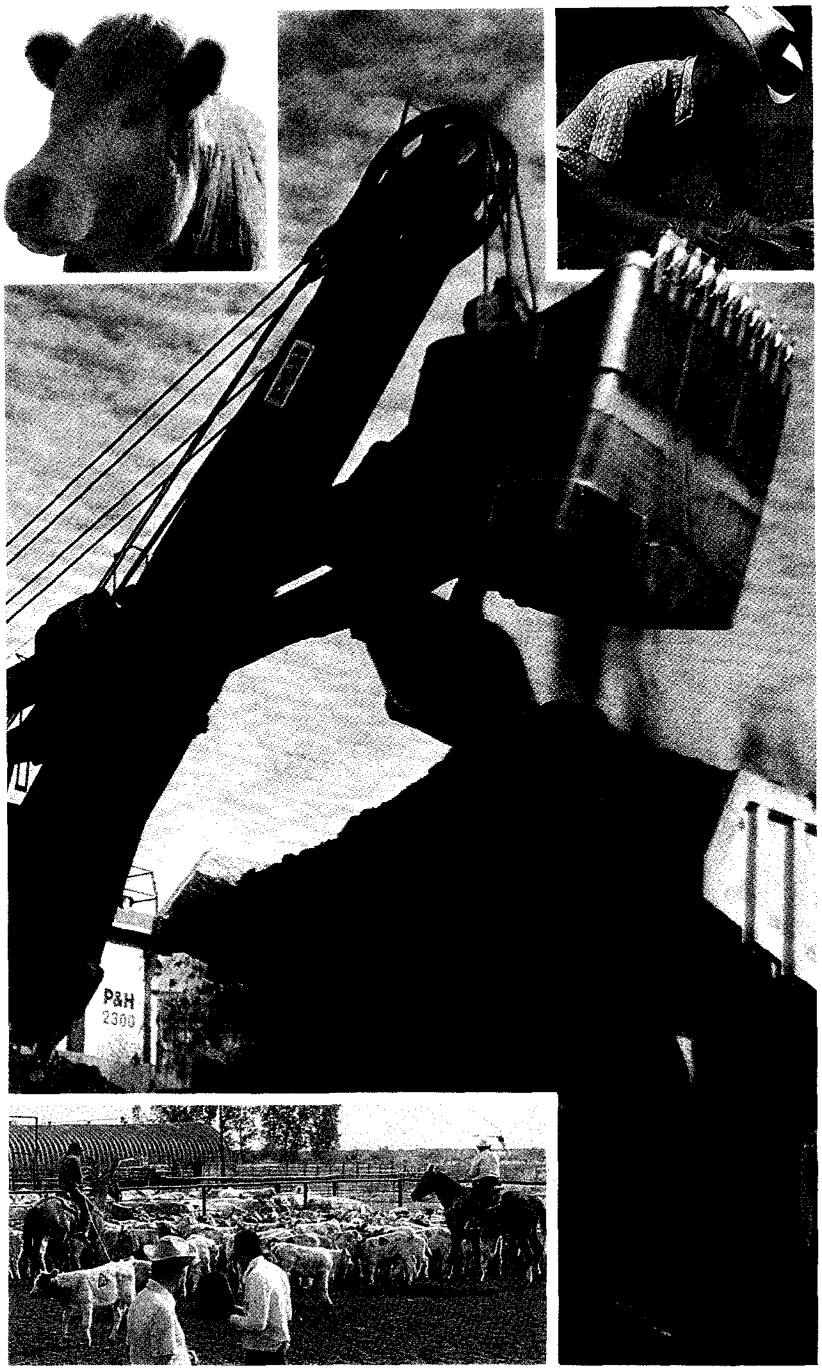
"Lorraine is the other side of the McCloskey coin."

Reverend Mr. Sciple. Zoric remembers the sound of corks popping merrily in the basement, and also remembers that the kvass was awfully good. If it was hard for Grandmother to be exposed to so much change so late in her life, she never let on. There was a photograph of her in her velvet-and-ermine court gown on one of the walls, but even in a plain calico house dress she was regal. To one American visitor, she seemed "lost in a dream of the past" as she went silently from room to room, but that may have been because the visitor didn't speak Russian. In her own language, she was voluble. The visitor also noticed that her children showed her deep reverence. Little Zoric, however, was full of mischief. Once, she overturned all the chairs in the dining room and ran to Grandmother screaming, "The Bolsheviks are coming! The Bolsheviks are coming!"

The farm became a port of call for newly arrived émigrés; a room downstairs with four beds was practically a dormitory. Some came for the weekend. Some bought places nearby. Vladimir Nichvalodov, who had gone to kindergarten with Uncle, was there a lot. Uncle's miniature of him in the turban of a Persian emir survives. Vsevolod Pozhidaev was a heavy drinker. Uncle did an ingenious Cubist caricature of him as a liquor bottle. Gleb Derzhinsky was a noted sculptor. Alexander Ledizhinsky, once a general, started a restaurant in Manhattan called the Double Eagle. George Golokvastoff wrote a long symbolist poem about the fall of Atlantis, which Uncle illustrated in 1938. Boris Brazol was a mysterious figure: a literary critic, a secret agent for both the czarist and the American governments, and a notorious anti-Semite. I have read two books that mention Brazol in half a dozen professions. Each list is different. V. S. Iliaschenko was a *porte-malheur*—he was always associated with calamity. He acted on your pocketbook, your health, your transportation. If you were in a car with him, you'd have a flat. If you were trying to make a train with him, you'd miss it. If he wandered into the kitchen, your soufflé would fall. At the very mention of his name, you were likely to trip. He had been a neighbor in Russia, and was more or less a permanent fixture at the farm.

During the day, the émigrés would roll up their sleeves, undo their collars, and work in the vegetable garden. Parties would comb the woods for mushrooms and berries. Once, everyone practically died from some mushrooms Uncle had picked. He was positive he'd identified them correctly—they were orange chanterelles, and not their toxic mimic, *Clitocybe illudens*—yet all the dinner guests felt done in and were dictating their wills. They all recovered, though, and Uncle later discovered that the fungi had been growing near some poison hemlock.

In the evening, everybody would sit on the porch and rehash the Revolution or talk about job openings. A lot of Russians were working at the Lion Match Company, in Brooklyn, one of whose directors was Kerensky's Ambassador to the United States, Boris Bakhmetyev, but none of the members of the Pine Bush crew were quite ready for factory work. After dark, they would stay on the porch and tell ghost stories—a favorite Russian pastime. Lyova told a good one. Years before, in Russia, he was invited by a friend, Count Komarovsky, to the Count's hunting preserve outside the city of Vilna. The Count went there once a year to shoot the *gluhar*, or wood grouse. The first night, everyone went to bed very early. The *gluhar* sings before daybreak, and that is the best time to shoot it, because when it sings it becomes deaf. You can walk right up to it if you stay out of sight. Soon after Lyova had turned out the lights, a cat jumped on his bed. Lyova petted it. It seemed friendly. After a while, another cat jumped on, and Lyova petted it, too. A third jumped on, and then cats began to come in great numbers. They all seemed friendly, but Lyova was getting smothered, and he shouted for help. The gamekeeper came in and turned on the lights, and all the cats



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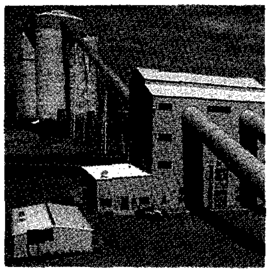

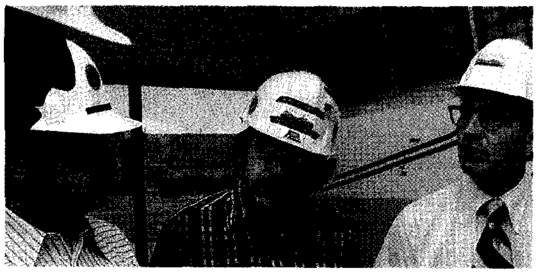

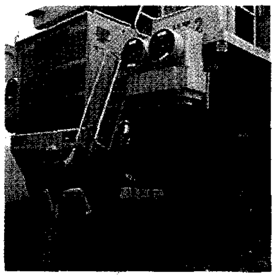

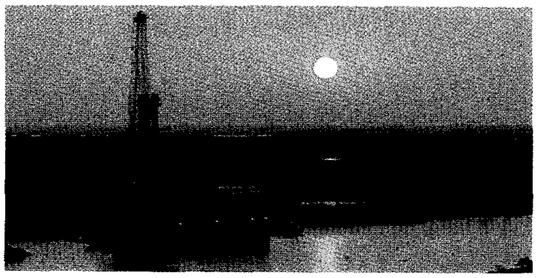

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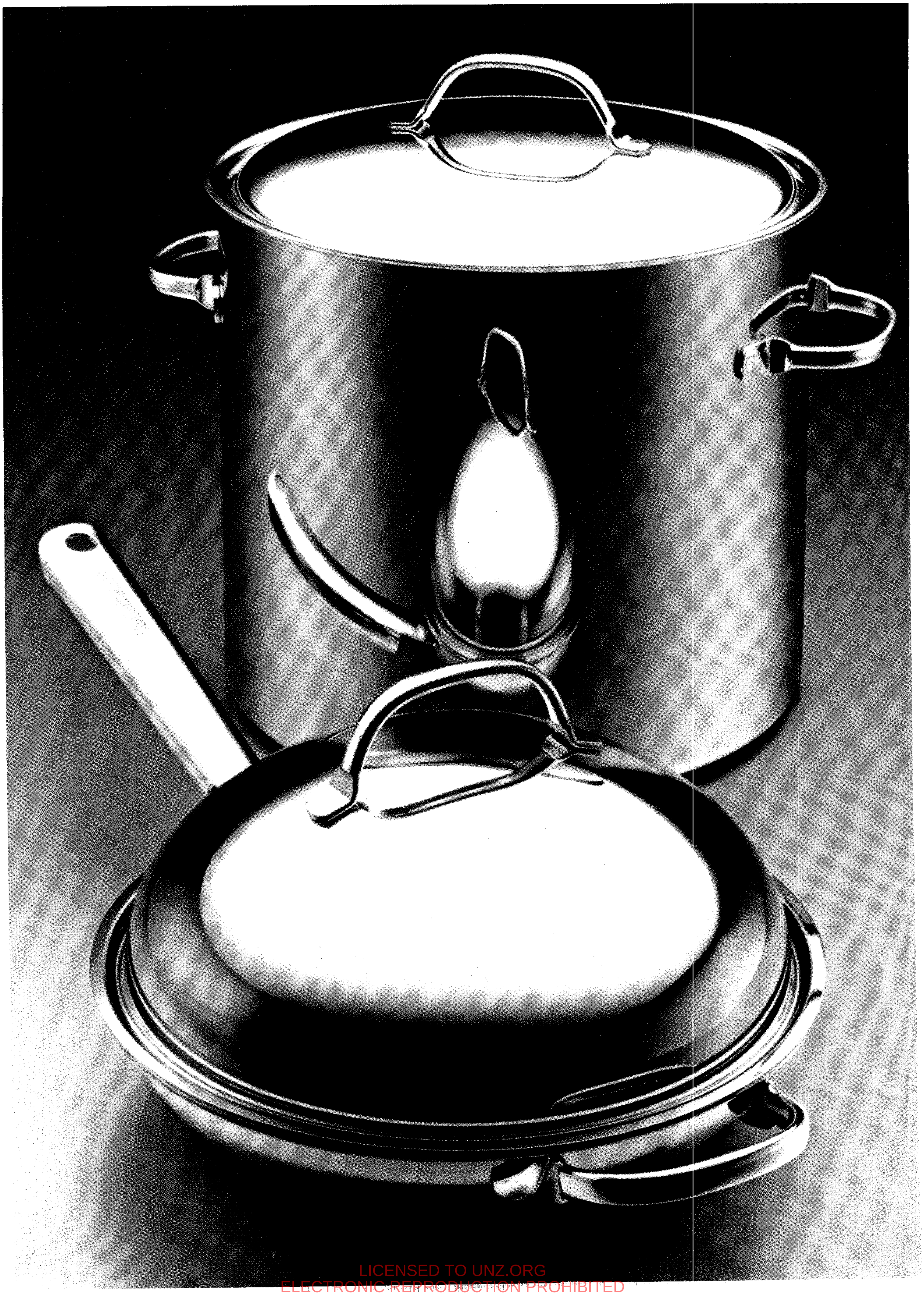

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FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE ADVANTAGES WITHOUT THE DISADVANTAGES.

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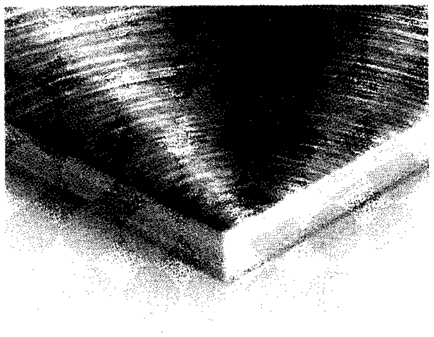
Owners of Cuisinart® cookware know that our sandwich construction is not new; it is one of the features that have made our cookware famous among professional cooks for its high performance and durability. However, until this year, the inside of the sandwich was aluminum, for the simple reason that copper was ridiculously expensive. But now, as with gold, the price has dropped dramatically.

In addition, the material required for the high temperature soldering needed to form the sandwich was also incredibly expensive. Now, a new material has been invented for this process.



The Cuisinart sandwich construction: stainless steel surrounding an inlay of copper.

The 8-piece Commercial Stainless Cookware set: 5½-quart Dutch Sauté Pan with cover, 3¾-quart Deep Saucepan with cover, 2-quart Deep Saucepan with cover, 10-quart Marmite with cover.

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The bottoms are perfectly flat, to give superior conduction sideways as well as upwards. This eliminates hot spots and provides constant heat over the cooking surface. And because copper conducts heat almost twice as well as aluminum, the bottoms of our new cookware do not have to be as thick.

The handles are heavy gauge stainless steel, shaped to stay cool.

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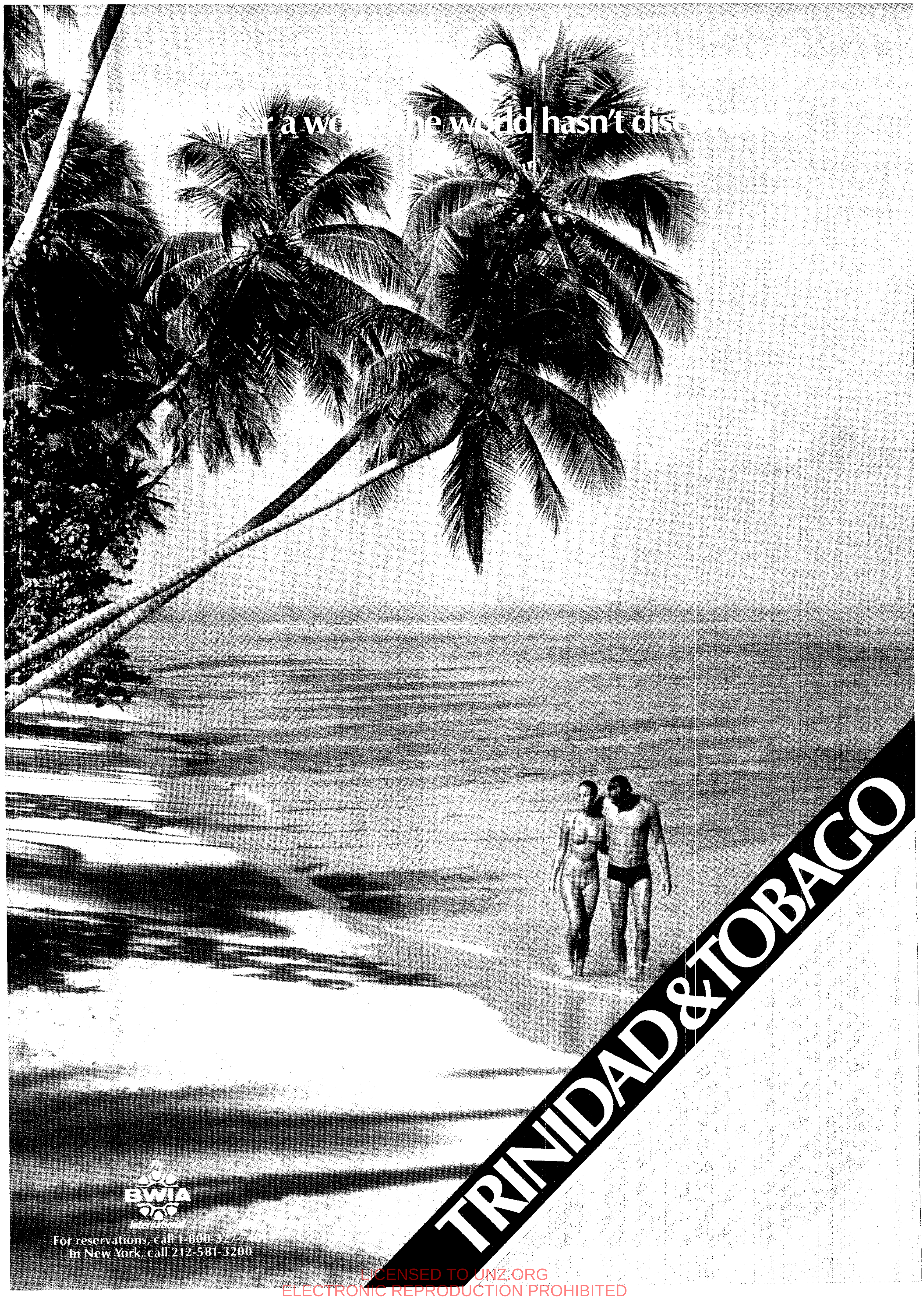
Our new stainless/copper sandwich construction is also available in the Cuisinart Original Stainless Cookware collection—the cookware that first made the name Cuisinart famous.

FOR MORE INFORMATION.

One of our favorite recipes (and one that is a true test of a great pan) is Crêpes Suzette. For the recipe and more information on our cookware, our food processors and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411(N)W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830.

Cuisinart®
Commercial Cookware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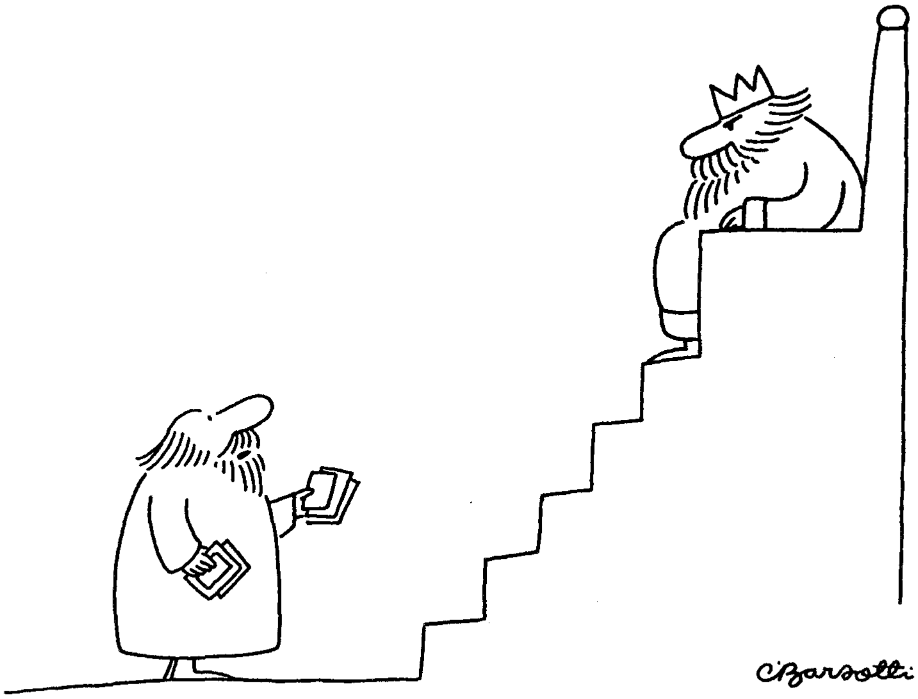


"... *and Bobby Short's manager said thanks but no thanks to a command performance.*"

disappeared. The keeper said that it was best to leave the lights on. "Why?" Lyova asked. "I'll explain in the morning," the keeper said. Lyova confronted the man at breakfast. Reluctantly, he confessed that he had been making money on the side by raising cats and selling their skins. The fur was at its best when the cat was skinned alive, he said. He took Lyova and the Count to a pit where he had thrown dozens of skinned cats. "You mean those cats last night were ghosts?" Lyova gasped. The keeper nodded. He, too, had been visited by them at night. Back in St. Petersburg, Lyova took the Count to a friend of his, a mathematics professor who dabbled in exorcism. The professor said that if two or three live cats were let loose in the house, the ghosts would go away. It worked.

One of the former notables who touched base at Pine Bush in 1919 was an old friend of Uncle's and Nika's, Prince George Lvov. He had been the first Prime Minister of the Provisional Government after the Czar's overthrow, and was in America to plead its cause. Those who had not abandoned it after the Bolshevik coup had regrouped in Omsk and were desperate for help. Lvov had just arrived in the country, and expressed astonishment to Uncle at the presence of policemen in a democracy. As Prime Minister, he had considered doing away with the police in Russia, and had released all the political prisoners from the jails. He was on his way to the White House to see President Wilson—it was a week before the Versailles Peace Conference—and asked Uncle to go with him as his interpreter. "The views on government that he expressed were rather fuzzy," Uncle recalled. "Many years later, I asked Mrs. Wilson what impression he had made on her husband, and she replied that the only thing her husband had said to her about the talk was 'What a magnificent beard Lvov has!' " Uncle's interpreting was so helpful to Lvov that he asked Uncle to go with him to Versailles. They were there three months. Since Russia was in a state of civil war and had no stable government, it was not formally represented at the conference. Lvov was the chairman of a subsidiary conference that included the various White Russian splinter groups.

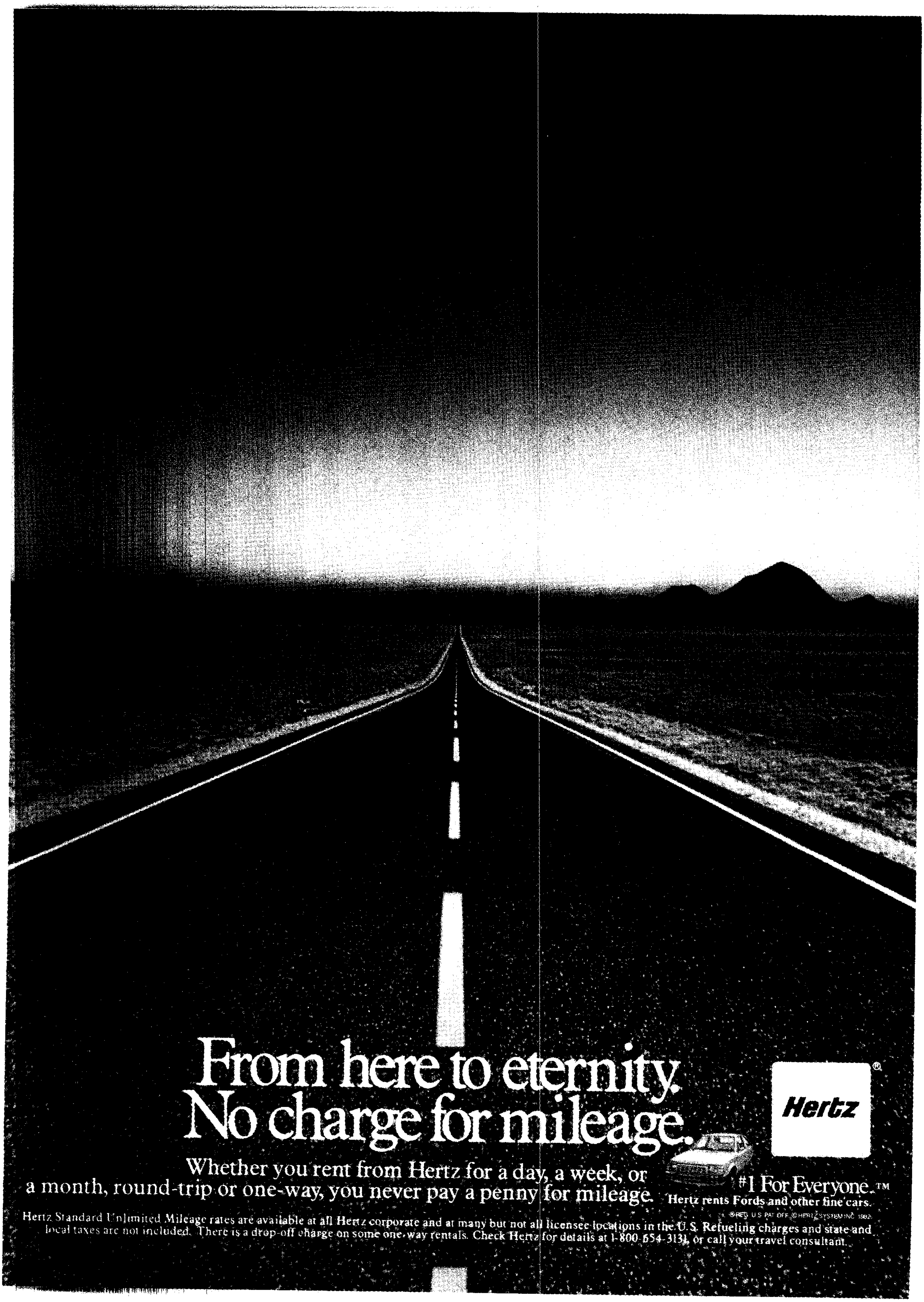
While Uncle was away, news that there were interesting Russians over the hill reached the landscape painter George Inness, Jr., and one afternoon he had Grandmother and Mopsy to tea. His house, in Cragsmoor, was filled with paintings by him and his father, who had belonged to the Hudson River School. A few days after meeting the family, Inness came to Pine Bush, and he was so taken with Mopsy's small, minutely detailed portrait of Grandmother that he asked Mopsy to do his profile on ivory, as a surprise for his wife. This kind gesture came at just the right moment: Mopsy had been praying to her icons—especially to St. Spyridonius, the money-bringer—for a living other than farming to present itself. Inness liked his portrait so much that he sent her a check for two hundred and fifty dollars—double the agreed-upon amount. My parents still have his thank-you note, with a small, verdant landscape he whipped off in watercolors at the top of the page. This was the first money that Mopsy had ever made from her art. Grandmother didn't like the idea of it at all. In Russia, a young lady painted watercolors for her own amusement. To be a professional artist was like being an actor or a clown. Your money was supposed to come from a mysterious source, never from the labor of your own hands.

One afternoon, Inness came over with some friends, Frank Seaman and Mrs. Olive Sarre. Seaman was an advertising magnate, Mrs. Sarre a vivacious socialite in her forties. Seaman had built a many-storied log house in the Catskills in which to entertain New York friends and clients. Other buildings were gradually added, and in 1920 he got the idea of running the place as a business. The first hundred guests invited to Yama Farms, as the resort was named, included the so-called Famous Four—Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Harvey Firestone, and the long-bearded naturalist John Burroughs—and they returned often to camp in its woods. Words of Burroughs were engraved over an immense stone fireplace: "It is so easy to get lost in this world. I come here to find myself." Yama Farms became a haven for industrialists, a place where they could enjoy the company of the outstanding intellects of the day without being fussed over. The "first hundred" proposed a second, and soon a distinguished clientele was coming from all over the hemisphere. "If you were introduced to Mr. Waterman, it would be the fountain pen; Mr. Colgate, the soap; Mr. Eastman, the Kodak," Mopsy recalled. It was understood that no mention would be made of money. Guests got whopping bills long after their visit. No expense was spared for their comfort. There was a tricky nine-hole golf course, and the rooms were filled with antiques chosen by Mrs. Sarre. Trout were kept alive in vats of seething water. Seaman ran the place at a large deficit, which he made up by signing new advertising accounts with his guests.

Mrs. Sarre saw that the Russians whom Inness had met were having a rough time and being cheerful about it. Certainly they were not cut out for cows, chickens, and the routine of farming. She asked if Mopsy would come to Yama Farms and do a miniature of her. "What does a woman of your age want with a portrait?" Seaman asked when they were back in the car. She said that it was "a war contribution." In time, Seaman saw that Mopsy's work was something that it wouldn't hurt to be associated with, and he invited her to be a sort of portraitist-in-residence at Yama Farms.

In 1920, the family sold the Pine Bush farm and moved to the village of Napanoch, five miles deeper in the mountains and next to Yama Farms. There Seaman installed them in a Colonial mansion called Southwick. It was a large country house. High ceilings gave the rooms a feeling of openness, and a portico of white columns reminded the family of Shideyevo. For the first time, they began to feel at home in America. At Yama Farms, they met a lot of people. Uncle was actually proposed to by Evangeline Johnson, a Johnson & Johnson Johnson, but he gently let her know he wasn't interested. There is a picture of him taken during a picnic with her, which shows him sitting cross-legged, in his bow tie, on a slab of speckled granite that projects vertiginously over the cliffs behind Lake Minnewaska. Miss Johnson ended up marrying Leopold Stokowski, and when she complained, after a year, Uncle told her, "Well, now you must face the music." Once, the family watched a tree-chopping contest between Edison, Ford, Firestone, and Burroughs. Seaman gave each man an axe, and they started swinging at trees of similar girth. Burroughs won, as had been expected. He was then in his eighties. Edison, who was in his seventies, was hard of hearing, but when Uncle said that ninety per cent of all Russians knew who Thomas Edison was he heard it quite well. Mopsy painted Ford's son Edsel and Edsel's family, but it was tiny Harvey Firestone whose family, over the years, gave her more business than any other. There must be sixty of her portraits in Firestone homes and boardrooms.

Famous writers, scientists, explorers, musicians—people who fitted in the category of Lion of the Hour—were invited by Seaman to entertain his guests. The pianist Ethel Newcomb came and played. Rose O'Neill, who had invented the Kewpie doll, came and painted murals of the fat pink cherubs with tiny wings in one of the rooms, which became known as the Rose O'Neill Room. Even the Hindu poet Rabindranath Tagore, who had won the 1913 Nobel Prize in Literature, spent a few days at Yama Farms. He came walking down the snowy road to Southwick one morning with Baron Rosen, a former czarist Ambassador to the United States. "I'm really not responsible for bringing this Indian," Rosen said to Mopsy, who was drinking tea in the kitchen. "I was walking down the hill to see you, and he joined me." Mopsy and Uncle were fascinated by Tagore, and both asked if they might do his portrait. He agreed, took off his top hat, and sat in an armchair in the middle of the living room. As sister and brother sketched from different angles his dark, steady eyes and his flowing white beard, Tagore compared the



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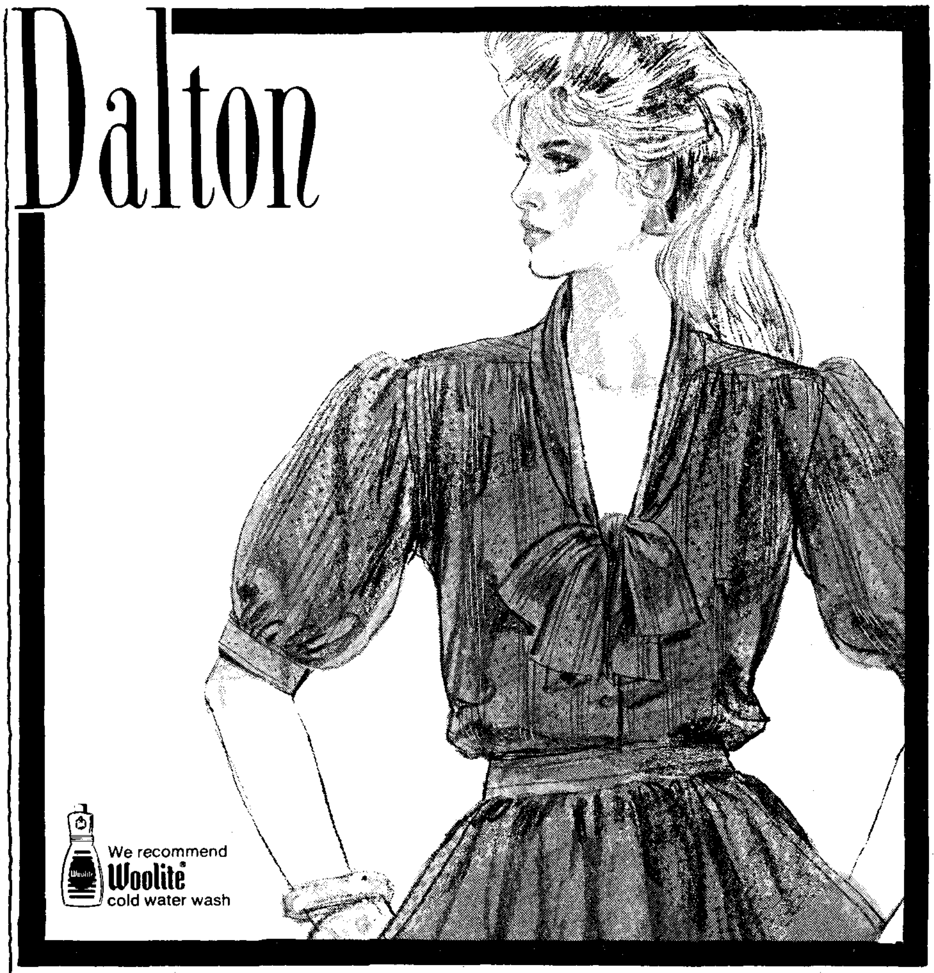
human condition with that of an unhatched chick, pecking away at its shell and not knowing what is in store until the egg breaks and real life begins. At one point as the poet was pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, a dime fell on the carpet. “Isn’t it odd,” he said, in excellent Oxford English. “An old gentleman gave me this as he was waiting for his car. Do I look like a tramp?” That evening, Seaman identified the donor as John D. Rockefeller, who had mentioned giving a dime to “an old Negro.”

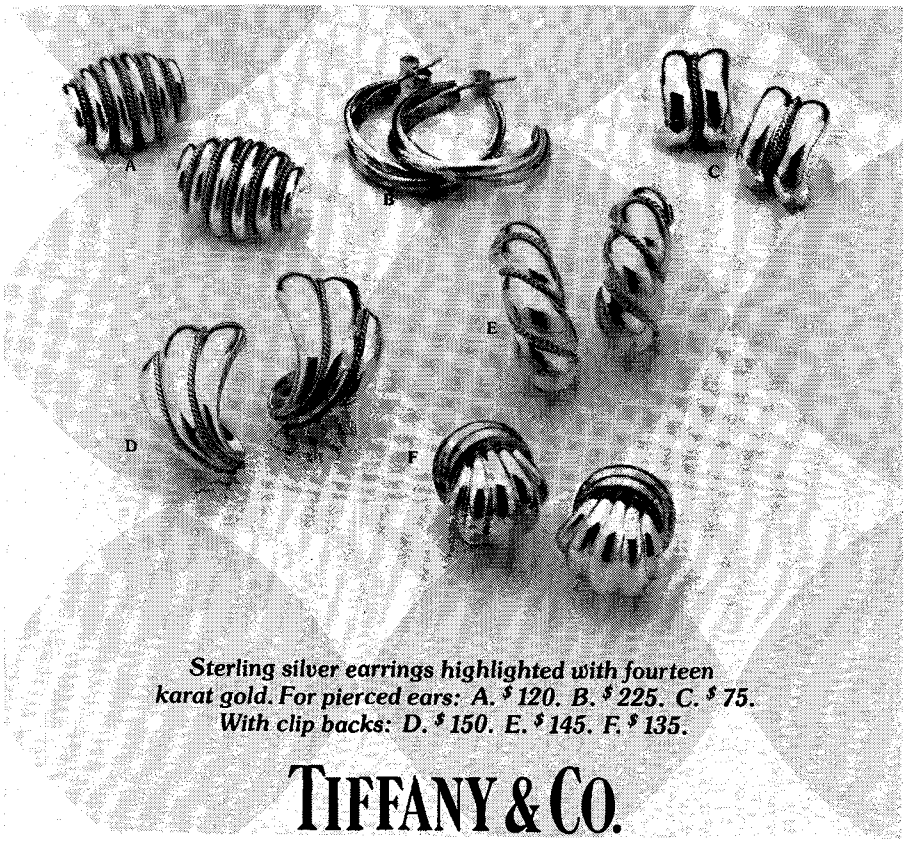
Mopsy did a big likeness of Seaman for his reception room. She painted Rudolph Wurlitzer tuning a Stradivarius. In three years at Yama Farms, she painted about fifty portraits. By then, she was established. Without entirely breaking her connection with Yama Farms, she moved her studio to the Plaza Hotel, where she had more work than she could manage. From then on, it was always that way.

A few years ago, driving through the heart of what is now the borscht belt, I stopped in Napanoch. Southwick had burned to the ground not long before, and on its foundation stood a cinder-block Elks’ Club. Seaman’s log house had met the same fate several decades earlier, and had been replaced by sprout hardwoods and a trailer park, run by a man from the Bronx who could tell me nothing about Yama Farms.

IN 1925, the family moved to Merrick, on the South Shore of Long Island. Lyova had become a partner of Igor Sikorsky, who had started the Sikorsky Aero Engineering Corporation and was trying to build a viable commercial plane. While the family still had the farm, Lyova had pitched in there; there is a snapshot of him, in his fedora, sitting at the wheel of a tractor, and another of him standing in overalls and looking convincingly like a hayseed: bald on top, five feet eight, almost two hundred pounds—he put on weight in exile. In business situations, an old associate told me, he let you do the talking and didn’t waste words, but in company he became an inspired raconteur. When they moved to Napanoch, Lyova had rented an apartment in New York, near Gramercy Park, and came out only on weekends. He had worked briefly for the Hershey Chocolate Company. Then he had been connected with the entrepreneurial side of radio, which was just taking off. He was an usher at the Russian Orthodox church on East



MOTHER’S DAY IS MAY 9



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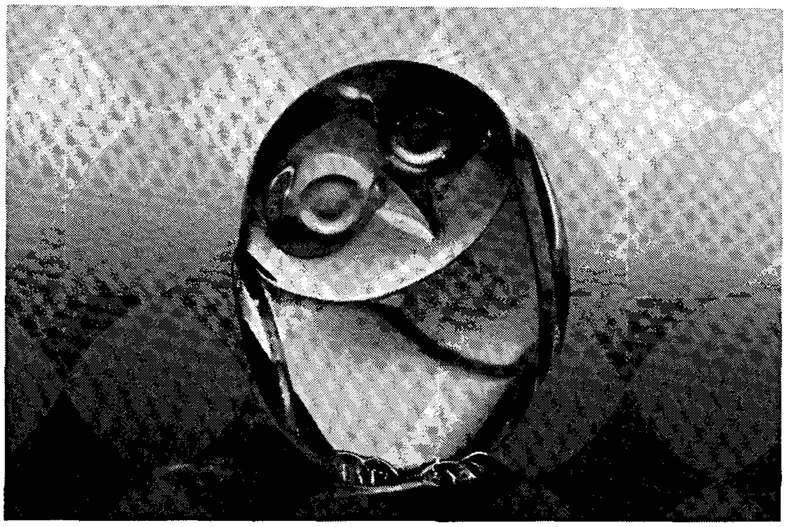

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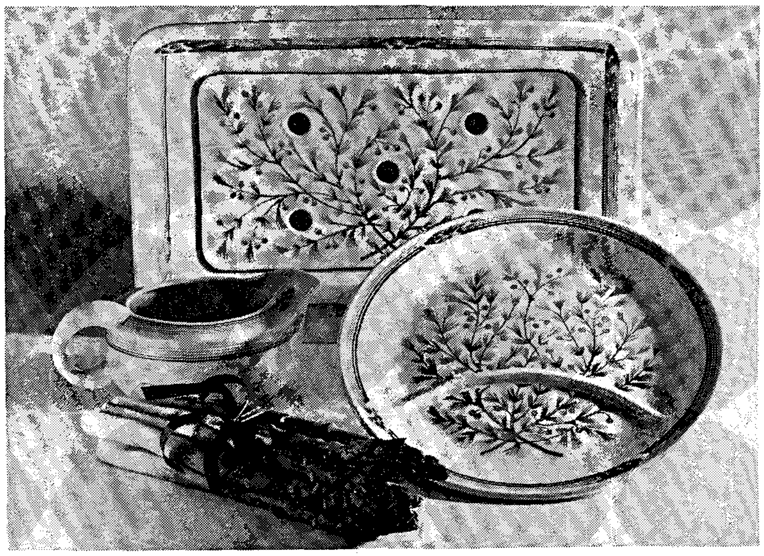

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Second Street, and drove a Studebaker. His children doted on him. He told them marvellous stories in installments. One, whose main characters were named Longfellow and Shortfellow, went on for several years. My father remembers visiting his office in the Flatiron Building; the company he was working for then made siphons for seltzer bottles. Lyova met Sikorsky at the Orthodox church in 1923. Sikorsky seemed more like a poet than like a manufacturer: he was a self-effacing, deeply religious man, with mustaches that drooped over his lips, giving him a slightly Tatar appearance. His name was not yet synonymous with the helicopter, of course. After that remarkable breakthrough, whenever he had to introduce himself to people he would say, "I am Sikorsky," and sheepishly twirl a finger above his head. His second love, after flight, was music. At work, he hummed the symphonies of his friend Rachmaninoff. In Russia during the war, he had built seventy-five four-engine bombers of advanced design, but he was at heart a pacifist. He meant the helicopter to be an angel of mercy, not a gunship. After he came to America, he dreamed of building palatial passenger planes, with staterooms and grand pianos. He had no shortage of energy or ideas. The problem was money. He had got out of Russia with the equivalent of a few hundred dollars, and was supporting himself by giving lectures on astronomy. His first backer in this country was Rachmaninoff. The composer gave Sikorsky five thousand dollars, and that was enough to start a company. In the beginning, it was a strictly émigré operation. Rachmaninoff was the vice-president; Lyova managed the money end. Sikorsky wasn't a businessman—he just wanted to build planes—and agreed only reluctantly to be the president. The personnel manager was a dashing former officer in the White Army named George Mehrer, who had been wounded during the civil war while charging a hilltop installation of Bolsheviks. The hill was so steep that the bullet entered his shoulder and went out through his lower back, just missing his heart. "The reason it bypassed my heart," Mehrer told his wife, a beautiful woman named Tanya (from whom I heard the story), "is that I was so scared my heart was in my boots." Construction of the S-29, Sikorsky's all-metal, twin-engine passenger plane, began in a back yard in Old Westbury, then moved to a rented

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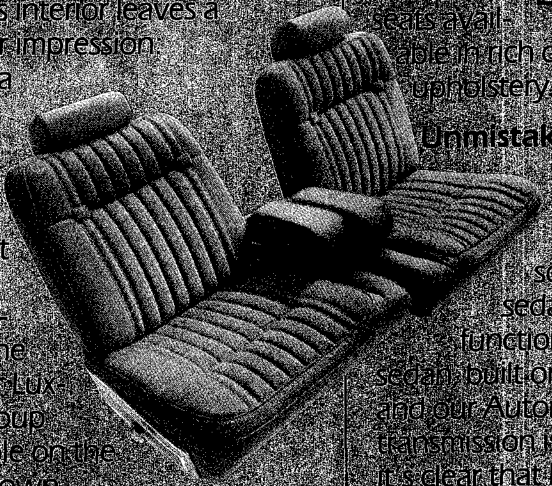

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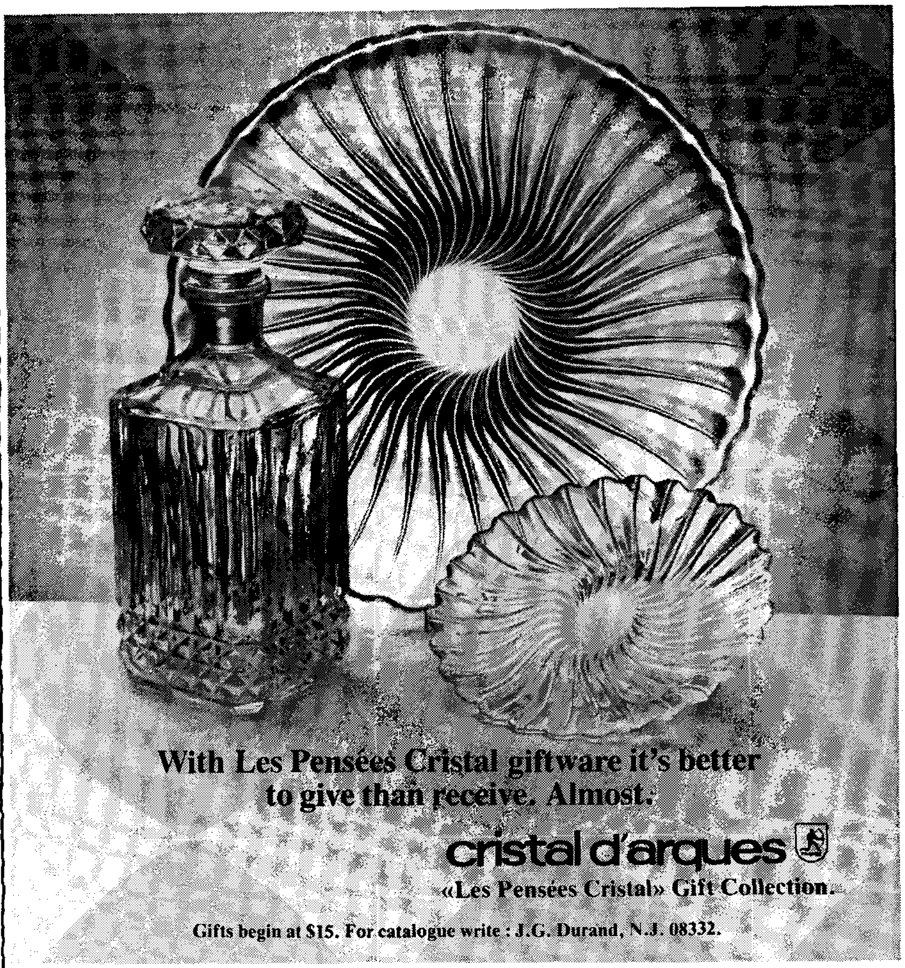
hangar at Roosevelt Field. There were twenty or twenty-five mechanics, "calling each other Baron, Count, or General, like inmates of an asylum, and making tools of anything handy," *The New Yorker* reported in August of 1926, explaining, "Sikorsky recruited his workmen from unfortunate and educated fellow-countrymen. All wear overalls and speak several languages." My father remembers Sikorsky visiting Napanoch in 1925 and helping him build a toy airplane whose fuselage was a spool of thread. That weekend, Mopsy happened to be painting a man named Arnold C. Dickinson, a rich real-estate man from Fitchburg, Massachusetts. Dickinson got to talking with Sikorsky, and decided to invest a hundred thousand dollars in his company. Sikorsky was so grateful that he made Dickinson the president, and stepped down to the position of vice-president in charge of engineering. Now they could go full steam ahead on the S-35, Sikorsky's latest design, which he hoped would be the first plane to fly non-stop from New York to Paris. Lyova and Mopsy were among hundreds of spectators who lined Roosevelt Field, on Long Island, in their cars and watched the S-35 start down the runway at 5 A.M. on September 21, 1926. The pilot was the famous French ace René Fonck. The engine was British, and had cost fifteen thousand dollars. The plane was loaded with gas and supplies. Halfway down the runway, one of the auxiliary landing gears released and dragged on the ground, tearing off part of the rudder. The plane then plunged into the ravine at the end of the runway and burst into flame. Fonck and the navigator escaped without injury, but the assistant navigator and the radio operator died in the wreck. The company was set back by the disaster, and lost the transatlantic race to Lindbergh, who reached Paris the following year. But in 1928 Sikorsky signed a lucrative contract with Juan Trippe, who had started Pan American Airways. Wall Street began to take an interest, and that year the company graduated from its makeshift, émigré phase.

That year, too, the family became American citizens. Having boned up on American history, Uncle presented himself for the examination. He was asked to explain the third amendment. "I don't know," he stammered nervously. Then he smiled. "And, actu-



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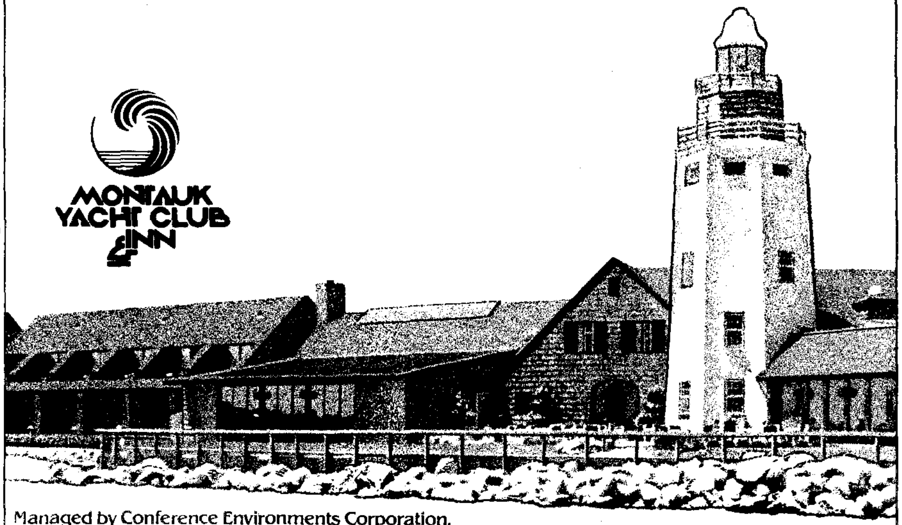

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ally, I don't want to know, because I consider the Constitution of the United States such a perfect document that it needs no amendments." The maid Alika was also examined, and remembers the ordeal vividly. In ten years, she had learned almost no English. "I was reading a little book I had, and the Avinoffs, they help me. They ask questions like 'What flies over the courthouse?' Supposed to say 'Flag.' One Russian say 'Pigeons.' 'When the President dies, who takes his job?' One Russian say 'The undertaker.' Or 'How many stars in the flag, and what for those stars standing?' In those days, it was forty-eight."

The family's social life in Merrick was lively. Lyova was a bon vivant, and entertained constantly. Grandmother took charge of the cooking. The family saw a lot of the Sikorskys. Uncle designed the company's Winged-S logotype and argued with Sikorsky over interpretations of the Scriptures. Sikorsky played the violin, Mopsy had a beautiful voice, and Uncle would sit at the piano and play Viennese waltzes and Ukrainian folk songs in cascading arpeggios all over the keyboard. Sometimes Rachmaninoff would join them. He and Uncle had become friends in St. Petersburg. My parents still have a fine sketch that Uncle made in red crayon of Rachmaninoff's head.

The family moved in two circles: aviation people, who were mostly Russians, and Merrick people, who were Americans of long standing. In those days, Merrick was a summer resort for thirty-five families, all of whom had considerable property, and many of whom were related, at least by marriage. Henry and Albert Lanier, grandsons of the Georgia poet Sidney Lanier, stayed there often. They were in their late teens. "Like everyone in Merrick, we were interested in tennis," Henry Lanier has told me. He is now in his seventies and lives not far from me in Westchester County. "There were three clay courts at the Merrick Club, which also had a creekside beach. If you were a man, you played in white flannels. Only sissies wore shorts. You shot ducks and dug clams in the Great South Bay. The causeway to Jones Beach had not yet been built, and there were miles of virgin seashore. Nature still predominated, and the hunting and fishing were still good. In the evening, you could drive to Lynbrook and dance to

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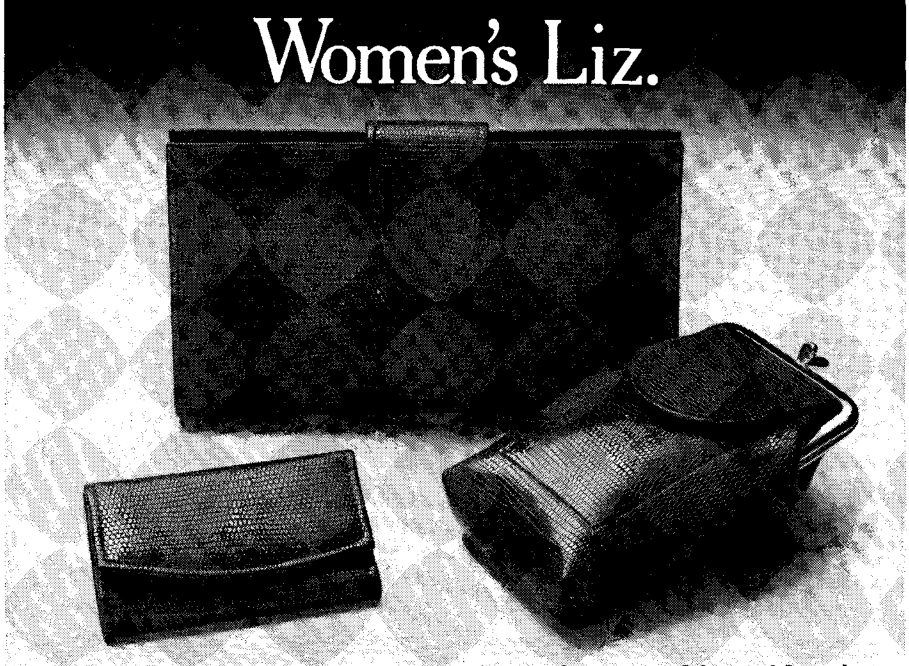

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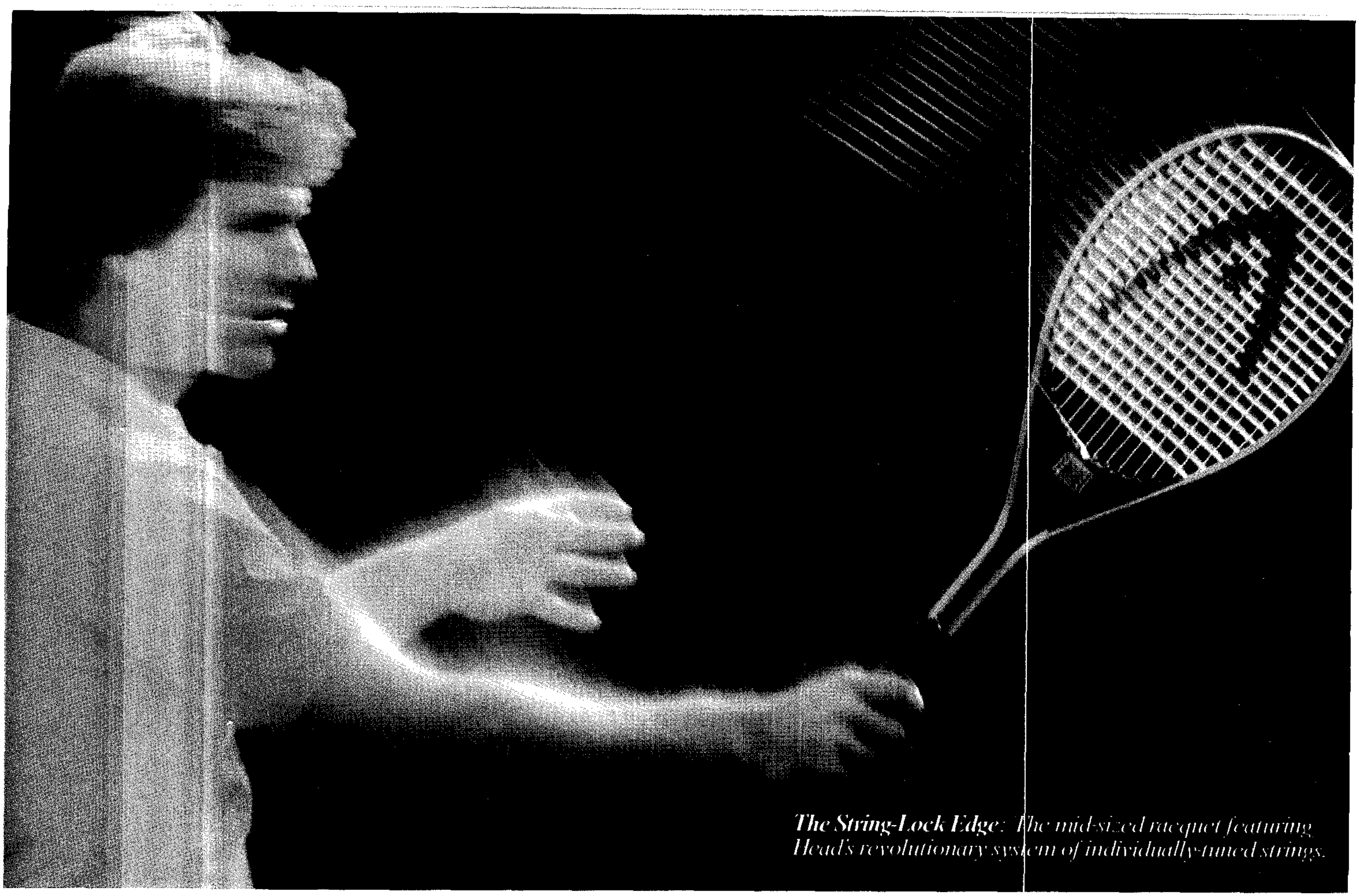

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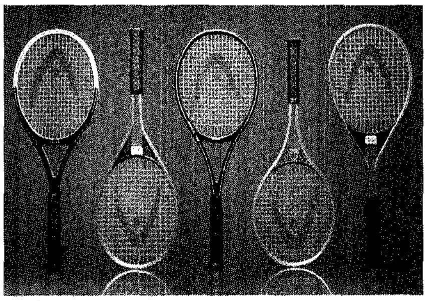

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Meyer Davis's orchestra. Sometimes the music was so soft you'd be dancing and not even notice it but you'd still be keeping time. Afterward—it had been such a grand evening you didn't want it to end yet—you went for a joyride on the parkway. Six was about all the car would hold. If you got up to forty, that was fast."

Every Fourth of July, the members of the Merrick Club hired a motor launch with a driver and went five miles across the Great South Bay to picnic in the wild dunes of Jones Beach. In 1928, there were about thirty-five in the party, including Lyova, Mopsy, Zoric, my father, and the Lanier boys. Everyone went for a swim when the boat landed, at eleven o'clock. The men were in dark trunks that went halfway to their knees, and, as modesty required, separate tops. The women had on knee-length bathing costumes, and bathing caps. After the swim, Henry and Albert Lanier and the other young men went off to gather driftwood for a clambake. Everyone ate and drank heartily, then went in for a second swim. The water deepened gradually. At two hundred and fifty feet out, you were still only up to your waist. The surf was gentle, but there was a terrific undertow. Lyova went out over his head, far from the others. Suddenly, he was calling for help. Henry Schwab, the president of the Merrick Club, swam out to him with a mountain-climbing rope. Being a great explorer, Schwab was also president of the American Alpine Club, and always carried a rope. My father swam out, too, but he was only ten and there was little he could do. Lyova was a heavy man. By the time he had been brought in and laid out on the sand, there were no signs of life. The official cause of death was given as drowning, but I have talked to five witnesses, and they all believe he had a heart attack. His insurance man was a friend of the family, and was instrumental in getting the ruling. Lyova was covered for accidental death but not for cardiac arrest. Mopsy was left with three children; their third child, Elizabeth (Baby), had been born in 1922. With Sikorsky's aircraft doing so well, Mopsy had been on the verge of taking an early retirement from professional portrait painting.

There was a full Russian funeral for Lyova, with three hours of wailing over the open coffin, and when it was over Mopsy gave up the house in

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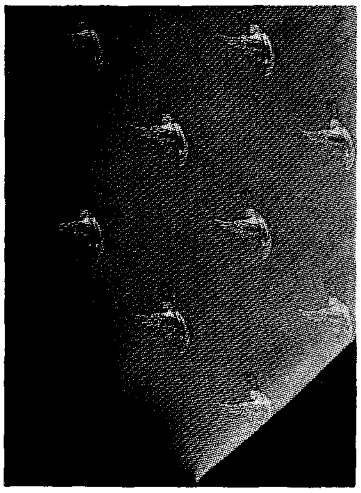

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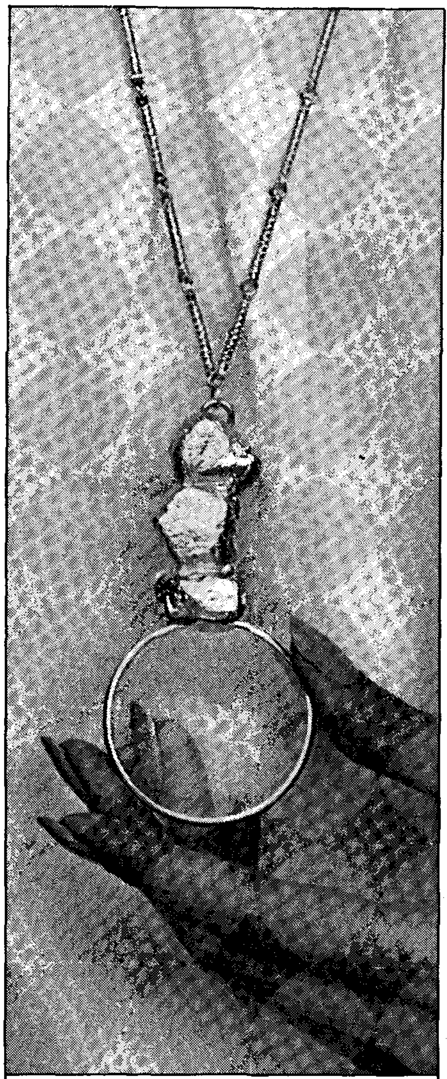
Merrick and sold all her Sikorsky stock. She wanted to make a clean start. After a period of mourning, she bought a new car and a big house on the North Shore (Hidden Hollow, it was called) and started to paint in earnest.

SOON after his arrival here, Uncle began considering an artistic career. New York was already appreciative of Russian music. Now a wave of deracinated Russian painters—Bakst, Anisfeld, Roerich—was hitting the city, and attracting a good deal of attention. Uncle didn't really have much in common with them, but at least they provided a context in which his work could be examined. Early in 1921, he had a one-man show at the Ainslie Galleries, on Fifth Avenue. Among forty watercolors, pastels, and drawings were six Tibetan scenes, three portraits of Nijinsky, one portrait of Rachmaninoff and one of Tagore, eight sunsets, a rainbow, a nightmare, and several mordant miniatures. There was also a grotesque that he had painted for four-year-old Zoric. In it, a skunklike witch, with striped fur and white fangs, is slinking with a tasselled parasol across an arid landscape that contains only a stylized Persian bush and a faint, towering mirage of the Woolworth Building—or, rather, a model of the Woolworth Building that Zoric picked up at a souvenir stand. I grew up with this creature on my bedroom wall. She was known to me as Nyanya Skunks—Nanny Skunk—and fascinated me more than she frightened me. The more you looked at her, the more you discovered. Each of her toenails, for instance, had an opalescent reflection. The painting was meant to convey some of Uncle's initial feelings about America. Then, there were several soft pastels Uncle had done in the Catskills. He seemed to be entering a blue period, but his blueness was more like Maxfield Parrish's than like Picasso's. "I want to paint the way the lilac smells," he said one evening after a heavy rain.

The reviews were, on the whole, approving. "A decidedly mixed type is Mr. Avinoff," said the New York *Tribune*. "His drawing may be a trifle mannered, but it is skillful drawing, remarkably skillful." The *Sun* said, "Some of his 'Sunsets' look as though they were taken from the Palisades of New Jersey. All of them have a purity of line that can come from only the most delicate perception." The *Herald*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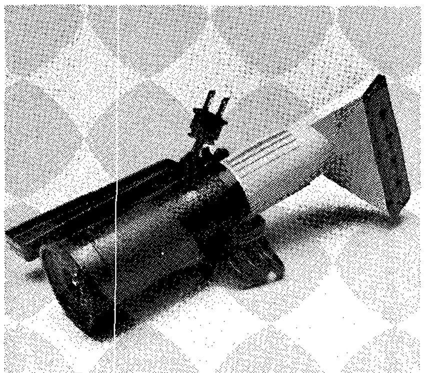
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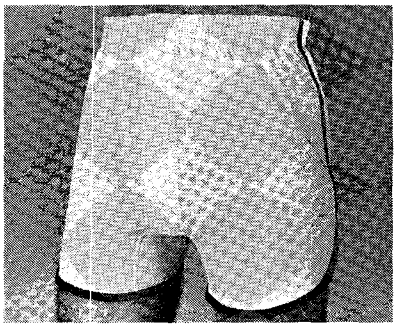
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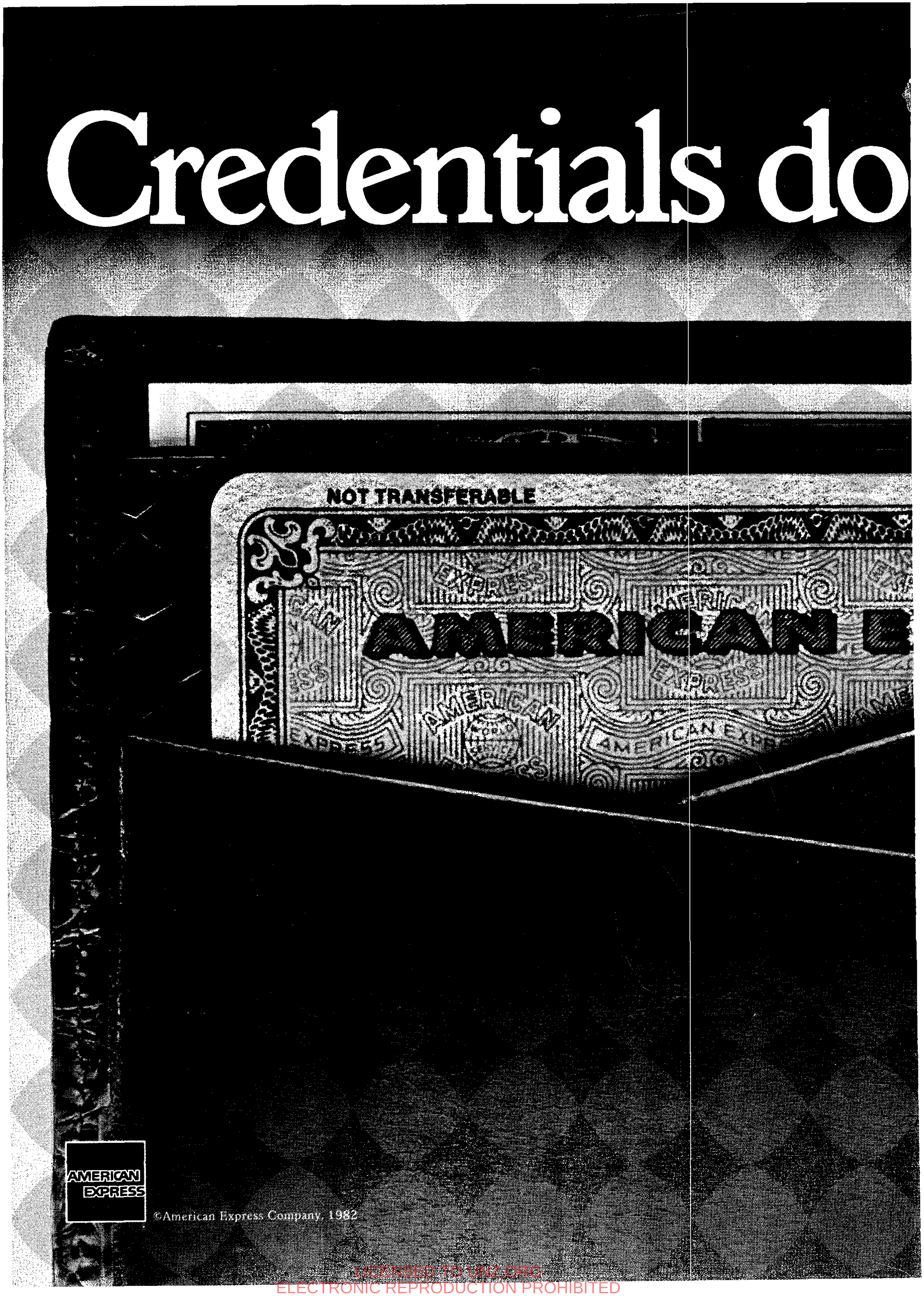
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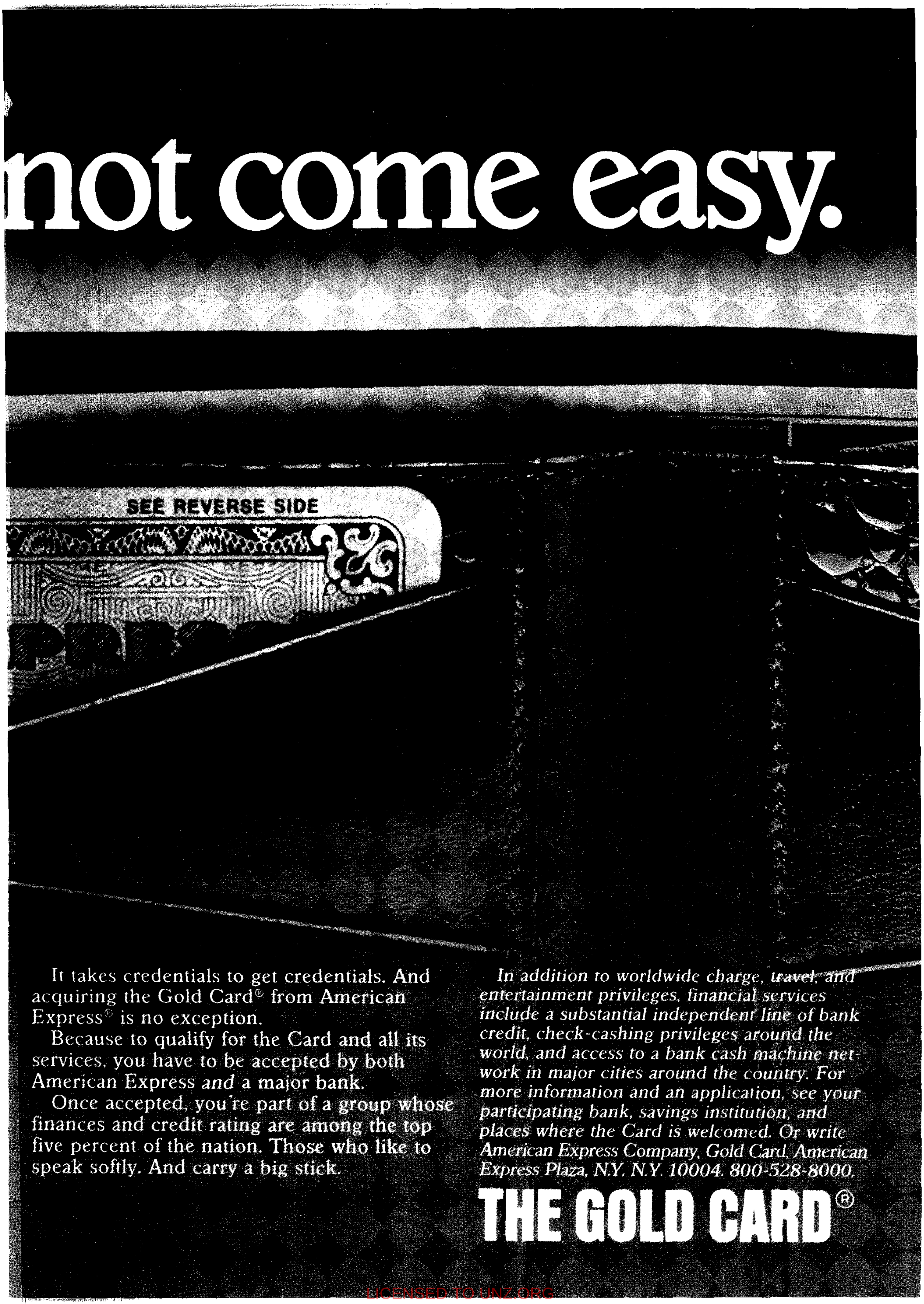

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said, "Like the other Russians who have come here, he loves to use details in wholesale quantities. He even applies this penchant to the American landscapes which he has achieved since coming here, and as the public itself dearly loves details, and lots of them, Mr. Avinoff ought to have a popular success." Only the Brooklyn *Eagle* spoke of a lack of "the direct simplicity which characterizes the greatest works of art."

In the early twenties, Uncle did very well as an artist. He painted, for five hundred dollars a shot, portraits of such prominent New Yorkers as Mrs. John Gregory Hope (the former Countess Maud Salm), and, through Frank Seaman, he embarked on a subsidiary career in commercial art which he later described as "lucrative." He illustrated an advertisement for Scranton's lace curtains which ran on the inside back cover of *Vogue*. He did a series of paintings that the Johns-Manville Company used extensively in 1923—of a suburban house whose Colorblende roof withstands the ravages of the four seasons while nicely complementing its brick walls. He placed a monumental bottle of Colgate's Florient in a rugged setting of Himalayan snowpeaks. For the Underwood Typewriter Company, he cooked up an explorer typing a letter home by candlelight from the Valley of the Kings. The explorer has taken off his pith helmet, and a host of houris, labelled "Winged Words," is fluttering up from "the machine you will eventually carry." He made drawings for the Graybar Electric Company and for Nunnally's, "the candy of the South," that were unlike anything the advertising community had seen before or would see again. Some of his renditions of everyday household articles attracted attention as works of art. One was included in an anthology of the best commercial art of the decade. He must have been amused by the seriousness with which his work was taken. The whole idea that people were racking their brains and ruining their health to promote a bar of soap or a tube of dental cream must have been puzzling to him.

While he was thus scrambling for a living, he had little time for butterflies. In an article for *Études de Lépidoptérologie*, published in March, 1920, he described how he had started as a boy and gradually built up, at tremendous cost and effort, his collection of eighty thousand Palearctic Rhopalocera (Old World butterflies), particularly strong

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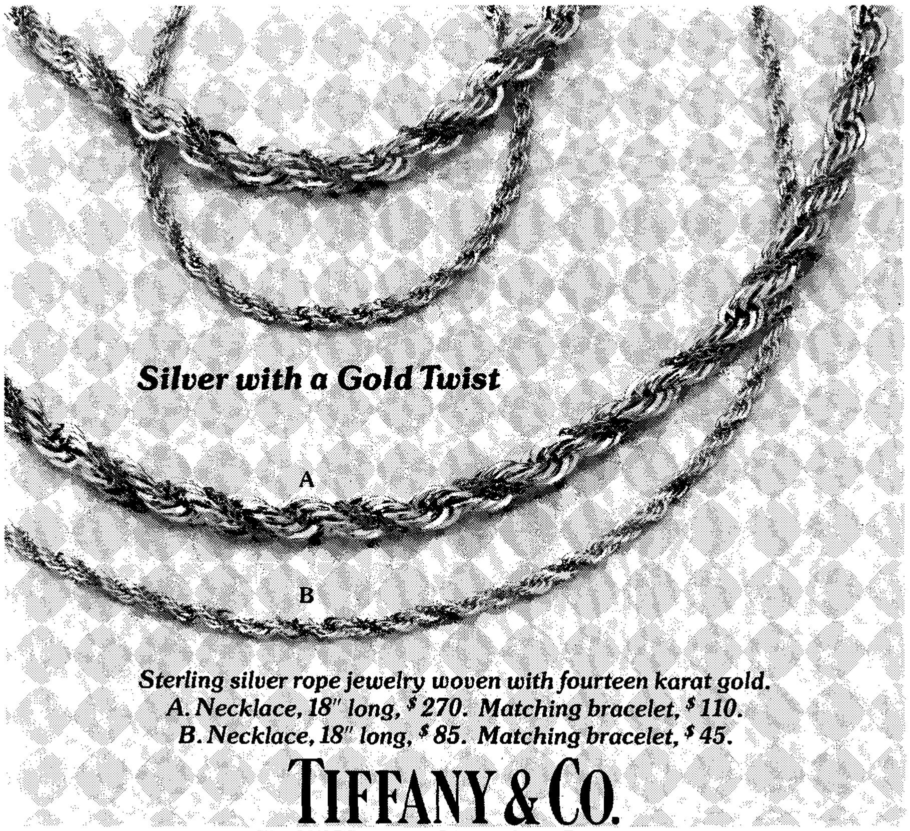

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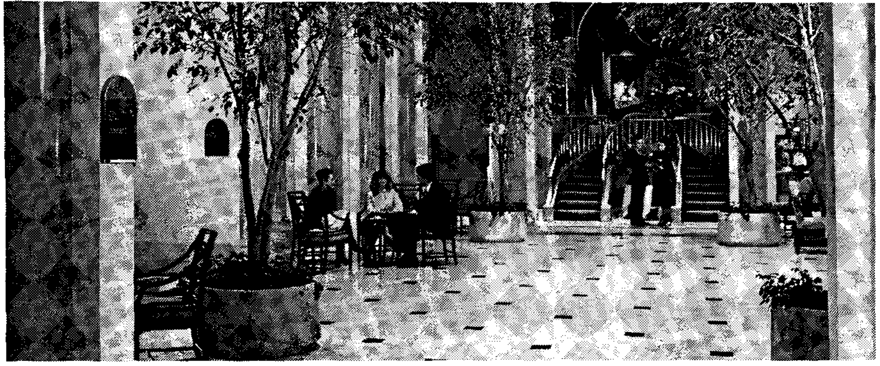

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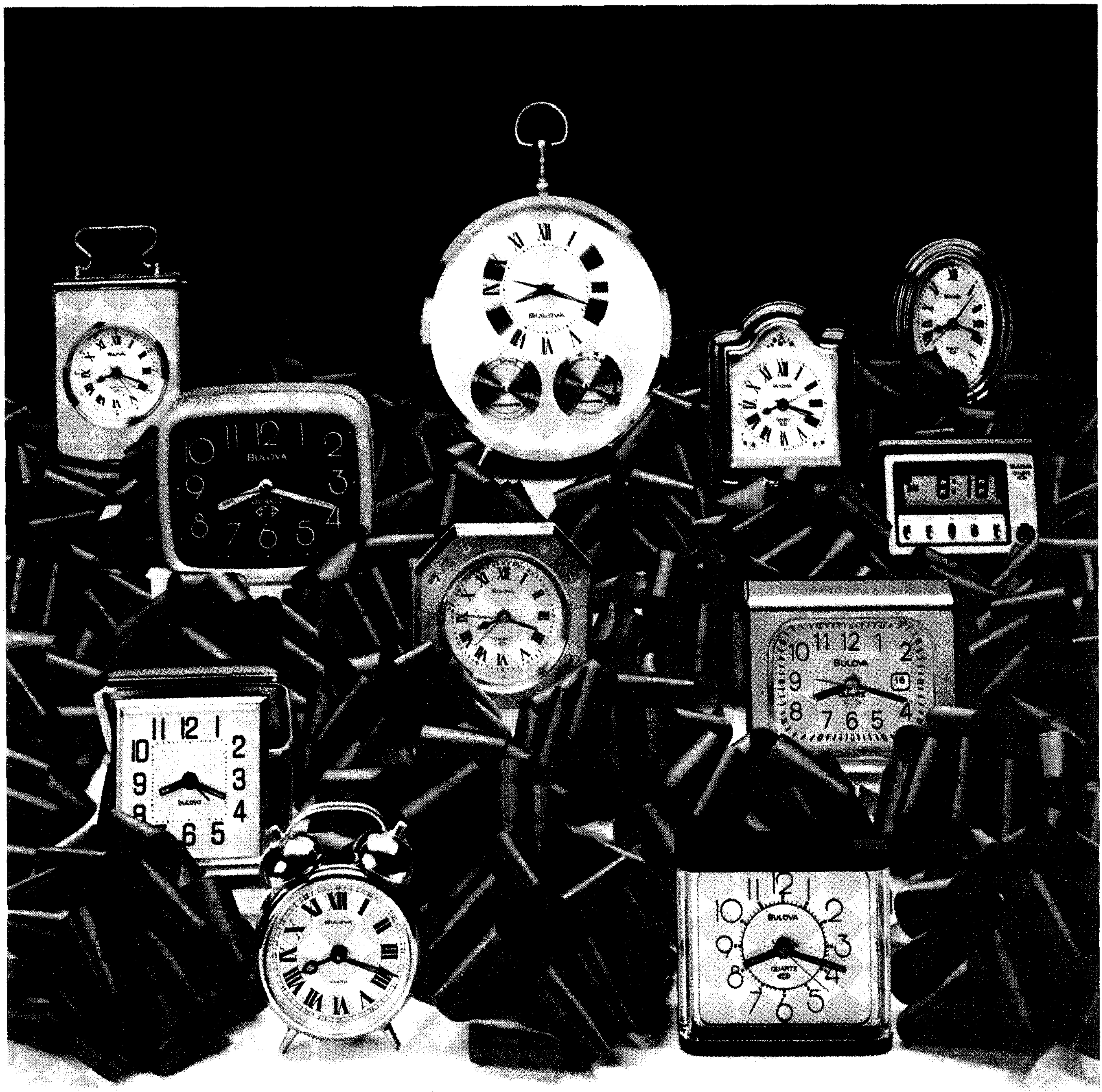
in *Parnassius* and *Colias*, only to see it impounded by the Bolsheviks. "At the moment," he concluded (in French), "I have given up almost all hope of getting back this collection, and have neither the courage nor the means to start a new one." His colleague Charles Oberthür, the French specialist in hawkmoths, wrote a stirring foreword to the *récit*—it included an encouraging stanza from Horace—urging Uncle to take heart and suggesting that it was his duty to science to use his God-given talent and start collecting again.

In 1922, Uncle met the dean of American entomologists, William J. Holland. In Russia, in 1898, when Uncle was fourteen, his father had given him Holland's classic work "The Butterfly Book." Its companion volume, "The Moth Book," is still the standard text. In them, American butterflies and moths were referred to by names that people could understand. By calling *Papilio cresphontes* the giant swallowtail, and *Polygonia interrogationis* the question sign (it's now called the question mark), he brought them a whole new following. Most of his common names are still in use. Only a few—like "the waiter," a long-tailed tropical nymphalid that occasionally drifts up to south Florida—haven't stuck. Holland was the chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh and a Presbyterian minister, whose sermons had almost frightening authority. Natural history was just a hobby. He was an intimate of "the dukes of Pittsburgh"—Henry Clay Frick, Andrew Mellon, and Andrew Carnegie. Each had made a fortune and was looking for ways to spend it. Frick and Mellon chose to collect art, and began to buy Old Masters. Carnegie decided to enlarge the horizons of the young people of Pittsburgh. As early as 1895, he had presented Pittsburgh with a library and a concert hall. One day in 1898, Holland showed Carnegie a newspaper story about some fossilized dinosaurs that had just been discovered in Utah. Holland wanted to dig up the bones and bring them to Pittsburgh. Carnegie wrote on a corner of the newspaper, "Give Holland ten thousand dollars," tore off the note, which was good at any bank, and handed it to Holland. That was the first big acquisition of the Carnegie Museum; Holland, without giving up his pulpit, became the museum's first director.

In 1922, Holland invited Uncle to join the museum as an associate cura-



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tor of entomology. Carnegie had died three years earlier, and there was now little money available for salaries, but Uncle was getting bored with commercial art and missed working with butterflies, so he accepted. He went to Pittsburgh, and as he started going through the museum's rich collection he saw that it would take years of taxonomic work just to figure out what had already been acquired. Before long, he had picked out twenty-three new species or varieties. It was up to him to describe and christen them. He named a Colombian pierid for Holland, and a Bolivian swallowtail for Douglas Stewart, a geologist, who in 1922 succeeded Holland as director of the museum, Holland having retired at seventy-four to devote his remaining years to revising his monumental butterfly book. Uncle helped him with the section that explained the evolutionary connection between North American and Old World forms. In gratitude, Holland named a wood nymph *Erebia avinoffi*, after Uncle, and a small new skipper *Thanaos avinoffi*, after Uncle's naval grandfather, who had been skipper of the Discovery. Uncle was thrilled with these nomenclatural tributes, and for Holland's eightieth birthday he painted on the borders of a testimonial scroll from the staff all the species that bore Holland's name—not just butterflies but also a hawkmoth, a hummingbird, a stingray, several fish, and a tree.

Though Pittsburgh was booming industrially, it was culturally unsure of itself. It had a painter, John Kane, who was doing fine primitives of its steel mills and smoke-filled hollows, but the rich would not have his work on their walls. The rich, who lived in grand Edwardian houses, were mostly Scots-Presbyterian executives in steel. Their stratum began to coalesce in the eighteen-eighties and lasted two generations. During the Depression, it collapsed completely. The men were self-made. They played golf at the Rolling Rock Club and sowed their wild oats in New York. Their wives, who had made the grand tour and gone through the art museums of Europe, were the receptacles of culture. To them, the arts were no laughing matter. Culture had to come from the Old World, and when Uncle appeared in their midst he seemed the very embodiment of it. "He descended on our city like a fabulous creature from another planet," a man who later took courses in fine arts at the University of

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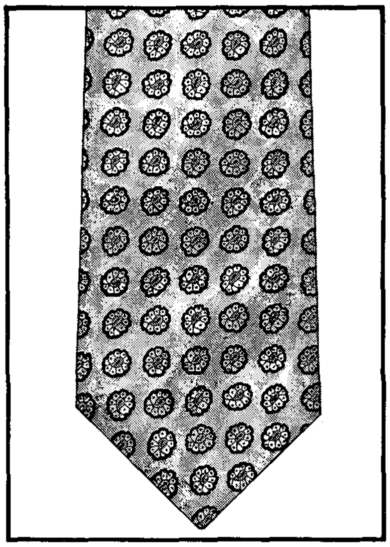

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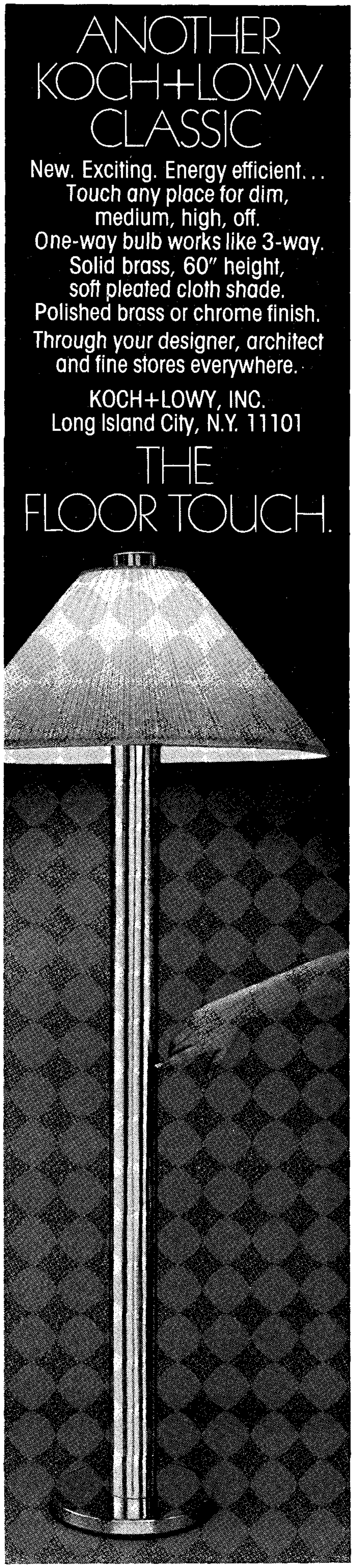
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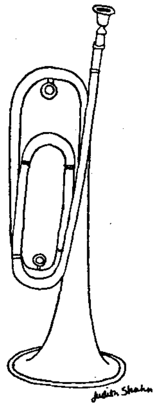
Pittsburgh recalls. "He was the idol of my youth. Like a twirling Christmas ornament in a department-store window, he reflected in muted brilliance all the facets of the world around him."

Uncle didn't talk about his past, but the women of Pittsburgh found out about it. Soon they were vying for the chance to have a gentleman-in-waiting to the late Czar at their dinner tables. Word began to get around that he was omniscient, and one wealthy East End woman, determined to trip him up on a point of esoteric knowledge, went to the Carnegie Library and consulted a rare volume on Persian rugs. That evening, while he was sitting cross-legged on her living-room floor—it was rumored that he had learned the virtue of that posture during a long residence in Asia—she asked him about an obscure rug she had read up on. He told her all about it—the town in which it had been woven, the symbolic meaning of its design, and a couple of things that weren't included in the book. "I saw a certain amount of Dr. Avinoff at dinners, and so on," recalls John Walker, who grew up in Pittsburgh. "I must say I was deeply impressed by him; and it's hard to impress a bumptious young man who thinks he's rather intellectual himself. I've never known anyone else with the universal knowledge he had. I thought it must be fake—I thought he was a phony—so I probed and probed when I saw him at parties. I wanted to show him up, but I never could, because it was all sound, he was all there, he really *did* know. And whenever he came out with an extraordinary erudite fact—something that you wouldn't expect him to know, and that certainly no one in Pittsburgh knew—he always did it deferentially, as though he were apologizing for his brilliance. It was very curious. Maybe it's a Russian characteristic. It went beyond modesty. There was something almost obsequious about his attitude toward his gifts, and it irritated me madly."



Not long after Uncle had come to Pittsburgh, he was seated next to Mrs. Richard K. Mellon at a dinner. She kept calling him Mr. Ivanoff. To him, that was like being called Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith. At last, he said, "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Mellon, but my name is Avinoff."

"Ivanoff, Avinoff—what's the difference?" she asked.

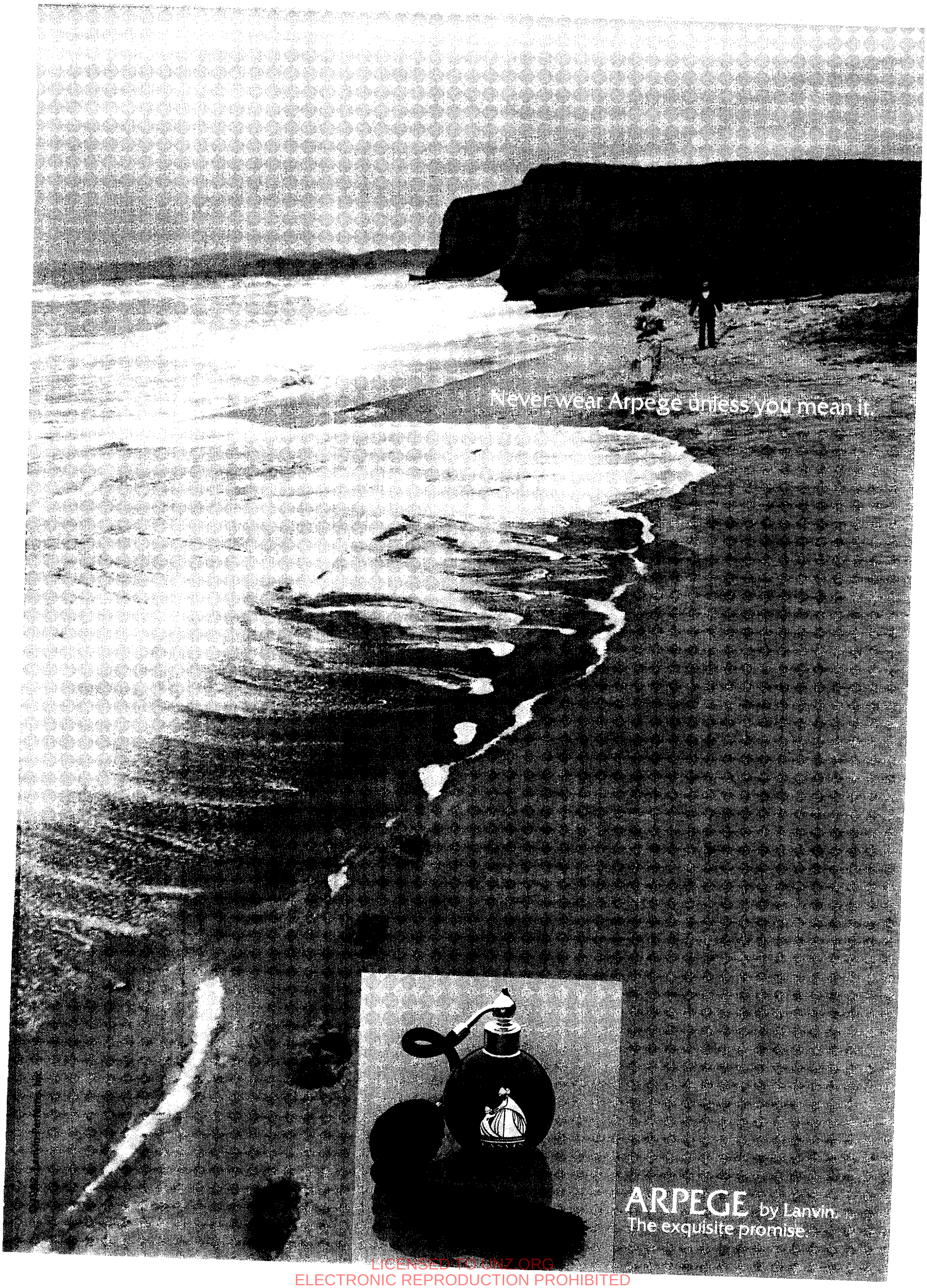
"Well, what would you say if I called you Mrs. Lemon?" he asked, smiling tartly.

Mrs. Mellon was impressed. It was the beginning of a friendship.

In 1926, when Douglas Stewart died suddenly and the museum's directorship fell vacant, Uncle was summoned to a luncheon with the trustees. He was asked how, as a scientist, he could justify belief in God, and how he thought the war had affected the quality of modern art. He fielded the questions with his usual dexterity, saying, "True science is not opposed to true religion," and "A lot of inferior art has been produced in the last few years, but I don't think as a result of the war," and he was offered the job. During the next twenty years, he was a familiar sight on Forbes Avenue—an elegant, sparrow-boned man, with pince-nez and natty bow tie, reading as he walked.

Every summer vacation, my father would go to Pittsburgh and stay with Uncle. When he was thirteen, he mounted five hundred Amazonian butterflies at a table in the insect lab across from Dr. Holland, who was in his eighties. Holland entertained him with stories about the great naturalists of the century before, with whom he had been widely acquainted. Periodically, when an antenna or a wing snapped off an insect that Holland was working on, he would roar for the glue in the voice that had made him famous in the pulpit, and one of the museum's preparators, a fellow-octogenarian named Krautwurm, would come running with the repair kit. Staff members joked that some of the spots on Holland's specimens were tobacco juice and that some of the antennae were hairs pulled from his own head.

Between 1931 and 1940, Uncle made five collecting trips to Jamaica. My father went with him. For Uncle, Jamaica had been "a dreamland of tropical splendor" since, as a boy in Russia, he came across an old novel about Jamaica by Captain Mayne Reid. He remembered vainly scrutinizing the illustrations with a magnifying glass in search of butterflies. When he finally got there, Jamaica proved to be the lepidopterous promised land he had imagined. Avinoff and Shoumatoff caught over fourteen thousand "bots," as butterflies are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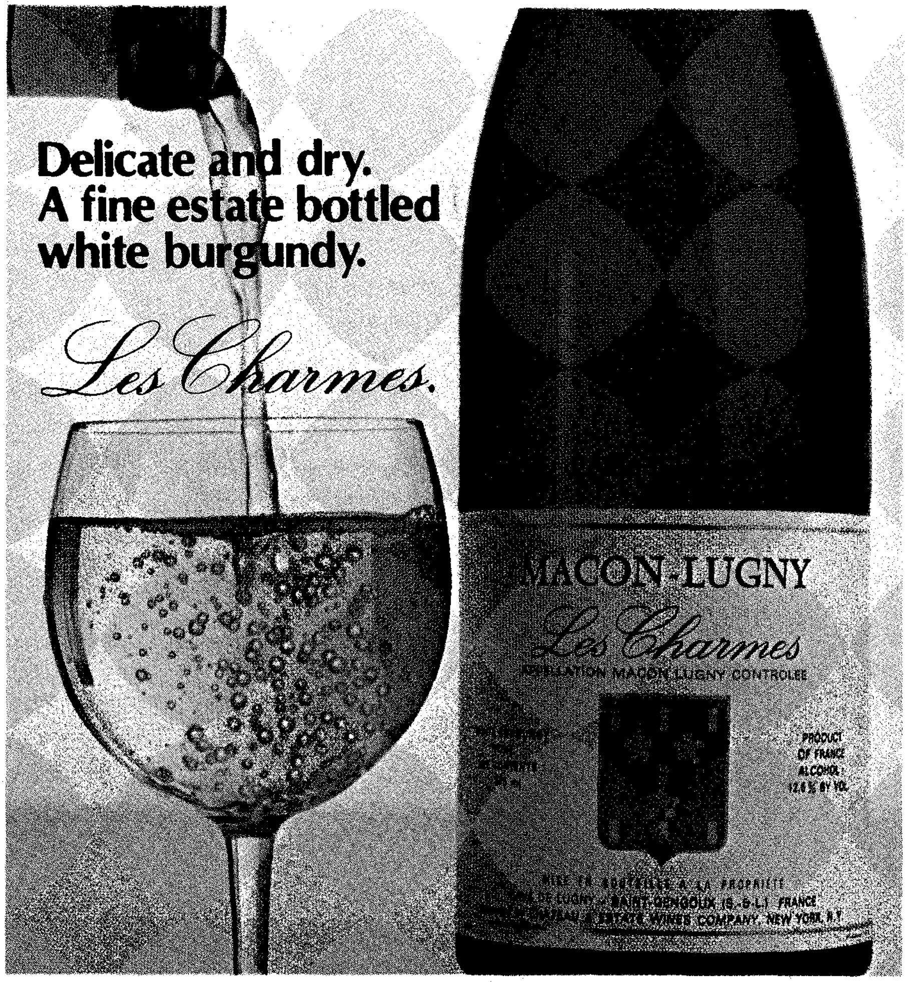
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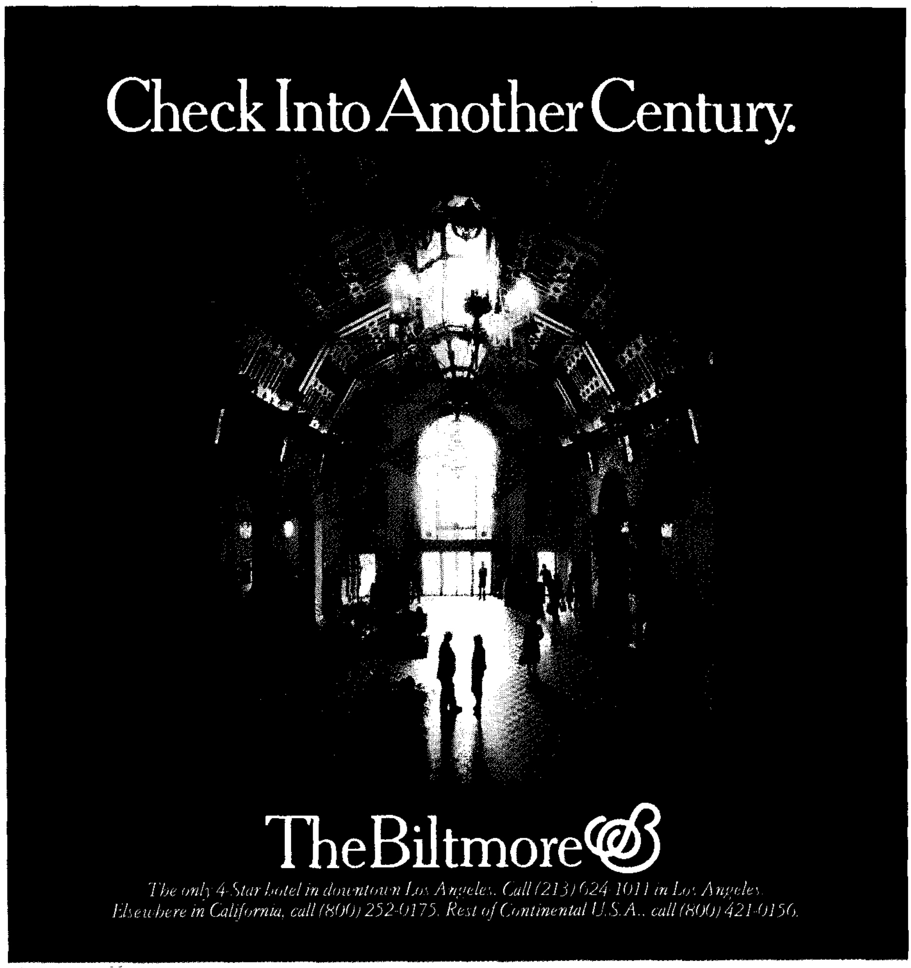

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called on the island, and doubled the number of species known on Jamaica to more than a thousand; one of the new butterflies they caught was named for my father—Shoumatoff's hairstreak. Dashing around the island with their organdie nets, in pith helmets wrapped in white pongee, and canvas leggings to keep off chiggers and ticks, and with their pockets bulging with cyanide jars, they must have looked like outré creatures themselves. Once a week or so, they would put in at one of the better hotels, shave, shower, slip on a clean pair of white ducks, and join the vacationing British for dinner. In one dining room, with a deft presto, my father snagged a sphinx moth that had been dive-bombing a bald, bullet-headed old blighter, and everyone in the room applauded. "Presto" was my father's term for catching a butterfly in midair. It was opposed to an "adagio," in which you sneaked up to where the quarry was sitting.

By car, on foot, or on horseback, the two of them covered most of the island. My father did the driving. (Uncle bought a Chevrolet in Pittsburgh, to be American, but never learned to drive.) In Cuna Cuna Pass, in the remote Johncrow Mountains, they caught the giant *Papilio homerus*, the largest swallowtail in the New World, which is found only on Jamaica and is a famous rarity. When Uncle saw his first *homerus*—broad-winged, its wings five inches from tip to tip, and black with yellow discal bands and spatulate tails—sailing in a gully, he called my father, who was a few hundred yards away. He shouted my father's boyhood name, "Goula," which means "little dove" in Russian, and was a fairly common nickname in Old Russia. The guides thought Uncle was referring to the bot, and the word entered the Jamaican patois. To this day, on the eastern half of the island large swallowtails are known as goulas. Uncle and my father spent hours observing the *Papilio homerus*, and they filmed it in flight with a movie camera. It has no close relative, and Uncle thought that it must be the last survivor of some ancient tribe that had evolved before the Lesser Antilles rose up from the sea.

On their 1936 trip, they walked into the Cockpit Country, on the western half of the island, with some trepidation. A region of jumbled knobs and hollows choked with rain forest, it was the domain of the Maroons, whose slave ancestors fled there in the eigh-

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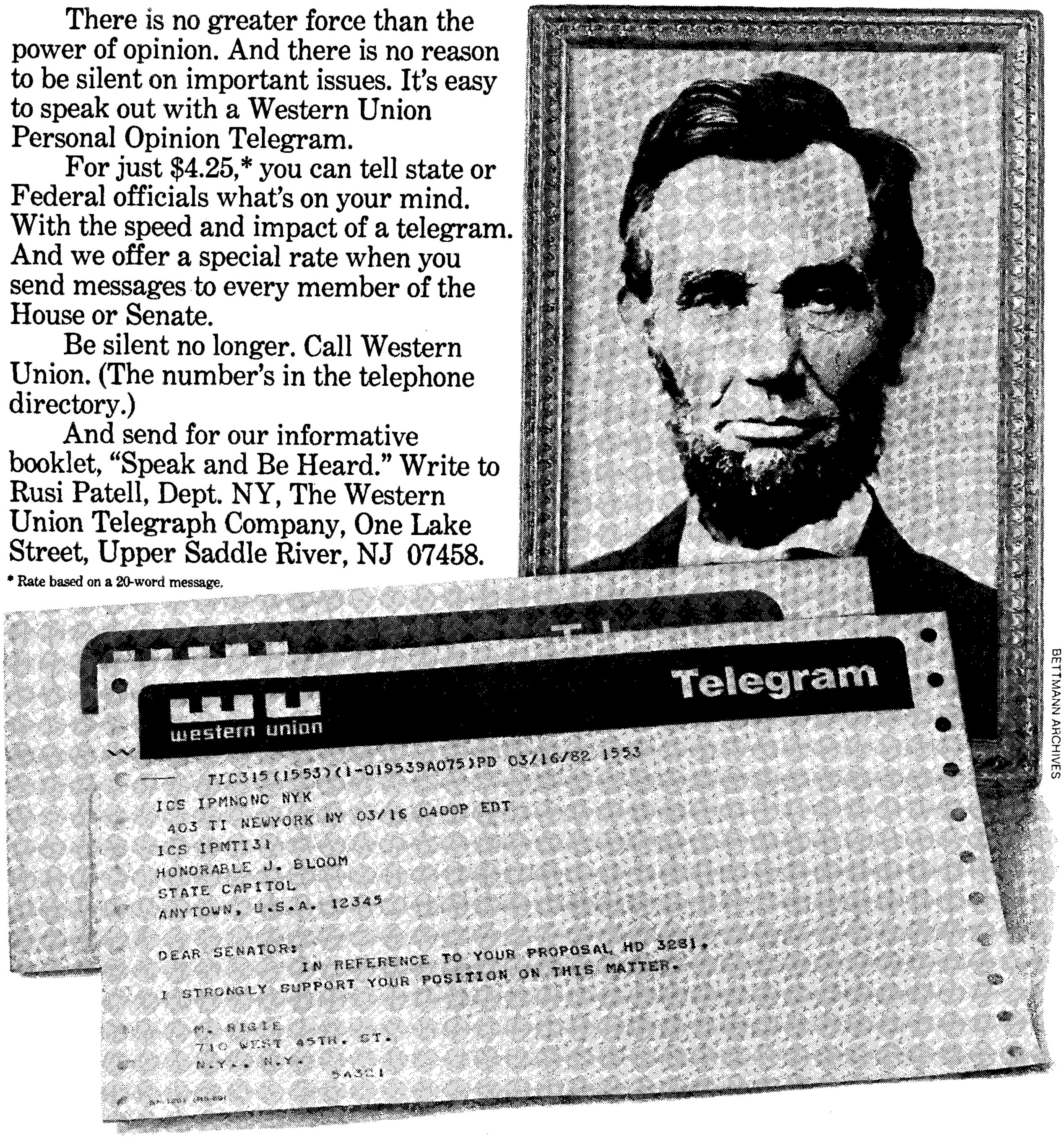

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teenth century and were never captured. The Jamaicans themselves stayed out of the District of Look Behind, as the Maroons' territory was called, because of the likelihood of being ambushed. Few whites had been there, and no butterfly collectors. The Maroons were said to have preserved their African ways—to be still practicing Obeah, or black magic, for instance—and some were even rumored to be cannibals. The entomologists entered Accompong, the Maroons' capital, and presented a letter of introduction from the governor of the island to the head man, who called himself Colonel Robinson. The Colonel produced a bottle of rum and began to talk about Hitler, whose rise he had been following on his shortwave radio. "Dat man is a bad man," he said. He arranged a hut for them, with a woman to cook for them and wash their clothes. They stayed a week. In a banana garden near a tiny settlement called Wilson's Run, they stumbled on the russet-and-black *Chlosyne pantoni*. Fifty years earlier, a planter named Panton had caught several on the edges of his woodland, and they were named for him. Only one other collector, an English spinster named Margaret Fountaine, had succeeded in catching a *pantoni*. "She was an intrepid woman, who spent her time travelling in exotic places of the world and more or less casually catching butterflies," my father has written. "She had a fabulous record for picking up the rarest species at every place she visited. It was almost as a matter of course that, when she came to Jamaica in 1911, she captured a *pantoni*." A quarter of a century later, he and Uncle were able to assemble a fine set of the species, including a dozen specimens of the female, which not even Panton had ever seen. She is almost twice as big as the male and has yellow submarginal spots instead of reddish-brown ones.

Uncle's greatest contribution to science was a two-hundred-and-fifty-page monograph on the *Karanasa*, a genus from the steppes and mountainsides of central Asia. Its posthumous publication, in 1951—Walter R. Sweadner, the Carnegie Museum's curator of insects and spiders, finished it after Uncle died—was an event in entomological circles. "While biologists write precisely of species, subspecies, and similar categories, such terms really have no fixed meanings," the lepidopterist Thomas C. Emmel explains in his book "But-

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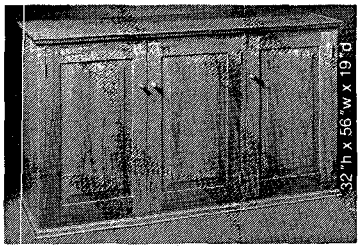

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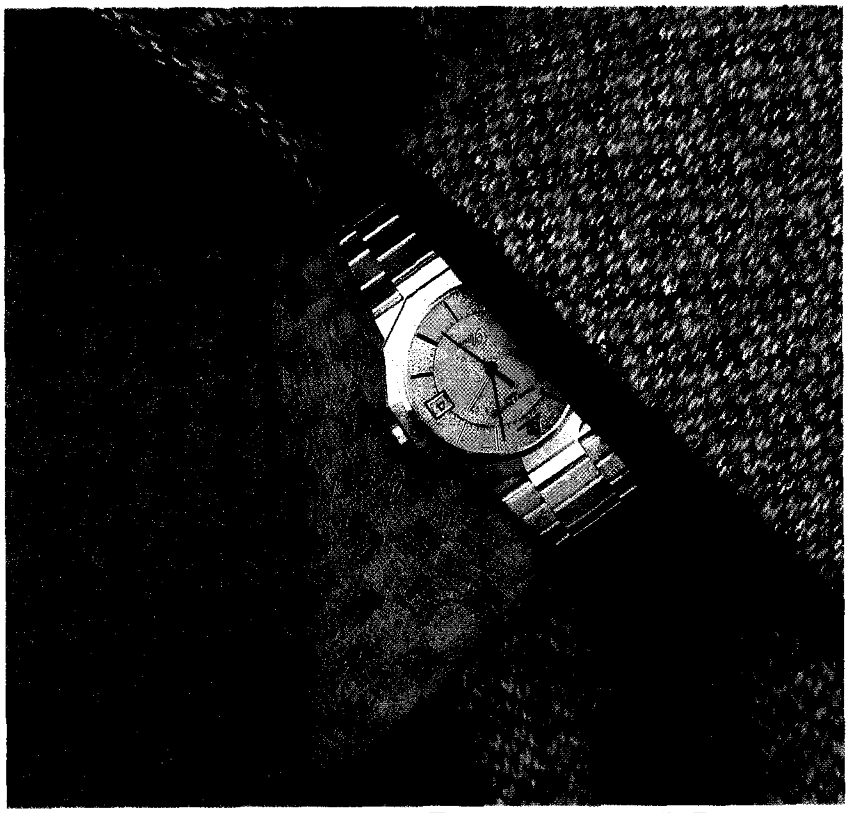
terflies." "Within the Karanasa, hybridization occurs at all levels, and wing shape, colors, and patterns vary apparently at random between one local population and the next. Avinoff and Sweadner proposed the local population as the basic biological unit many years before others interested in evolution began shifting their own emphasis from the importance of the species level to the population level." Like the heliconiines of the American tropics, the *Karanasa* seem to be in a state of ongoing mutation. Uncle and Sweadner wrote, "The infinite variety nurtured by the isolated factors of high barren mountains and deep eroded valleys has resulted in the impression that no two specimens are alike, that a chaotic condition exists . . . like the colors of pansies . . . among cultivated flowers." Tentatively, they broke the genus down into seventy-five separate forms. Uncle and Sweadner knew that not everyone would agree with them. "Some of these designations may be merged into greater units," they predicted, "or will have to be thrown overboard altogether into the hospitable waters of the sea of synonymy, where due oblivion comes to things that should better be forgotten, or which should never have been mentioned to begin with."

Uncle wanted to be seen as an American museum director, and complained that the exotic image the press insisted on giving him put his work in a distorted light. He was good at his job, and thrived at it for twenty years. During the twenties, despite the scarcity of funds, he managed to get a lot of collecting done cheaply, and during the thirties, a rough time for all scientific institutions, he managed to keep his staff intact. Museum displays were starting to evolve from the stuffed specimen to the whole environment. It was the golden age of the diorama, and Uncle worked closely with the Carnegie Museum's staff artist, Ottmar von Fuehrer, on the backgrounds for habitat groups. One diorama re-created the Pittsburgh of ninety million years before, when it was part of a giant swamp, five thousand miles square, with fantastic ferns and horsetails. Without all that carboniferous plant debris, there wouldn't have been any coal, or anything like the city there was now. Uncle wanted the museum to show these relationships. He wanted to transform it from a "sombre, gloomy storage place," as he wrote in the *Carnegie Magazine*, into one that inspired "a sense of won-



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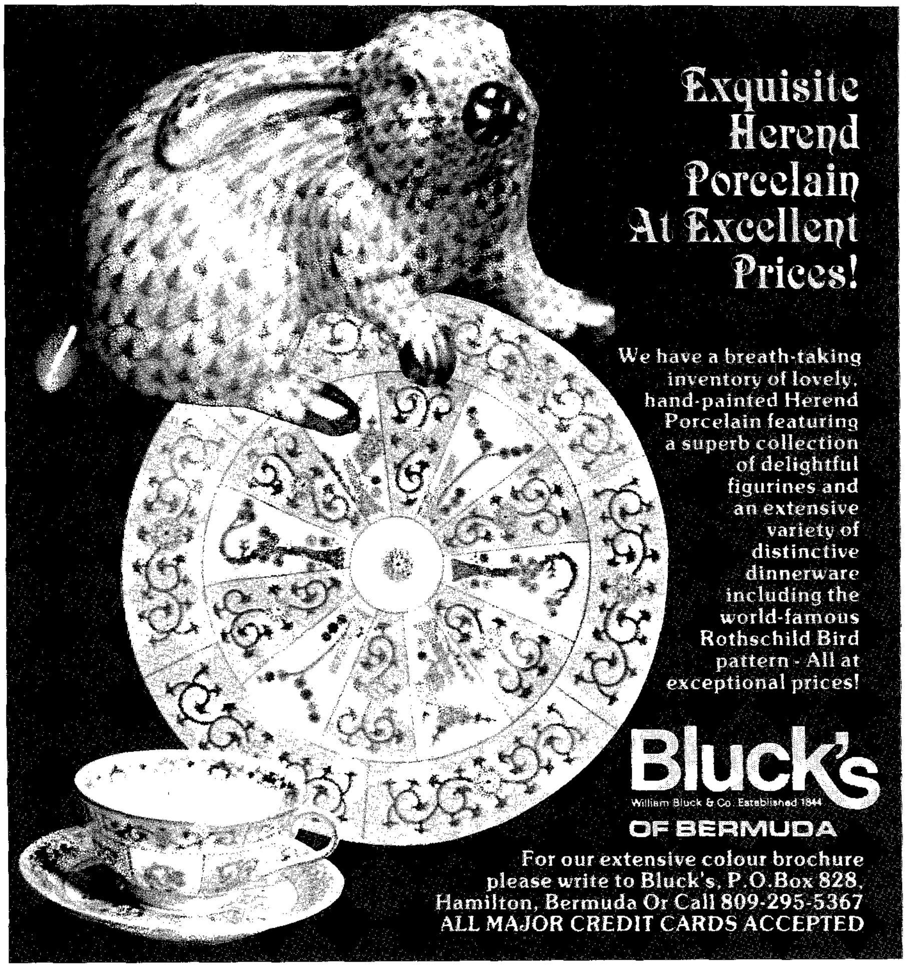

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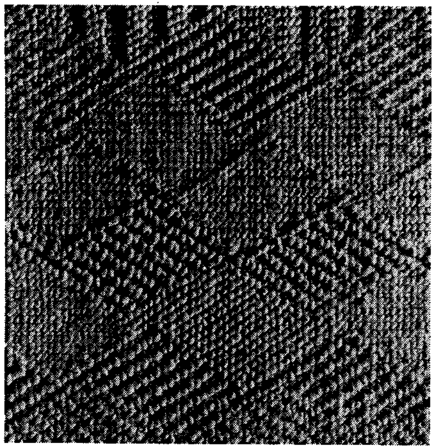
der before the boundless variety and the supreme unity of life." So he thought a lot about the public exhibits. In them, examples of the world's seven hundred and fifty thousand known animal species (the number is over a million now)—from "the curious-looking dwellers of a greatly magnified drop of water" to "the gregarious species of the polar regions"—should take "their orderly place as ambassadors of their respective clans." The exhibits should reach out in space to the farthest corners of the world and reach back in time to periods when horses were the size of dogs, and dragonflies had two-foot wingspans. They should show that progress in nature "is not uniform"—that "there are waves and cycles, rising tides and ebbs; old types are discarded, new types ascend, but by these spiral paths increasingly higher destinies are fulfilled."

During the war, Uncle visited Childs Frick at his beautiful house on Bermuda. Frick was a dedicated amateur zoologist and paleontologist, and a generous supporter of the museum. He donated the animals he had shot in East Africa—hartebeest, topi, gnu, klipspringer, oryx, bushbuck, spotted kudu, eland, ibex, and dik-dik as well as the usual run of big game. Uncle did some pastels of reef fish at the Bermuda Aquarium, and Frick had the pastels made into postcards. William Beebe, the celebrated oceanographer, was there, too, living at his research station on Nonsuch Island and taking his bathysphere deeper than anyone had ever gone. Uncle and Beebe were helping Fairfield Osborn, the director of the New York Zoological Society, with the Pacific World series, a set of handbooks on the flora and fauna of the Pacific, which the government was putting out for the G.I.s. Archibald Roosevelt, Theodore's son, who had just joined the Army and was bound for New Guinea, was visiting Frick, too. Uncle asked him to keep an eye out for a certain New Guinean moth that was the size of a plate. When Roosevelt arrived in New Guinea, he caught one and persuaded General MacArthur to have it rushed to the Carnegie Museum with the General's personal stamp on the package. In gratitude, Uncle did a pen-and-ink portrait of MacArthur and sent it to him.

Roosevelt once told my sister he thought Uncle was "one of the greatest men there were," explaining, "He and his sister arrived in this country without a sou to their name and they



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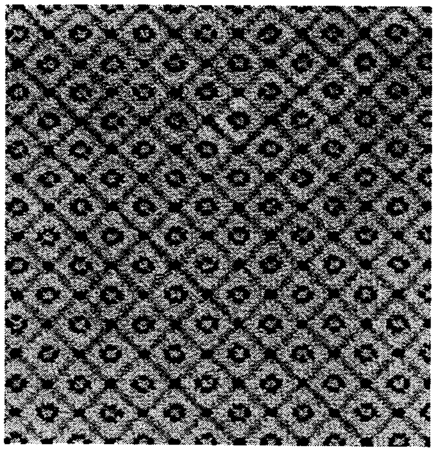

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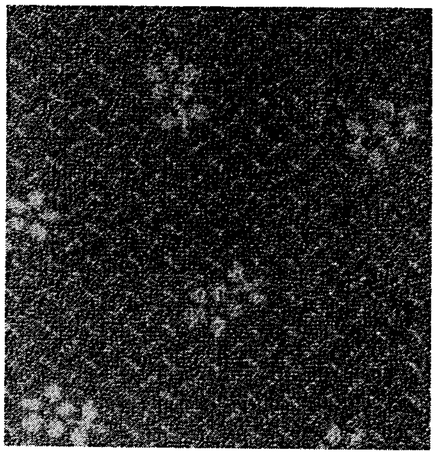

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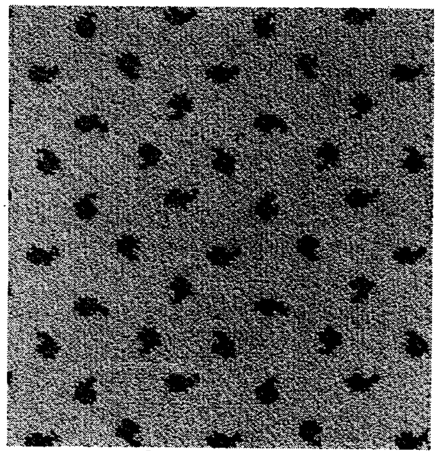

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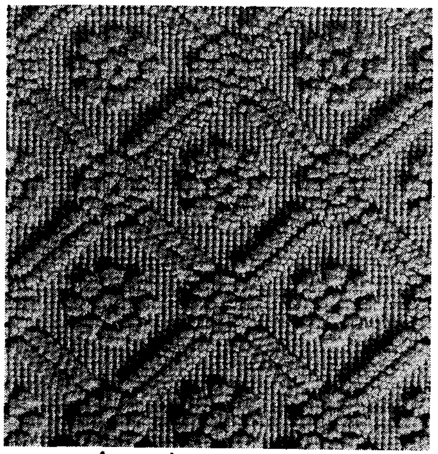

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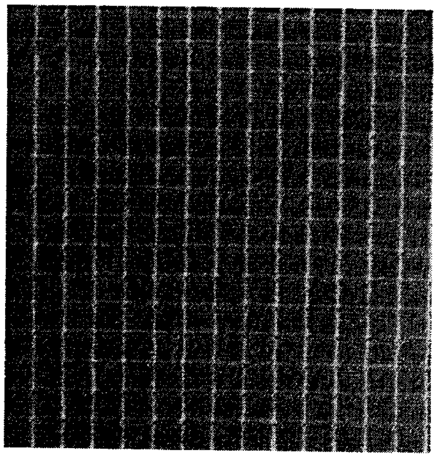

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became two of its most prominent citizens. I'm proud of America because that happened. And I'm proud of them."

Despite Uncle's wide circle of acquaintances, he always remained something of a mystery. Not many Pittsburghers could say that they had ever been to his rooms, in the Schenley Hotel. Behind his gregariousness and his optimism, there was a great reserve, even a degree of pain. He talked about things—seldom about people. His manners were formal. He rarely put you on a first-name basis, and you certainly wouldn't have dared to ask him a personal question. But his close friends—and, of course, the family—knew how he suffered from being wrenched from his homeland, and how he worried about his brother Nika and his sister-in-law Masha, still over there. In a 1941 letter to Frederick Mortimer Clapp, the director of the Frick Collection, in New York, he wrote:

> According to recent war news some bitter fights are occurring in a marshy region midway between Poltava and Neprovsk. From all indications, this must be very near our old estate. As I think I told you, the old house derives its name, "Shideyevo," from the Tartar word, "shado," meaning fortress. No one can foretell the future development of present events, but I cannot help feeling somehow that this head-on collision of the two totalitarian systems will result with broken cervicals on both sides. It goes without saying that the third totalitarian dictator will have the same fate while his star dwindles to the size of an indescript and practically nameless planetoid. You do not blame me for making a distinction between Russia, which has a long history in the past and, I trust, a fine future to come, and its present government as a passing phase of its existence. The stubborn resistance of the population and the army, I interpret in terms of a natural protection of the country from any invasion and not necessarily as a sign of a steady support of the present political system, which I hope will disappear in due time from the face of the earth.
>
> Meanwhile I do not have any direct news from my brother, from whom I have not heard for many years; but I realize from the information I receive from time to time from his wife that he is either in prison or in exile somewhere.

During the flowering seasons of 1941 and 1942, Uncle did two hundred and fifty-three watercolors of wild flowers of western Pennsylvania. Otto Jennings, the museum's curator of botany, would bring flowers to him fresh at the end of the day, and he would fall to work immediately. He painted them as they were. If a leaf was partly nibbled by insects, or some rust or smut discolored it, he showed it that way. Even the lowly smartweed, putting out a leaf here and there, and tipped with a bright-pink spike, took on a special vibrance in his rendering. He used Schmincke colors, which he considered the brightest and longest-lasting. "Only transparent pigment and no opaque colors," he wrote afterward. "No white paint anywhere, not a single stroke used in the highlights. The white is the paper and all light parts are lighter washes of the pigment." The resulting "Wild Flowers of Western Pennsylvania and the Upper Ohio Basin," in two hefty volumes, one with Uncle's plates, the other with Jennings' text, remains one of the most loving regional surveys in the annals of American botany.

These projects, on top of a frenetic social life, finally took their toll. Uncle never stopped to recharge. His patience with detail seemed unlimited. "He was always interested in the other person," I was told by a colleague of his, who described him saluting the janitors in Italian. He made special trips to visit Krautwurm's niece, a lonely girl who lived on a farm in Ohio, and took her through the fields in search of birds, bugs, and butterflies. Today, the niece recalls, "He told me stories about palaces and princes and taught me to look forward to everything—spring, rain, new buds." Zoric says, "He was a very quick-moving person, darting across the room to see if there was something you needed. In the speed at which he painted, he was like a butterfly hovering. To look at something, he would take his pince-nez off. Then he would quickly put them back again. So they were like a butterfly hovering in his hands." On April 10, 1945, Uncle had a bad heart attack. He was sixty-one and was in the middle of a hundred things.

After his heart attack, Uncle resigned the directorship and went to live with Mopsy at Hidden Hollow. She installed a staircase elevator for him, and he took over a room on the second floor. My brother Nick remembers going up to see Uncle at Hidden Hollow when he was five or six years old. The room was a mess—books and butterflies and drawings all over the place. In the middle of the chaos was a delicate and restrained old man who seemed almost to be made of ivory. He played some game with the boy that had a didactic thrust, and was nervous that the boy was going to touch something and break it. Uncle spent a quiet year at Hidden Hollow, painting flowers. He made about a hundred watercolors of orchids—cattleyas, laelias, and related hybrids—that a friend of Mopsy's who lived nearby sent over from his greenhouse. He started a series of Old World roses with butterflies tilting and clouds billowing over a sparsely wooded plain. The butterflies were species he had caught in his boyhood. The plain recalled the steppe around Poltava. He was calmly looking back to his youth. He painted the roses in the tradition of the great botanical illustrators of just after 1800—Redouté and Van Spandonk. But he was painting in a broader manner now, not with the fine brush of a miniaturist. He was attentive to the total organic presentation, to the rhythm and harmony of the growth form, and also to what happened with a little aging. One morning, like a rapturous child, he showed Mopsy a watercolor he had just finished. "The odor of the rose seemed to flow from the end of my brush as I painted," he told her. "I became the rose."

Feeling stronger, Uncle moved into a small apartment on Fifth Avenue. There were one-man shows of his flowers, to rave reviews, at Knoedler's, at the American Museum of Natural History, at the New York Botanical Garden. John Walker chose "The Emergence of the Black Tulip" and two other watercolors by Uncle for the National Gallery. "I thought he was certainly the best flower painter I knew of in our age, and it would be good to have him represented," Walker told my sister a few years ago. Uncle threw himself into a lecture series that the Metropolitan Museum asked him to give. *Life* was about to run a story on him. A montage of Uncle, bow-tied and surrounded by butterflies, had been chosen, and the copy was in type. "Keeping up with the art world and different scientific groups, he was living in the last months of his life the way he had always wanted," Mopsy, who rented the apartment across the hall, wrote in a private memoir. "He had reached great ability in his art, he had acquired a quality of supreme wisdom and serenity, and, with all his interests in the surrounding world, a growing detachment from everything in general. His energy and concerns, regarding what he believed were his responsibilities, lasted almost to the end. It was only three days before his death when some great transformation took place, that suddenly everything that attached him in a physical way to his life was cut

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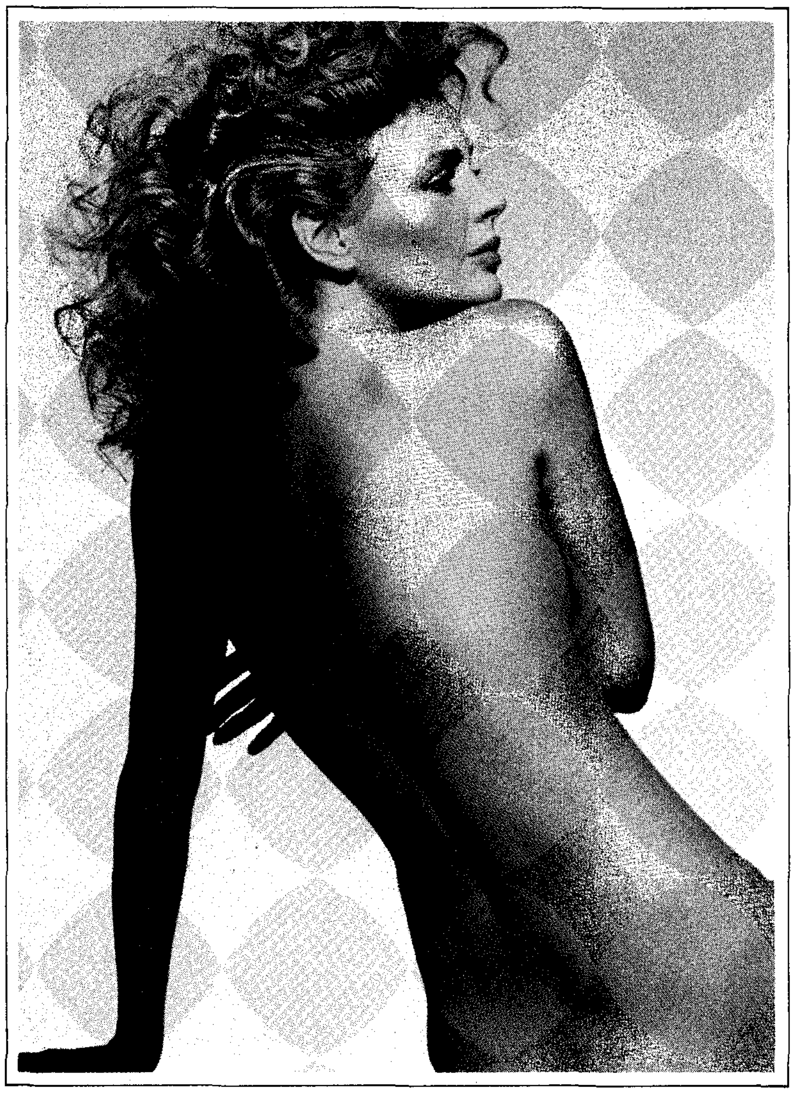

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off, and his whole being centered from then on in that forthcoming transition of which he had spoken so often in his discussions on life and death, and which, even before any immediate end was anticipated, he pictured as one great release into a fuller existence with an ever-expanding freedom to develop those God-given talents that were specifically yours since time immemorial." He died on July 16, 1949. His last words: "The air—how clean it is." There was a large funeral at the Russian Orthodox Cathedral two days later. He had flippantly asked to be buried in the gray cape he had worn to the Versailles Peace Conference, and this was done.

WHEN I was growing up, there were two green sacks in the attic. One contained hundreds of mushy letters Pa had written to Mom during the war. The other was stuffed with old Russian paper money—wads of imperial rubles that my grandfather Lyova had brought to America in 1917 on his purchasing mission for the Provisional Government. When he got here, of course, the money was worthless. I used to hold up the large bills to the window and examine their watermark. The five-hundred-ruble notes were black and were watermarked with the dapper figure of Peter the Great, suited in armor. The hundred-ruble notes were called *katerinkas;* they showed a bust of Catherine the Great, a large, haughty woman with white hair, who reminded me of Aunt Masha.

More than from anyone else in my childhood, it was from maudlin, aristocratic Masha that I got the strongest sense of the old country. I was fascinated by her rings. There were eight of them. Each had a past, and whenever we met I would ask her to tell me about it. One of Masha's rings had a large fake pearl. She told me that it had been a gift of the Aga Khan, who had invited her and Nika on his yacht while they were honeymooning on Lake Como. Eventually, she confessed that the ring had in fact come from a thrift shop on McAllister Street, in San Francisco. But such niggardly details were never important in Masha's stories. "If that's not the way it was, that's how it ought to be told," she was fond of saying.

Nika wrote to his mother faithfully after her departure from Russia in 1917, but the letters revealed little beyond the nature of his work, and the interest he took in it. Even if it hadn't been dangerous, Nika wouldn't have said what he and his family were really going through. Grandmother lived until 1933. In order not to be a burden on her children, she had become increasingly independent. She made the rounds of the Orthodox churches and émigré communities in New York. She travelled farther afield on her own. There is a snapshot of her in a rain slicker, leaning against a railing beneath Horseshoe Fall; she looks thoroughly invigorated. After Alika married an émigré mechanic and moved to Brooklyn, Grandmother would often take the subway to visit them. She had her own friends. She wore black most of the time, and wore her hair up. She had a strong, kind character. Before her death, she made Mopsy promise to break off with a dashing Russian test pilot who worked for Sikorsky. Mopsy had been seeing a lot of him, but she kept her promise. Nika wrote how sad he was to hear that his mother had died, and that was the last letter the family received from him.

But there were still indirect bits of news. When Mopsy was painting Cyrus McCormick, he recalled being taken around a tractor exhibit in Moscow by a "saintly" man, who turned out to have been Nika. "Saint" is the word that was most commonly used to describe him. In the early thirties, Mopsy and Uncle read eagerly the fragment that appeared in "British Agent," Bruce Lockhart's memoir of the Revolution and its aftermath:

> The realists were few in number. They included men like Avinoff, the former Assistant Minister of the Interior . . . a man of great intelligence and objectivity . . . whom no one could help liking. The revolution had destroyed everything he held dear in life. But . . . in the course of a brilliant exposé of the revolutionary movement he told me sadly that the Bolsheviks were the only government that had shown the slightest sign of strength . . . and that the counter-revolution had no chance of success for years to come.

Later in the decade, Mopsy's cook took a message from a man who said he was staying at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn but wouldn't leave his name. He said that he had been in a prison camp with Nika, and that Nika was still alive. In 1932, Zoric was visiting a woman in Babylon, Long Island, who took in paying guests. One of the guests was a white-haired Russian who was recovering from an appendectomy. Zoric started talking with him. He said he represented a Soviet match company and was going

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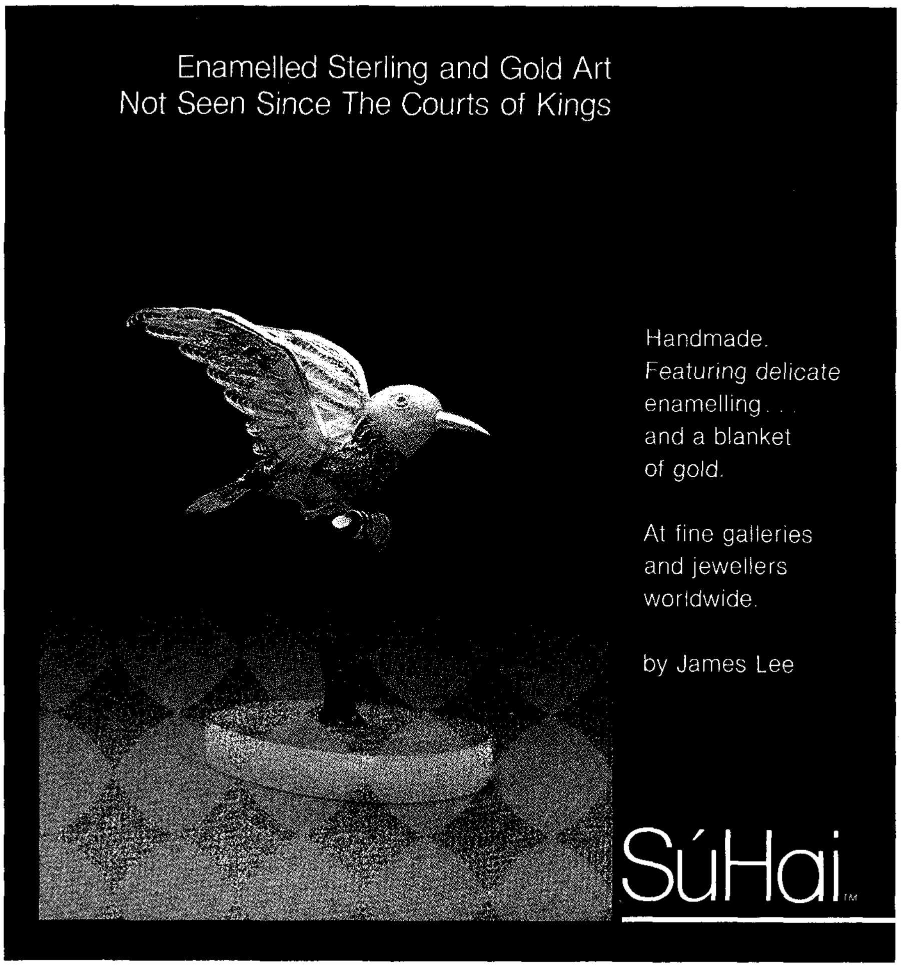
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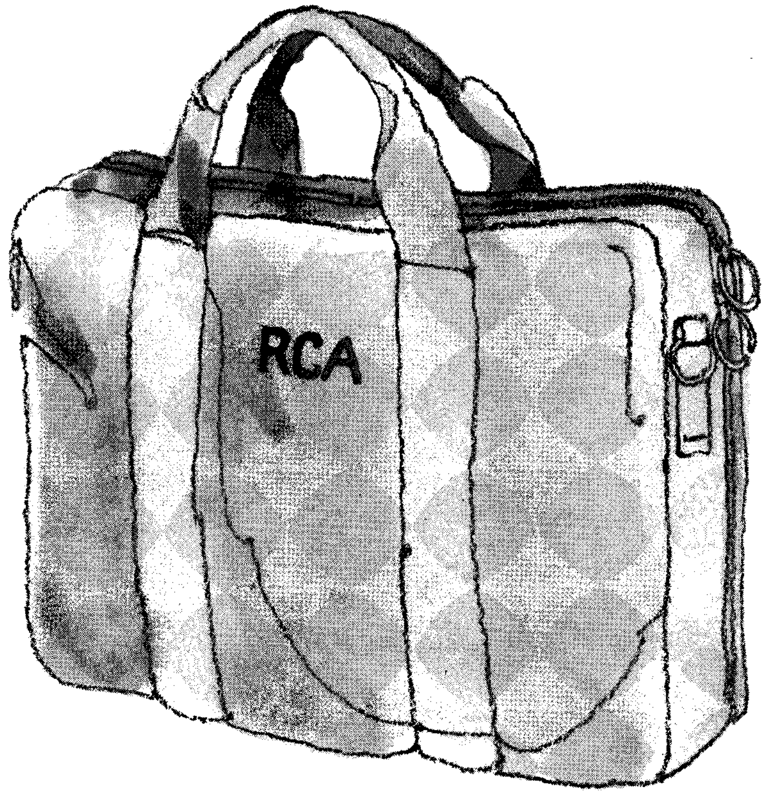
to Pittsburgh as soon as he got better. "You must look up my uncle Andrei Avinoff when you get there," she said. *The man slapped his forehead and* said, "That's the name. I have a package for him. A friend of mine who works in the Swedish Embassy in Moscow gave it to me. He found it when he was housecleaning some files. It was addressed to someone in America, but the label fell off, and I couldn't remember the name." The package contained some of Uncle's photographs of the Pamirs. Nika had given it to a friend at the Embassy ten years earlier to take out of the country.

Occasionally, the family would get a letter from Masha. She had been exiled to Kazakhstan, near the Chinese border. Then she was living somewhere outside Moscow. But she hadn't seen Nika since 1937, and didn't even know if he was still alive.

One night in 1944, Uncle came to dinner at some friends' house beside himself. "The most extraordinary thing has happened," he told them. "My sister-in-law just wired from Paris. She got out of Russia!"

When the war was over, Masha came to America. She arrived in May, 1947, and filled the family in on the last thirty years.

After Lenin broke up the Constituent Assembly in January, 1918, it was obvious that she and Nika should have left, or at least gone south with Vladimir Nabokov, Sr., and the other liberals who had organized it. But Nika wanted to stay. ("After the Great October Socialist Revolution, Lenin invited the former nobility to stay and work for the common cause, without fear of reprisal," I was told by an Intourist girl named Olga when I visited Russia in 1979. "Lenin was a nobleman himself. Many of them stayed. Of course, they lost all their wealth and property.") Nika was put in charge of a fuel coöperative known as Kooperatop, whose purpose was to keep Moscow supplied with coal and firewood. Because rail service had been disrupted by the civil war, the city was in danger of freezing. He did his job well, and the Bolsheviks saw that he was useful. Masha had managed to move most of the valuables—the Aubusson carpets, the family portraits, *the silver*—*from the palace of her* grandfather Alexander Scherbatov before it was nationalized, and she and Nika were living in the twenty-one-room house of friends who had escaped to France. They still had six devoted



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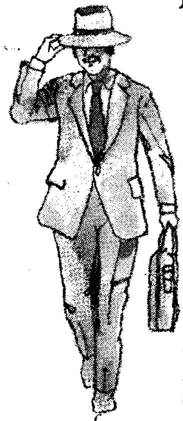

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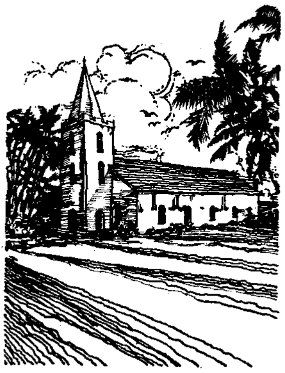

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servants, including old Joseph, her grandfather's butler, who refused to stop wearing his white tie and tails. Joseph opened the door the first time that the secret police—then called the Cheka—came to search the house. "My friends, what can I do for you?" Joseph asked. The policemen, in leather coats and with pistols drawn, stood gaping for a moment. On their next visit, Nika was arrested, but he was soon released. In addition to managing the Kooperatop, he was made president of a society for members of the learned professions. By September, 1920, their friends' ballroom had been partitioned and they were sharing the house with ninety people. They still ate with Scherbatov silver—though the food was thin potato gruel and an occasional windfall of horsemeat.

Between 1920 and early 1933, Nika was arrested six times by the G.P.U., as the Cheka was renamed. There were never any charges, and he was always released within months and instantly reëmployed. He was still useful. While he was in prison, Masha typed his economics papers and translated Russian poetry into French. Late in 1933, Nika was arrested again. The G.P.U. was now the N.K.V.D. This time, it looked as if someone wanted Nika out of the way. Masha went straight to Nikolai Krylenko, the Commissar of Justice, and pleaded for Nika's release. Krylenko had done some exploring in the Pamirs and was familiar with Uncle's work. "So your husband is the brother of that White vermin?" Krylenko asked. But he admired Masha's guts, and two weeks later Nika came home, lacking a front tooth. He had been sentenced to ten years of "Urals"—hard labor in the mines—for attempting to "sabotage the textile industry of the U.S.S.R." The attempted "sabotage" had occurred a decade before, during the shortages that accompanied the civil war, when he had bought Masha two pairs of *valenki*, felt-and-leather boots, on the black market.

Less than a year later, Nika was made head of the Economic Planning Department of the Ridder Combine, in the Altai Mountains. (During the years of the purges, essential managers were often removed from prison to work at important posts.) It was a three-year assignment. The Altai Mountains are in Siberia, and Nika thought that it would be best for Masha to stay in Moscow. Soon after he had gone, she was arrested. After being held without charges in Butyrka

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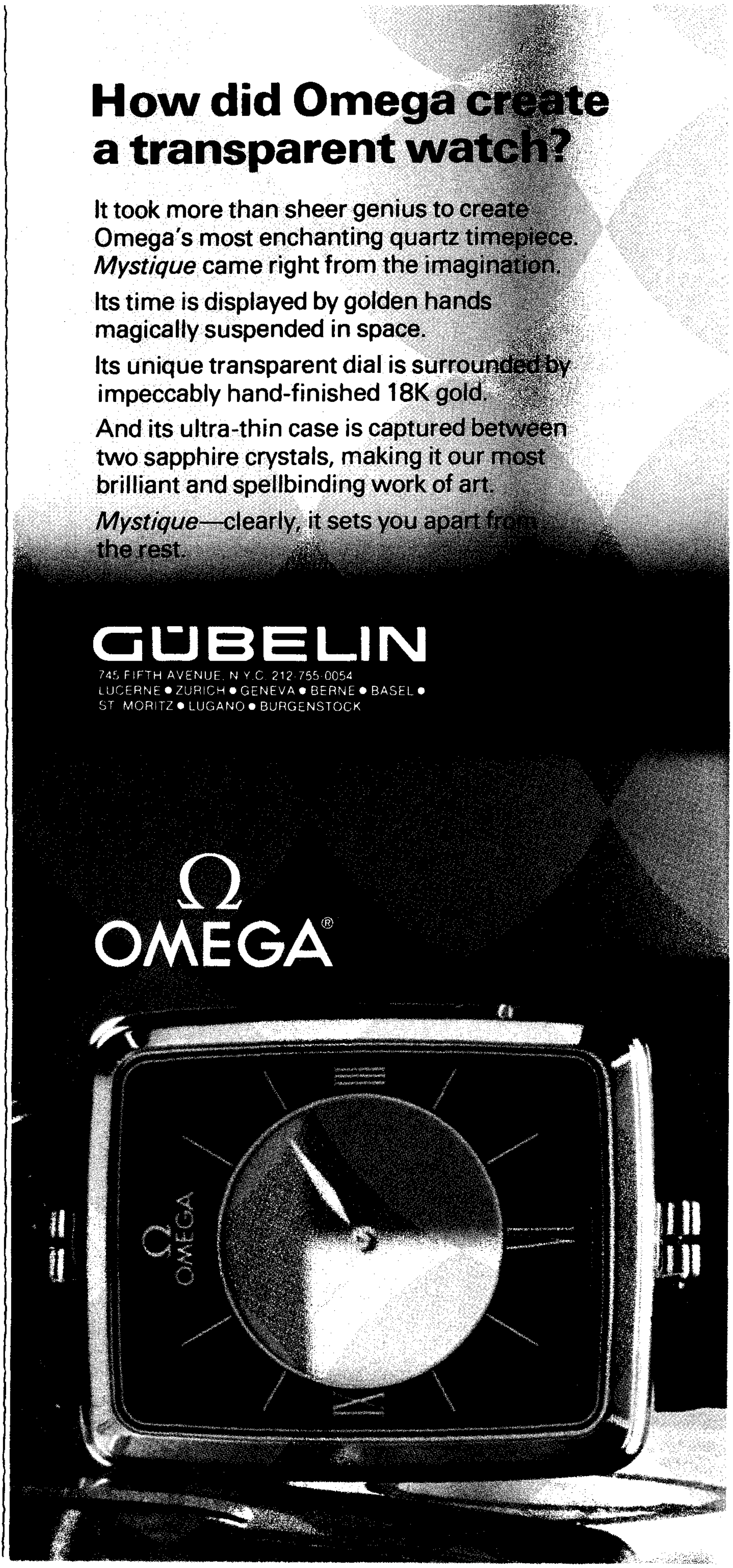
Prison for four months, she was released and put to work translating articles about milking machines. Nika did much to improve the Ridder plant's efficiency. He was so useful that they refused to let him return to Moscow when the three years were up. Masha went to the Chief Prosecutor, Andrei Vishinsky, and again personally secured his release. They were together until November of 1937. A new wave of purges began that month. Surviving members of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia and former nobles who had been somehow missed before were specially targeted for liquidation. The police came at midnight and "in the presence of his wife," Bruce Lockhart later wrote, "took away this saintly man into the Communist outer darkness from which he never returned." Masha never learned what happened to him, but she told me that once, as she was en route from one prison to another, she thought she saw his face in a train window. In Moscow, I tried to learn his fate. I asked at the Lenin Library, which had some of his articles, how I could find out more about him. But I wasn't really expecting to get anywhere, and I didn't. Back in this country, I wrote to Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who has collected at his farm in Vermont the most nearly complete archives on that period. He sent back a nice note saying that he had no information about Nicholas Avinoff. Nika was probably shot—if not on the night of his arrest, then soon afterward. "What legal expert, what criminal historian, will provide us with verified statistics for those 1937-1938 executions?" Solzhenitsyn asks in "The Gulag Archipelago." "Where is that *Special Archive* we might be able to penetrate in order to read the figures? There is none. There is none and there never will be any."

After Nika was taken away, Masha waited almost eagerly for the knock at her door, but three months passed before they got around to arresting her. She was taken to Lubyanka Prison, where she was subjected to a ridiculous inquisition, and that night she was moved to the Butyrka. After nine months, she was shipped to remote Kazakhstan, a journey that took two weeks, and there she was held for a month in the jail of Alma-Ata. This was followed by two years and two months of "free deportation" in the Kazakh village of Addis Ada. It wasn't so bad there. She rented a cottage from a Ukrainian woman named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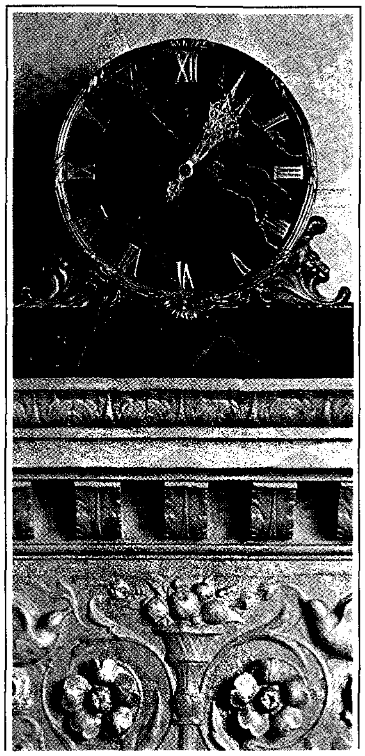

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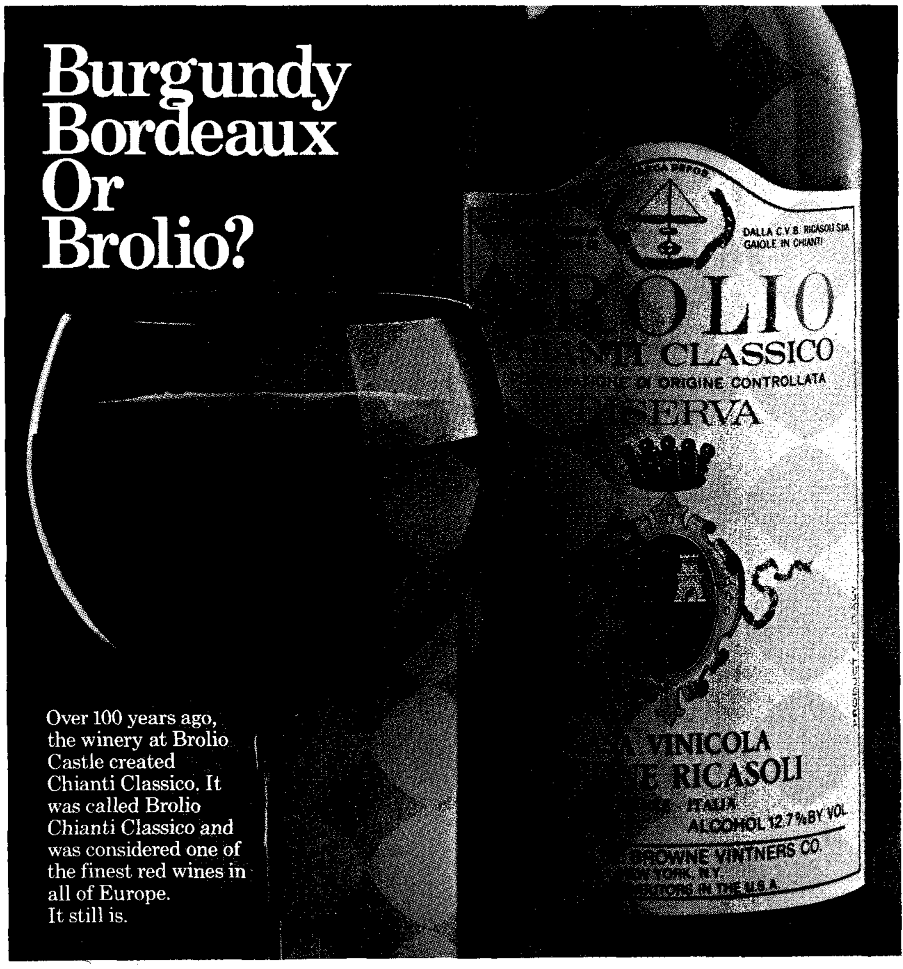

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Seraphima. A petty criminal named Fomeech, who, she said, resembled "a little stoat," became her devoted servant.

Masha's exile ended in May, 1941, but she was still not allowed to live in a big city, so she moved to the village of Zubtsov, a hundred and twenty miles east of Moscow. A month later, German troops came pouring across the border. Masha, like many other Russians who had grown to hate Communism, greeted them as liberators. She had always admired German literature, she spoke the language perfectly, and she had no idea of what Hitler and the Nazis were all about. The S.S. officers were charmed by her culture and enlisted her as a go-between in their dealings with the local populace. Her willing collaboration ended when she watched some German soldiers mow down a line of Russian guerrillas, many of whom were children, as they came out of a forest. Nevertheless, she had no choice but to flee with the Germans when the Red Army reached Zubtsov; the women who collaborated and remained were raped and eviscerated. In the city of Vyazma, or what was left of it, a German general was so moved by an ode she had written to the Wehrmacht that he sent her to Berlin, where for several years she translated propaganda leaflets that were air-dropped behind Russian lines. In 1944, she sweet-talked a Gestapo officer into letting her go to occupied Paris for a vacation. "The trick was to weave a quick mesh of words in a tone at once propitiating and insistent," she later recounted. Once in Paris, she got in touch with her nephew Igor Demidov and lay low in his villa, near Fontainebleau, until the invasion of Normandy.

When I was old enough to start appreciating Masha, she was already in her seventies and bedridden. Her hair had turned snow-white in prison, and since coming to America she had ballooned to monstrous proportions. I saw her once standing at her window in nothing but a nightcap; there were no curves in her body—only folds. She almost always wore a kimono with the belt tied over her pendulous breasts, so that they seemed like two pockets filled with sand. She was a brilliant raconteur and a famous eater. Whole cooked chickens would mysteriously disappear overnight from Mopsy's refrigerator. She was grand, but she had a sense of humor about herself; she was like a dowager hippopotamus. I

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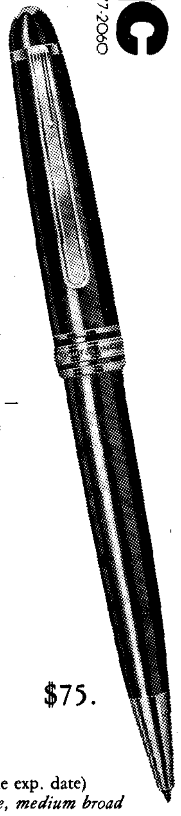

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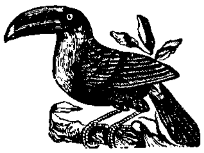

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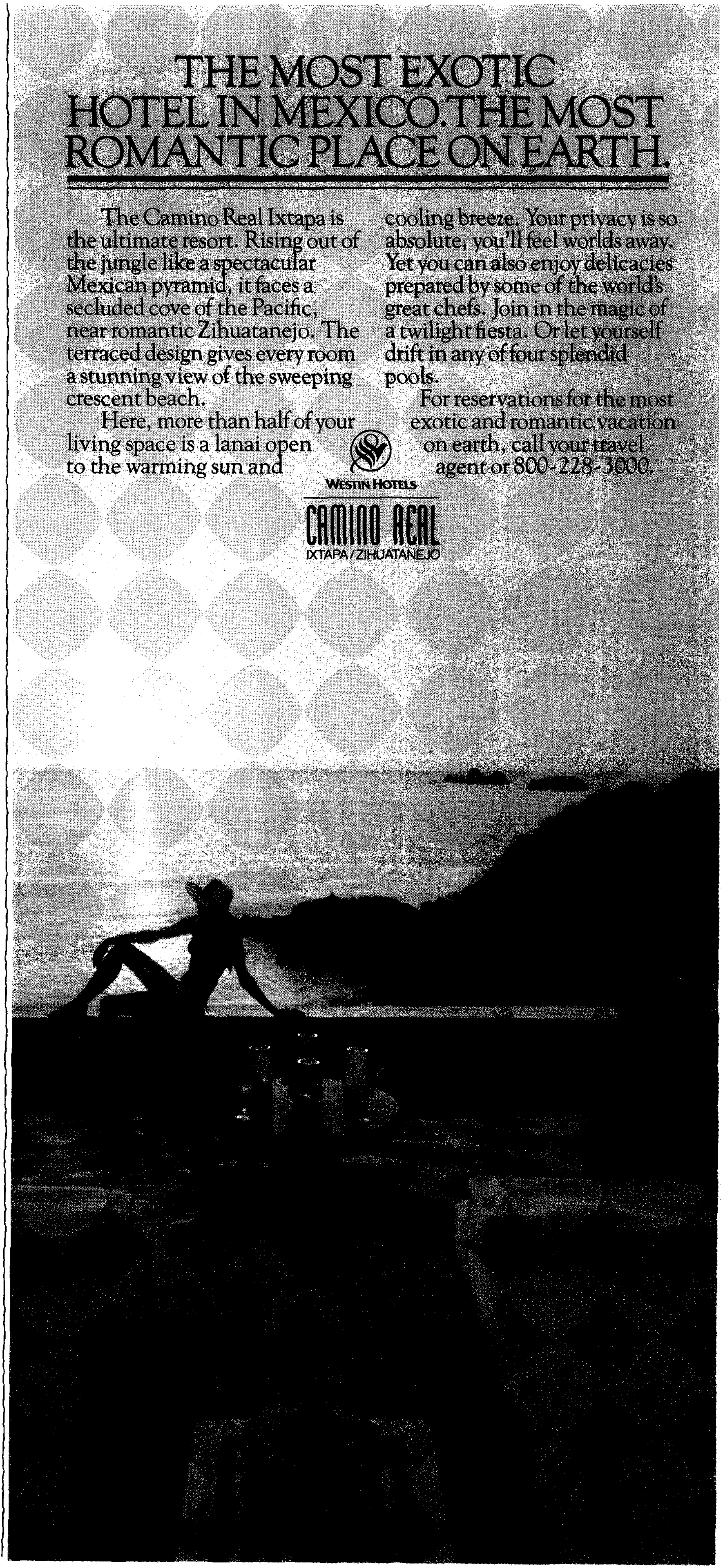
would sit for hours listening to the stories she told, in a rich basso, while the ashes of her mentholated cigarettes —she fitted one after another into a long ivory holder, lighted it, and then forgot about it—broke off and spilled down the front of her kimono. She and I grew very fond of each other. Long letters in French passed between us while I was at boarding school. In one, she railed against the middle-class values of other émigrés. ("All they talk about is each other's pedigrees.") She dedicated to me some English translations of Pushkin. I remember how her eyes would light up when I came to see her, and she would exclaim, "Ach, my dear Panda!" ("Panda" is the family's nickname for me.)

Masha had the flirtatious eyes of a young woman, and pencil lines for eyebrows. She reminded me of Cunégonde at the end of "Candide." She had seen it all. Nothing could conceivably faze her. Her most powerful stories were about the prisons she had known. One, called "The Happy Hour," was published in the *Reader's Digest*. It was about a black cat named Mishka who lived in Butyrka Prison. In the evening, Mishka prowled from cell to cell looking for food. The inmates would feed him and stuff messages into a little pouch under his tail. The tissues in the pouch listed who was still alive and in good health. Mishka's visit was the big event of the day, "the happy hour." But one evening a guard discovered the pouch, and hanged Mishka in the prison yard as a "counter-revolutionary." Another of her stories, "Scheherazade," appeared in *The New Yorker*. It takes place in the local prison in Alma-Ata, where Masha is locked in a cell with fifty women, whose crimes included prostitution and murder. To stop them from fighting and to keep her own spirits up, she gets the idea of telling them stories. Her mutilated, half-improvised versions of "Ivanhoe," "Jane Eyre," "The Lady of the Camellias," and "The Call of the Wild" are a big hit. Halfway through Conan Doyle's "The Brazilian Cat," one of the inmates, Lucy, learns that she is being transferred in a few hours to a concentration camp, and she begs Masha to whisper the ending. She has to know whether the man in the cage escapes. Masha tells her that he does, and as Lucy is taken away she turns and blows Masha a kiss. An émigré writer, Prince Paul Chavchavadze, who was a good friend of Mopsy's, helped Masha make her stories into a book, "Pilgrimage Through Hell," which was published in 1968. Masha died in 1976.

MUCH of the time, Mopsy was on the road. She was in Philadelphia, painting Drexels and Biddles and Dukes. She was in Wilmington, doing du Ponts. She was in Chicago, doing Marshall Fields. She was in Newport and Palm Beach, in San Antonio and Atlanta, on the eastern shore of Maryland and the north shore of Boston. One afternoon, she showed me a scrapbook that contained color photographs, in no special order, of some of her portraits. "They are nothing interesting," she insisted. "Like painting flowers. Just like painting flowers." Most of her subjects had belonged to old American families, but there was a smattering of self-made millionaires. The first photograph was of a son-in-law of Richard K. Mellon. Then came Harvey Firestone, done, for the 1933 Chicago World's Fair, in heroic size, though he was practically a midget. Then John W. Thomas, the chairman of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company; Walter Hoving, the chairman of the board of Tiffany's; Thomas Ewing III, a typical-looking specimen of the American gentry, at the tiller of his yacht, with a can of Budweiser in one hand. "He was later caught in a storm and drowned," Mopsy told me. "This is Brinkley Smithers," she said of the next one. "He started a big house for alcoholics, like the A.A. This is John Thouron, an Englishman, who married one of the du Pont girls. This is one of the many Phippses—Harry." On to Harvey and Raymond Firestone—sons of the old man. To a spastic boy of four, in velvet and ruffles, who couldn't hold his head up. To Robert Woodruff, the czar of Coca-Cola. To George Humphrey, Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury, whom she'd painted for a room at the Harvard Business School. To the Reverend John Andrew, with a sceptre. "He was the chaplain of the Archbishop of Canterbury and is now rector of St. Thomas Church on Fifth Avenue." To Hoffman Nickerson, a military historian with marvellous white moustaches. To Howard Peabody, of Lake Forest, on his plantation in Natchez, Mississippi. To Governor Carl Sanders of Georgia. Behind him, the dome of the State Capitol, made of "all the gold they could find in Georgia.” To various belles from Atlanta, San Antonio, Pittsburgh, and Houston. To Fifi Fell, “a great beauty, now married to John Schiff.” To the young Henry Fords, of Detroit; the Libby-Owens-Ford Fords, of Toledo; and other Fords—“alkali” as opposed to “motorcar.” To Redmond Stewart, a famous fox hunter from Baltimore. To the “Listerine” Lamberts. To the “polo people”—the Winston Guests and the Raymond Guests. “We didn’t make a dent on each other,” Mopsy recalled. To Ethel Derby, a daughter of Theodore Roosevelt. To Mrs. Thomas Watson, of the I.B.M. Watsons. To Mrs. Dudley Blossom, a benefactress in Cleveland.

“I certainly covered the ‘upper crust,’ ” Mopsy said, closing the scrapbook. “They’re terribly nice if you approach them the right way. To classify them in general, I would say that they are proud of their ancestors.” Some she just painted. Many became lasting friends. In any case, she never left a portrait that wasn’t satisfactory.

When Mopsy was doing some work in Aiken, South Carolina, in 1937, she met a tall, serenely beautiful woman named Lucy Rutherfurd, who had been Eleanor Roosevelt’s private secretary many years before. The liaison between Mrs. Rutherfurd and Franklin Roosevelt dated from 1914. They met as often as they could without arousing suspicion. (The affair has since become public knowledge, of course.) Lucy invited Mopsy to the Rutherfurd estate in Allamuchy, New Jersey, to do portraits of her and her ailing husband, Winthrop, twenty-nine years her senior. Mopsy painted her in a turquoise chiffon tea gown and painted Rutherfurd surrounded by his fox terriers. Lucy dressed as if to diminish the years between them. Like the complexions of Catherine the Great and Marie Antoinette, her complexion was *fort animé*. The only word for it was brilliant. It was so transparent that it had no shading. Rutherfurd, with chiselled features, sharp eyes, and a sarcastic expression around his mouth, looked like an English peer. He was known for his bluntness. Mopsy and he talked about their fox terriers. Mopsy had had one named Bobick in Russia. Rutherfurd’s favorite terrier was named Brass Tacks. Mopsy and Lucy became good friends, and, as often happened, she ended up painting several of the Rutherfurd children. One day in the spring of 1943, Lucy told her, “You really should paint the



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President. There is really no painting of him that gives his true expression. Would you do a portrait of him if it was arranged?"

Two weeks later, Mopsy was invited to the White House. As she was shown into the President's office, he was all smiles. His hand seemed, as someone had observed, to stretch across the room. She finished a small head and shoulders, twelve by ten, in three mornings, and chose for it an antique mirror frame. The portrait shows him in his black Navy cape, with a few gray clouds. Roosevelt was delighted with it. Color reproductions were soon hanging in homes around the country. That July, he invited Mopsy and Uncle for lunch at Hyde Park. Roosevelt showed them an icon he had acquired, and chatted with Uncle about the occult. Both men were interested in phenomena for which science had no explanation. Then two attendants carried the President out to a Ford convertible with hand controls, and he took them on what Mopsy remembered as "one of the giddiest rides I've ever had." She sat in back, giggling nervously with Grace Tully, his private secretary. The President drove with speed and assurance on the narrow, winding roads, talking away and returning the salutes of his guards. Once, he pointed to a butterfly and asked Uncle what it was. "A viceroy, Mr. President," Uncle said.

It was agreed that Mopsy would do another portrait—a life-size one, for the White House—but she heard nothing more about it until an evening in the middle of March, 1945, when she was painting Lucy's daughter-in-law. Roosevelt had just returned from the Yalta Conference and had gone to Warm Springs to rest. "He's thin and frail, but, having lost so much weight, his face looks the way it did when he was younger," Lucy said. "If this portrait is painted, it shouldn't be postponed." Two weeks later, Mopsy and Lucy drove to Georgia in Mopsy's Cadillac convertible. The President was waiting for them in an open car in front of a drugstore in Greenville. He was wearing his Navy cape and drinking a Coca-Cola, and a small crowd had gathered around him. When he saw Lucy, his face lit up, but Mopsy could see that he was not well.

When Mopsy started the painting, on the morning of April 12th, the President was full of pep. She was struck by how good his color was. There were all kinds of documents spread around the room, with

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Roosevelt's signature drying on them. "My laundry," he joked, laughing heartily. While Lucy and his cousin Margaret Suckley were chatting on a sofa, she placed the eyes. Another cousin, Laura Delano, came in briefly with her dog. The President was absorbed in some papers, looking up at Mopsy's request. She went over the shadows with Windsor blue, and the face came to life. Then the Filipino butler came in and started setting the table. "We have fifteen more minutes to work," Roosevelt said. As Mopsy was painting the upper part of the face, near the hairline, the President suddenly raised his hand and passed it over his head several times in a strange, jerky way. "I have a terrific headache," he said. Then, without a sound, he slumped forward in his armchair. Lucy and Margaret Suckley were still talking, unaware that anything had happened. "Lucy, Lucy, something's wrong," Mopsy said. Then she ran out, calling for Dr. Howard Bruenn, who was having lunch. Lucy, completely shaken, caught up with her and said they'd better leave. They went to their rooms and started to pack. Miss Tully, in tears, saw them off.

When Mopsy got home, the house was surrounded by reporters. They jotted hasty descriptions of her as she rushed inside. The following morning, she held a brief press conference, keeping Lucy's name out of it. Almost every major publication bid for the rights to reproduce the portrait. "Like Franz Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* the last portrait from life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt will remain forever unfinished," the Philadelphia *Inquirer* wrote, "the picture of a man thinned by illness, pitiably aged by world cares, spiritualized by high purpose." Left as it was, hardly begun, the portrait has a great sadness, as if the man were almost fading away before you. Only the head is colored in. Dark circles subtend the eyes. The mouth is set in a straight, solemn line. The cape is only started on; just the collar is blackened. Half of the crimson Harvard tie is painted, and there is some loose gray wash behind the head.

Years later, I met by chance a man who had waited for a week outside Mopsy's house trying to buy the rights to the portrait for *Life*. It was the New York *News* that finally got them, for twenty-five thousand dollars. The portrait and a feature about Mopsy ran in the Sunday magazine on May 27th. "Mrs. Shoumatoff's one evidence of

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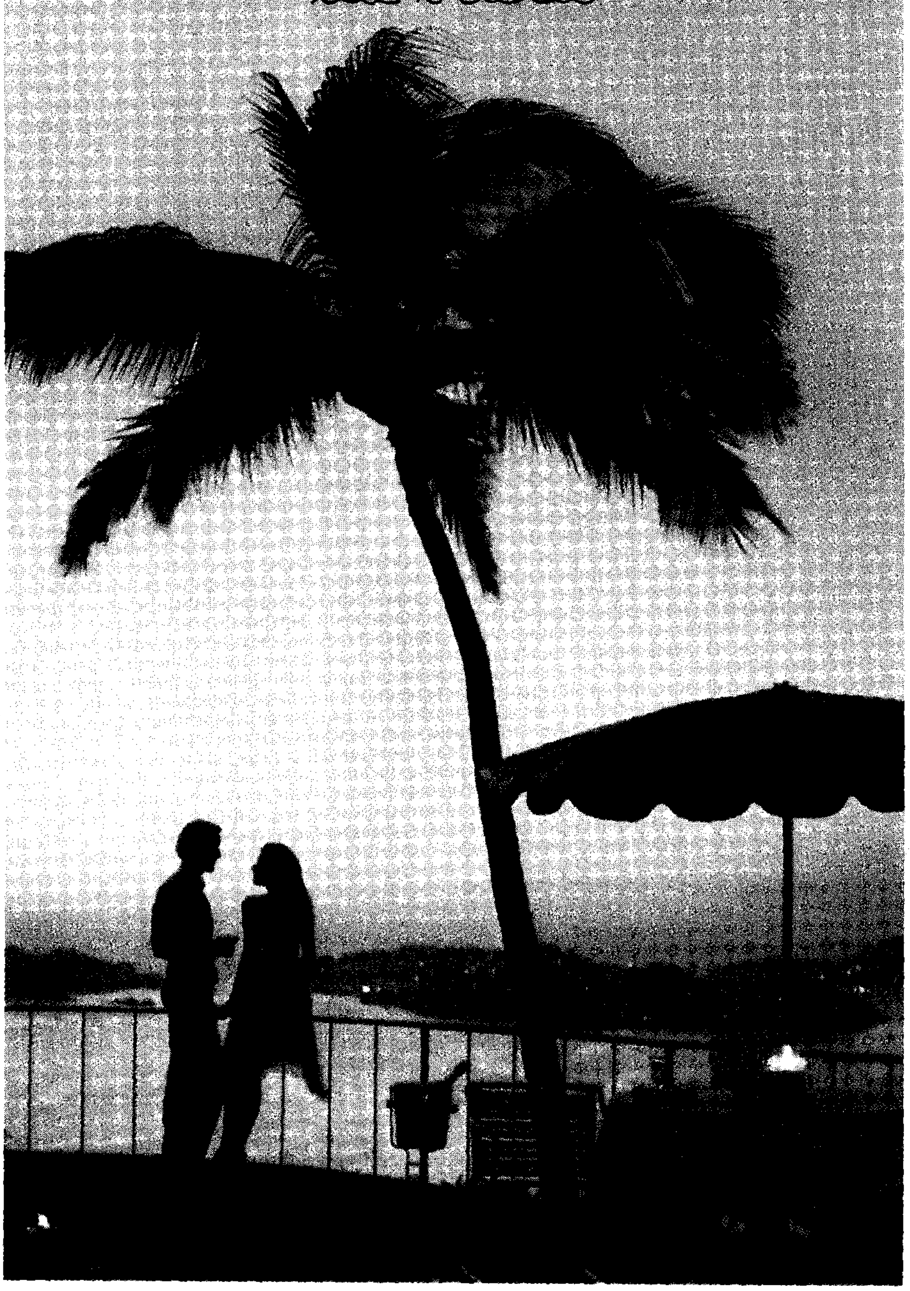

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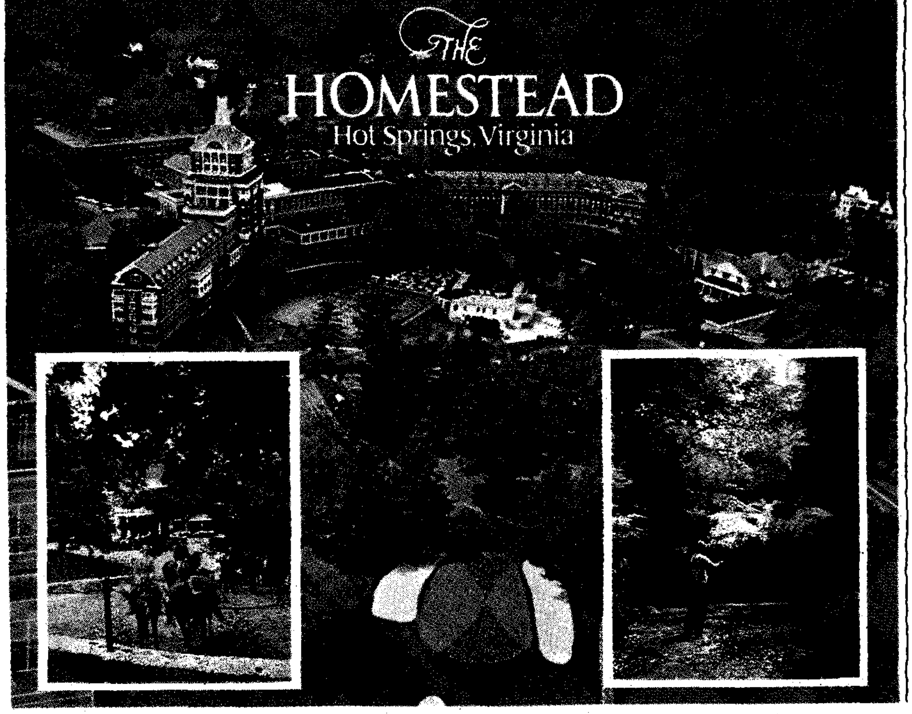


THE

HOMESTEAD

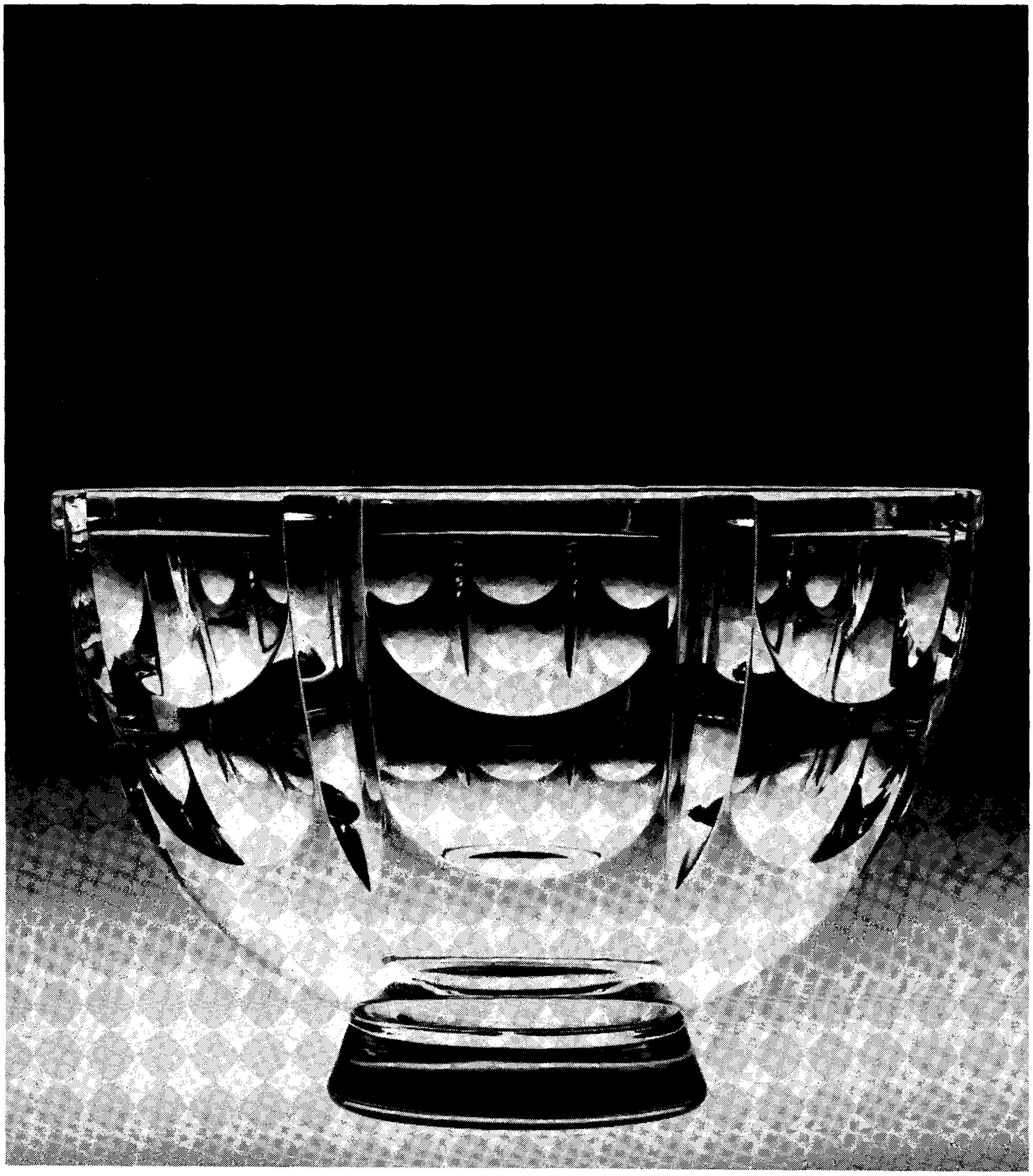
Hot Springs, Virginia

Bohemianism seems to be a certain absent-mindedness where materials are concerned," the inventive reporter wrote. "She often has a glass of something to drink at hand while she is painting and if the drink happens to be the same color as the paint she needs at the moment, the chances are 50-50 that she will mistakenly dip her brush into the drink instead of the paint. Mrs. Shoumatoff has absent-mindedly painted in champagne, tomato juice, and martini cocktail." The books that later appeared about Roosevelt's death were no more accurate about her, and deepened her loathing of publicity. Lucy died in 1948, but Mopsy never betrayed that friendship. As a friend and as a businesswoman, she was totally discreet.

For several years after Roosevelt's death, Mopsy was a celebrity. If she started taking dancing lessons, it was noted in the society columns. "Tall, graceful, Russian-born Elizabeth Shoumatoff, who's as much at home behind an easel as the average housewife is behind the kitchen stove, has sold her Mill Neck studio," Cholly Knickerbocker wrote in 1948. "Liz, who won more recognition for her unfinished portrait of FDR (she was working on it at the time of his death) than for any of her completed jobs, hated to sell the place. But she's been out of town so often fulfilling artistic commitments that she never had time to enjoy her cozy little apartment."

Early in 1956, Mopsy painted her second President—William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman, of Liberia. The son of an Augusta, Georgia, preacher, Tubman had just been elected to a third term. He was Mopsy's first black. She was worried whether she could pull it off, and did some research at the Frick Art Reference Library, in New York, before flying to Monrovia. "I looked at the famous portrait of Henri Christophe, the Emperor of Haiti, and one by Reynolds of a handsome Negro in a powdered wig and silk coat with an unfinished background of clouds," she said. Tubman decided against the top hat and tails that he usually wore on state occasions, and posed in a light-tan suit, with a cigar in his left hand, the Capitol behind him, and a sky full of puffy white equatorial clouds. He had such a ready smile that Mopsy had trouble getting him to hold a serious expression. The portrait was a present from the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, which had vast holdings in Liberia. Mopsy was given a check for sixty-four thousand dollars

TUSEN FÖNSTER/THOUSAND WINDOWS



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for the large oil. She thought that the curious fee might have been suggested by a television show, "The *$64,000 Question*," which was then quite popular. President Tubman made Mopsy a Knight of the Humane Order of African Redemption, and after he pinned the red-and-white order on her they marched between two rows of chieftains from the Liberian hinterland, with whom he was unable to communicate except through interpreters.

In 1968, after Lyndon Johnson called Peter Hurd's portrait of him "the ugliest thing I ever saw," Mopsy was called in. The sittings began on the day Robert Kennedy was shot. President Johnson was deeply depressed then and also at the unveiling of her portrait, in the fall, at a small party at the White House, which I attended. He had been getting a lot of bad press. For most of the evening, he sat in a hallway holding his head in his hands. He liked the portrait, though, and invited Mopsy to the L.B.J. Ranch, where she painted him again—this time leaning on a stone wall with the Pedernales River in the background, and wearing a cowboy jacket with the Presidential seal on it. This portrait was reproduced on a postage stamp. She did the rest of the family, too: Lady Bird, Luci Baines in a Scarlett O'Hara gown, Lynda Bird in the Oval Room. One of her last projects was a Nugent grandson. In her last months, she painted her plumber, who had saved for several years and refused the discount she offered him. She painted my brother. She painted Bert Lance. "He absolutely conquered me," she told me over the phone. "He's as tall as they come, and huge, with the nicest face." She painted a rich friend of Lance's who flew up from Georgia in his Lear jet. In the fall of 1980, a few weeks before she went to the hospital, she was driven into town to discuss a portrait with Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.

At the hospital, Mopsy was told that she had cancer. She died four weeks later. The memorial service was held at Our Lady of Kazan Church. Rows of candles blazed before icons. Mopsy had been adamant about not having the full, three-hour Orthodox funeral, with loud wailing before an open coffin. An hour-long *panehyda*, "to give rest to this soul which had gone to sleep, half august, half abject," as the male chorus sang, would be enough.

She once showed me how she painted. To begin with, she used only

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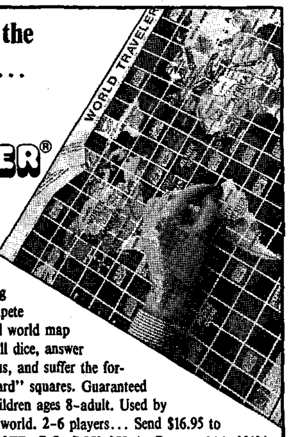

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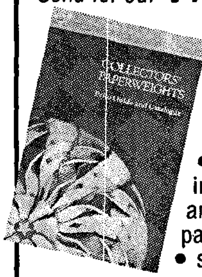

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the best materials. Her paper was smooth, hundred-per-cent rag "hot-pressed" on a quarter-inch board. Her paints were made by Winsor & Newton, Ltd. They had elegant names and came in little lead tubes. Her brushes were sable, Winsor & Newton Series 7. They came in fourteen sizes. No. 14, the largest, cost about eighty dollars. Most of the time, she used a No. 4 or No. 5 brush. Once, when I was trying to paint a butterfly that I had caught, she showed me that you could get a finer line with a thicker brush, a No. 6 or No. 7.

She preferred to paint in the afternoon, by the light of a west-facing picture window. After setting the board on her easel at about an eighty-degree angle, she made a light outline of her subject with a sharp No. 2 pencil. She shaped the head, then placed the eyes, the nose, and the mouth. "The eyes must look like the eyes provided, or it's no use continuing," she told me. She colored the eyes from a small paintbox, which she held in her left hand. For years, she used her childhood box, a cheap little tin one with a collapsible thumb ring underneath. Eventually, it fell apart, and she took it to Tiffany's and had it copied in silver. "Out of this little container comes all of our happiness," she would tell people. She squeezed coils of color into the little compartments of the box in the following order: cadmium yellow, cadmium red, Venetian red, alizarin crimson, yellow ochre, raw umber, burnt sienna, burnt umber, ivory black (or *noire d'ivoire*, as she always called it), French ultramarine, Windsor blue. The ultramarine was made of ground lapis lazuli, a small block of which cost twenty dollars. Secretly, she also used Chinese white for pearls and mistakes, especially when the dot in an eye was a little off. (The traditional aquarellist isn't supposed to use white.) She preferred to make her own greens, because the greens from the tubes tended to fade. She mixed on the flaps of her paintbox and on a porcelain tray beside her. She tried the colors on a small Crestwood board next to the porcelain tray. If they were too thick, she dipped her brush into a glass of water; if too thin, she blotted her brush on a rag. The flaps of her paintbox were very messy—"the dirtier the better," as far as she was concerned. Once, a maid cleaned them, and Mopsy was upset, because she took away some good colors.

Mopsy and her subjects talked inces-

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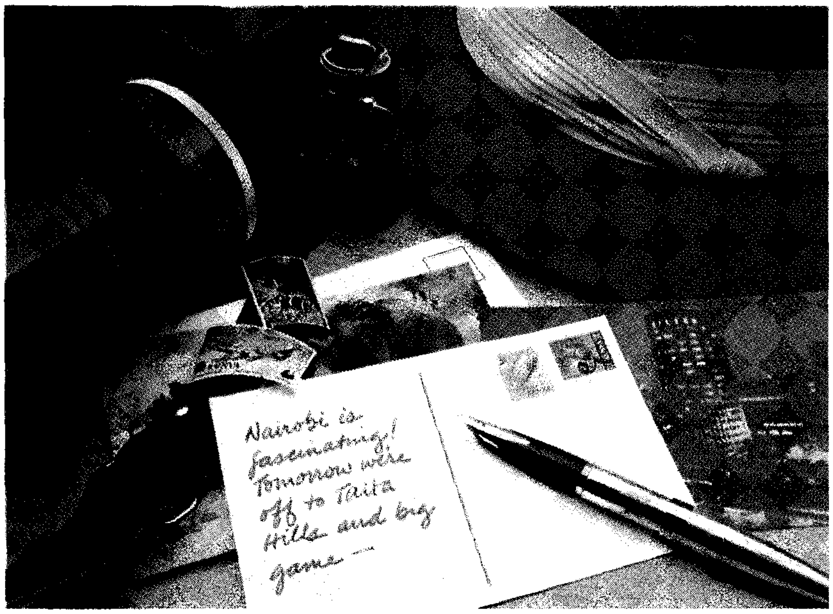
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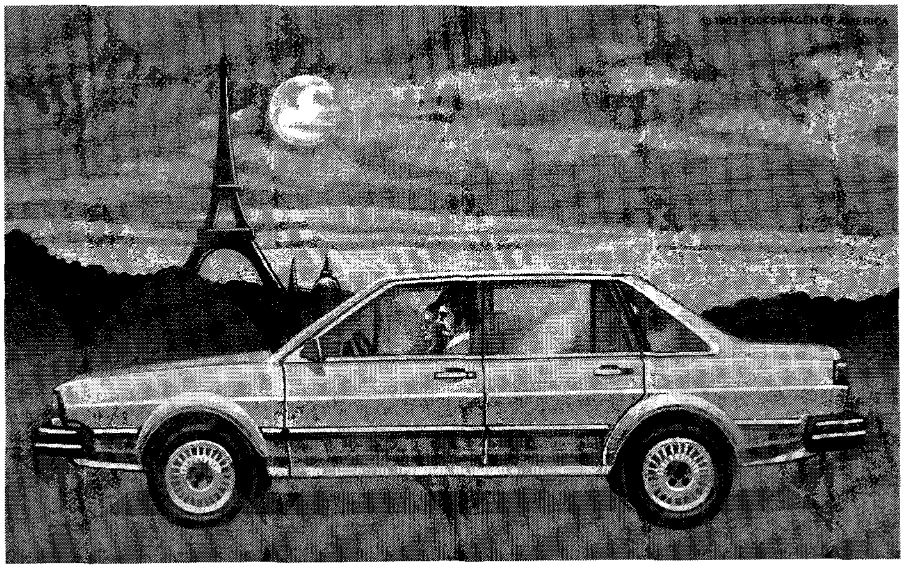

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santly; you felt like opening up to her. "The talking is to keep them animated," she explained. "Otherwise, they start to yawn." She never made them sit longer than an hour and a half. "The famous painter Rokotov, who lived at the time of Catherine the Great, said, 'Don't make a sitter pose too long. Stop before the gray color of boredom creeps into his face.' " In the beginning, she didn't use photographs. She thought them disgusting, cheating. For her early, minutely detailed portraits, people had to sit for two weeks. Then Mopsy painted someone from a photograph, and discovered she could do it. In New York, she met Reginald Marsh, who was making paintings from photographs he had taken of Bowery bums. If Marsh was using "snaps," she decided, it was all right. After that, she always used them. They cut the time she could do a picture in by half, and helped her discover the subject's best angle. For years, when she went on the road she took a photographer with her.

When she was happy with the eyes, she left a white spot in them for the highlight and filled out the shadows of the face in umber. Then she washed the entire face in cadmium red, except for a little white dot for the shine on the nose. Then she covered the shadows again, lightly, with Windsor blue, and the face sprang to life. From time to time, she would hold up a mirror and compare the reflections of subject and portrait. With the two side by side, the discrepancies were obvious. She used for this purpose a jade looking glass that Mrs. Harvey Firestone had given her. Its handle was a mandarin buckle, and the back was a plaque such as Chinese statesmen used to give to each other. She called it the magic mirror, because in it her mistakes doubled.

"The most sensitive part, after the eyes, is the corners of the mouth, because if they go too far up or down or are too long or short, it changes the whole expression," she went on. "The modelling around the mouth is even more important than the mouth. Uncle taught me that the mouth should be done as indistinctly as possible, that the line between the lips should be slightly broken or irregular, because if it's too continuous it gives an unnaturally stiff expression." Uncle was always a stern but fair critic. When she was starting out, he would tell her that her clouds looked like sheep, or that this hand or arm betrayed a faulty knowledge of anatomy. But in the end

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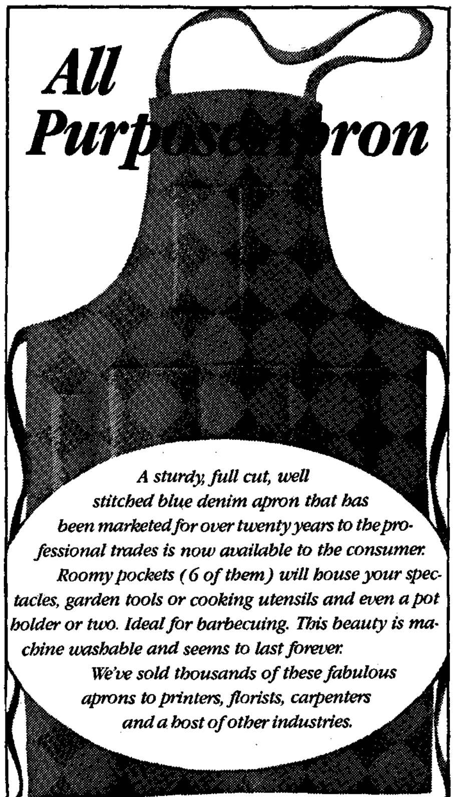

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he compared her best work to Serov's portrait of Nicholas I and to Vandyke's of Charles I. "The modelling and shaping of the chin is very difficult," she continued. "The nose is easy. I love painting noses. In profile, they're harder, because it's all one continuous line, and you can't change it. Grandmother had a beautiful nose. We all inherited potatoes."

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(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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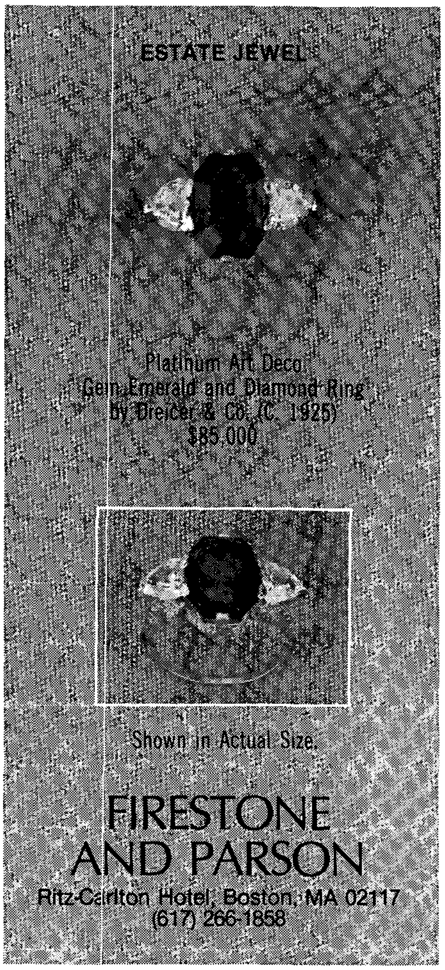

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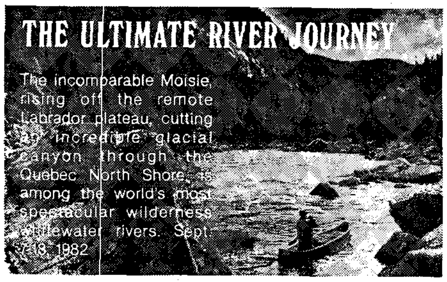

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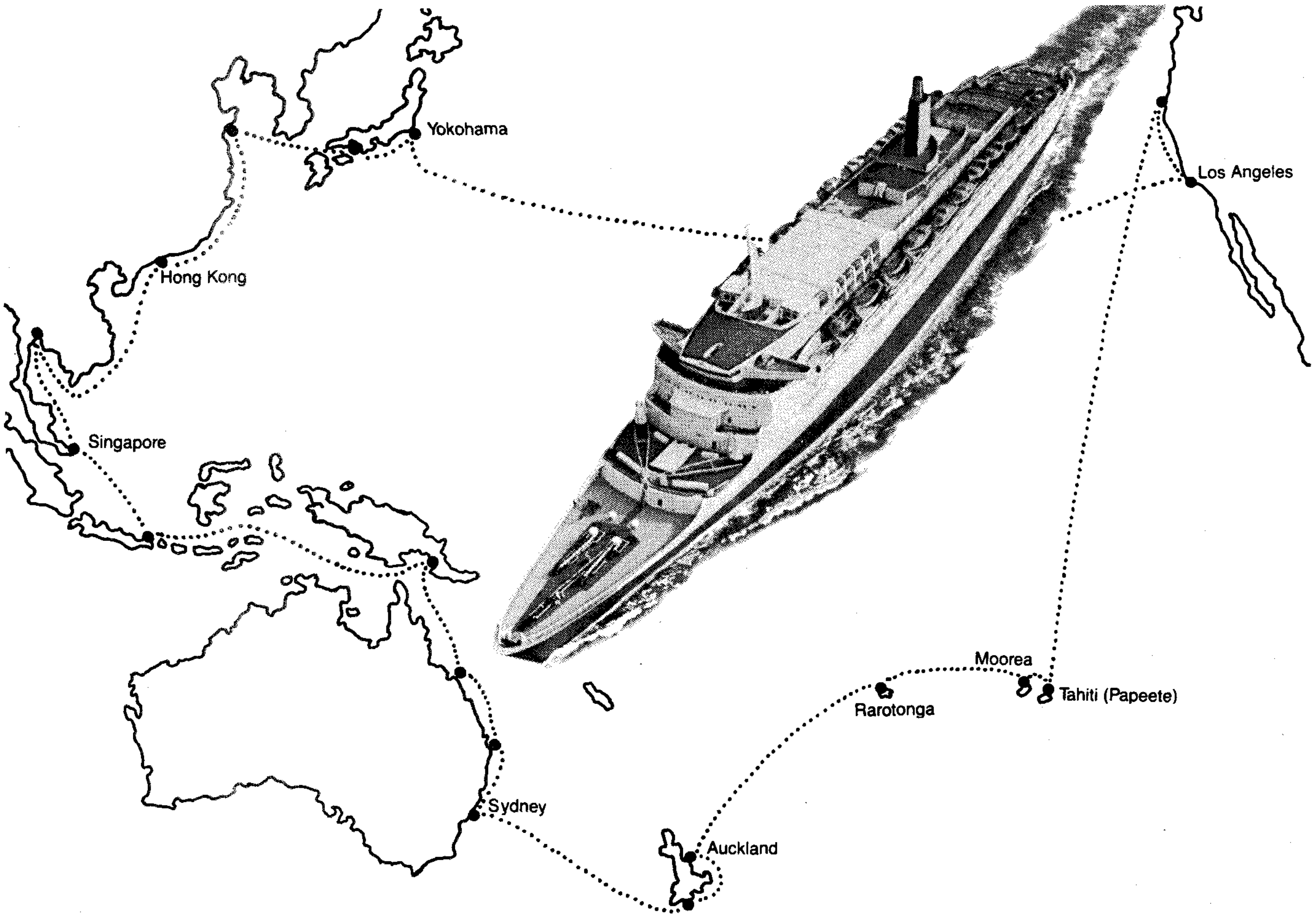

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Audience Pleaser

THE writer-director Blake Edwards is an ingenious rough-and-tumble farceur, but he's relentless. He keeps hitting you in the same place with the same hammer, and even after you scream that you get it, you get it, he keeps hitting you. There's a built-in exhaustion factor in his pictures: the laughs (mine, anyway) stop long before the plot winds up. His overextended farces turn into frantic epics, with the humor left behind in the first half. Back in his 1965 "The Great Race," two thousand cream pies went splat. In the last couple of "Pink Panther" films, he staged cliché gags and then repeated them. And in recent years he has devised a bulldozing sort of comedy. Each joke is announced about six times; Edwards is like the train conductors who boom out the name of the next station long before you get to it. He thinks he has to go to the brassiest lengths to reach us and make us react. He plays to the swinishness in the audience; he feeds it. At his new picture, "Victor/Victoria," the people around me in the Ziegfeld Theatre laughed hardest at the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. The movie isn't all bad. Edwards comes up with some venerable bits of slapstick goofiness, and his sight gags work better here than they did in the last "Pink Panther" films, because they're not central—they're incidental and more casual. Despite the nullity of the songs (by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse), and the deliberate pacing, with the camera lingering on the payoffs, the first half is more amiable than Edwards' recent "10" and "S.O.B."—it has a yeastiness. But "Victor/Victoria" is an audience pleaser in the worst sense.

The movie began life as a 1933 German film, "Viktor und Viktoria;" the new version is at least the fifth (and, I would bet, the most ponderously Teutonic). The idea resembles that of "Some Like It Hot," which had a similar cluttered ancestry. In "Some Like It Hot," Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon were musicians who hid out from "the mob" by becoming part of a girls' orchestra. "Victor/Victoria" has an extra fillip—the heroine, Julie Andrews, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Yet while "Some Like It Hot" is at its most entertaining when Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon trip along in high heels, passing as women, "Victor/Victoria" is at its best in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it.

THE COLOSSUS OF STAMFORD

The laughs from the audience are bellybusters, though. Probably the loudest one comes when James Garner, as a big-shot night-club owner from Chicago who's in love with Julie and has covertly made sure that she's really a girl, tweaks her by offering her a cigar, and she, trying to be manly, bravely inhales and chokes. (Some of us groaned at that routine in the thirties and forties; it's such a stupid putdown of women as weak creatures.) And how does Garner ascertain that his beloved is definitely female? He hides in her bathroom, and then sneaks away. This is the picture that has been characterized in the press as "subtle," "stylish," "daring," "delightfully risqué," and "ultra-sophisticated." Edwards fills it with brawls (three or four of them), and there's a musical number, set in a Chicago night spot, in which Lesley Ann Warren, who plays the girlfriend Garner discards when he meets Victoria, leads a row of chorus girls as they gyrate, bent over, presenting their rear ends to the patrons and smacking their own flesh enthusiastically. It's too coarse and frenetic to be satirical; it's possibly the most contemptuous display of women's bodies I've ever seen in a major-studio movie. People at the Ziegfeld were roaring their approval. They were practically rolling in the aisles.

If "Viktor und Viktoria" went through many permutations, surely it was because the idea lent itself to an atmosphere of sexual ambiguity. In the only one of the previous versions that I saw—the 1935 English musical comedy "First a Girl"—the bouncy, long-legged Jessie Matthews was an adorable ingénue, and the idea that she was palming herself off as a man was very funny. In the new version, you don't believe that Julie Andrews could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. You don't know what she's doing up there. In her first big number, "Le Jazz Hot," she doesn't have her usual cool, prissy tone, and there's

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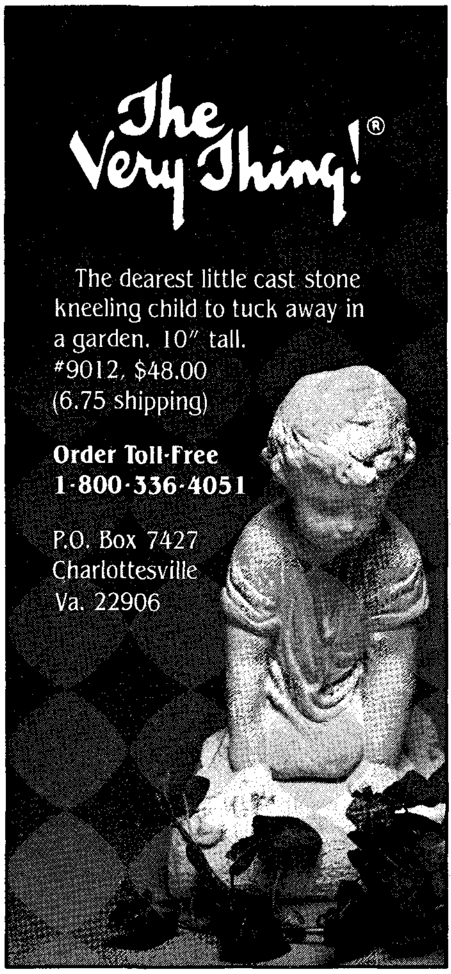

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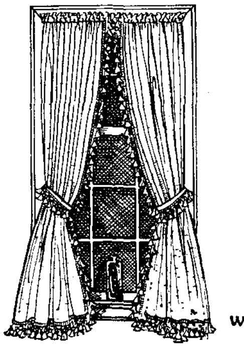

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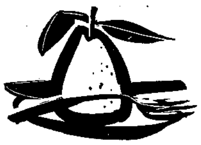
none of the singing down to the audience which is her worst fault as an entertainer; she wears heavy eye makeup, and she's more rousing than usual—she puts the song over. But her other major number—a Spanish routine—is listless. And by the second half of the movie her pale face is drawn and tired and she talks seriously, in an all-knowing tone. She wears men's clothes, but she isn't tantalizingly androgynous; she comes across as neuter. She doesn't even seem to be in drag—it's just Julie Andrews in a short haircut. She could be Irene Dunne impersonating David Bowie.



Sometimes Julie Andrews has done well by other directors: she was just right in Arthur Hiller's "The Americanization of Emily," and she warmed up and appeared to become softer in parts of George Roy Hill's "Hawaii." But in "Darling Lili," "The Tamarind Seed," "10," "S.O.B.," and this picture—the five films she has made with Blake Edwards (who is her husband)—she's always a Trapp. Sandy Duncan, who also has clear, piping enunciation and a perky, scrubbed-clean quality, could conceivably play this role, because she has a spark of insanity in her timing, and the possibility of giddiness. But Andrews is too infuriatingly sane and remote to be at the center of a farce. In "Victor/Victoria," we get no sense of her as an actress or as a person.

Robert Preston, who plays Toddy, an aging homosexual entertainer who likes the destitute Victoria and trains her as a female impersonator, is obliged to deliver Blake Edwards' curdled witticisms—such as "Shame is an unhappy emotion invented by pietists in order to exploit the human race" and (about himself) "There's nothing more inconvenient than an old queen with a head cold." That one, with its buzzword "queen," gets a roar. Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual—who can be her best friend because he has no designs on her. Toddy's affection for Victoria is *pure;* since there is no sex involved between them, there is, presumably, no jealousy or competitiveness, either. Toddy is an idealized partner and manager; he's a buddy to confide in, a shoulder to lean on.

Preston, with his thick, curly mane and his broad smile, brings an unholy glee to his work. He has often been the best thing in a movie; he was memorable as Hemingway's Francis Macomber in the key scenes of the 1947 "The Macomber Affair," and he was great singing "Ya Got Trouble" in the 1962 "The Music Man." (It wasn't the wrinkled-silk patter style of Rex Harrison; Preston stomped on his lyrics—he gave them an American charge.) He was great again as Steve McQueen's father in Peckinpah's 1972 "Junior Bonner," and he made "S.O.B." bearable. He gets such a big kick out of acting that he's like a con man who thinks he's conned you into letting him have a good time. He loves performing. Julie Andrews doesn't; she performs dutifully, and, maybe because she was trained for the stage as a child, she slips into a manipulative manner automatically—in whatever she does she includes the audience response that's wanted. (It's what used to drive some of us crazy when we watched little Margaret O'Brien: she did our reacting for us.) But maybe some of Preston's love of his profession rubbed off on Julie Andrews, because she relaxes in the "You and Me" number she does with him; she comes alive—she comes close to enjoying herself. For a few seconds, she may even be playing on instinct. And in the early part of the movie she also has some conversational rapport with Preston. But when she's supposed to be in love with Garner she gives the most joyless and sexless performance I've seen since her bizarre unpleasantness in "10," when she demanded to know if Dudley Moore was going to make love to her, in a tone that would clearly render it impossible. In bed with Garner, the grim-faced Victoria lectures him on sexual politics; she tells him (and us) that he shouldn't mind having people take him for a homosexual—being gay or straight is less important than people's other qualities. Her remarks sound very odd coming from the mouth of the woman who took one look at the tall, dark, and handsome—and rich—Garner and confided to Toddy that she'd like to have an affair with him.

Why are homosexual spokesmen celebrating the film? Maybe for the same reason that the young American leftist press celebrated "Reds." They're hungry to see fantasy versions of themselves on the screen, and, forced to, they'll accept crumbs. Once a movie shows itself to be on their side,

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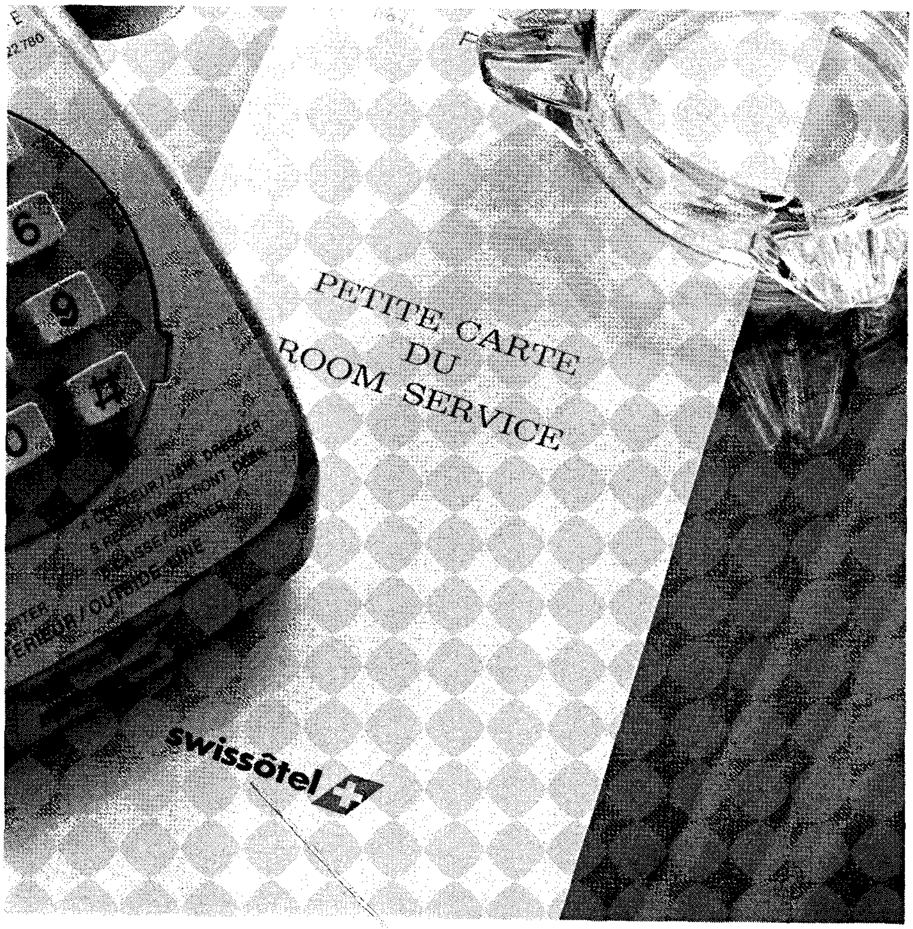

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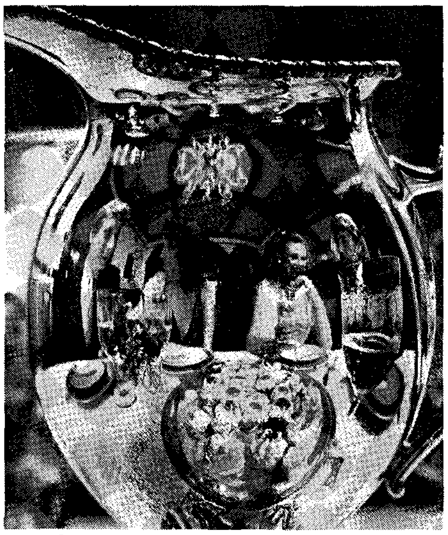
it doesn't matter what its content is. They can say, "At least, it isn't against us—which is more than we expected from Hollywood." Since it has the right message, that gives them a license to respond to the silliness of the gags, each with a long, long lineage but with some humor still left in it, even when it's executed in a far from masterly way.

Homosexuals used to experience shame; now that has shifted over to pride. The shame was a snare; the pride can be, too. And damned if it doesn't enter into some of Julie Andrews' speeches. The movie has the feeling of gay in-jokes. Its tone is: We know so much that we can have fun. This attitude is (anachronistically) embodied in the character of Toddy—a big open heart and no conflicts. (There is no way an "old queen" in the thirties—he would have grown up in Oscar Wilde's day—could have been so at peace with himself.) Toddy feels no twinges of pain; he isn't even militant—that's left to Victoria. She spouts the new, eighties show-biz enlightenment; he's the all-accepting, fun-loving darling, free of fear. But at the same time that the picture sentimentalizes homosexuality it's full of prejudicial old gags. For example, we're supposed to be charmed by Victoria's feistiness when she socks Richard, Toddy's former partner. Richard, being homosexual, and thinking she's a fellow, is too upset and cowardly to return the blow. (The audience applauds the scene.) At the end, Toddy, replacing Victor/Victoria on the stage in her Spanish number, does a traditional parody of a drag routine. Preston's performing zeal really does seem bigger than questions of sexual orientation, and this is the best-sustained comic routine in the movie. But the point of it appears to be that men are so hopelessly lunky and butch that they fall all over themselves when they try to look like women. Watching the burly Preston, who's wearing a form-fitting señorita costume, people in the audience can be reassured: "Yeah, that's how preposterous men look when they put on women's clothes."

Blake Edwards has a standard, safe approach: the audience is never in doubt about Julie Andrews' straightness or about James Garner's straightness. He doesn't make overtures to her until he has assured himself that she's a woman. (Garner, in a mustache, and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, plays the business-like bathroom scene very cleverly—



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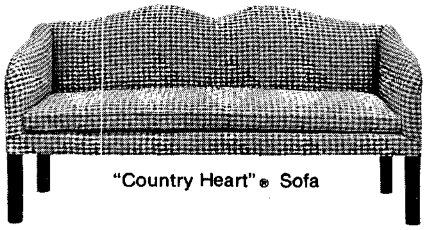

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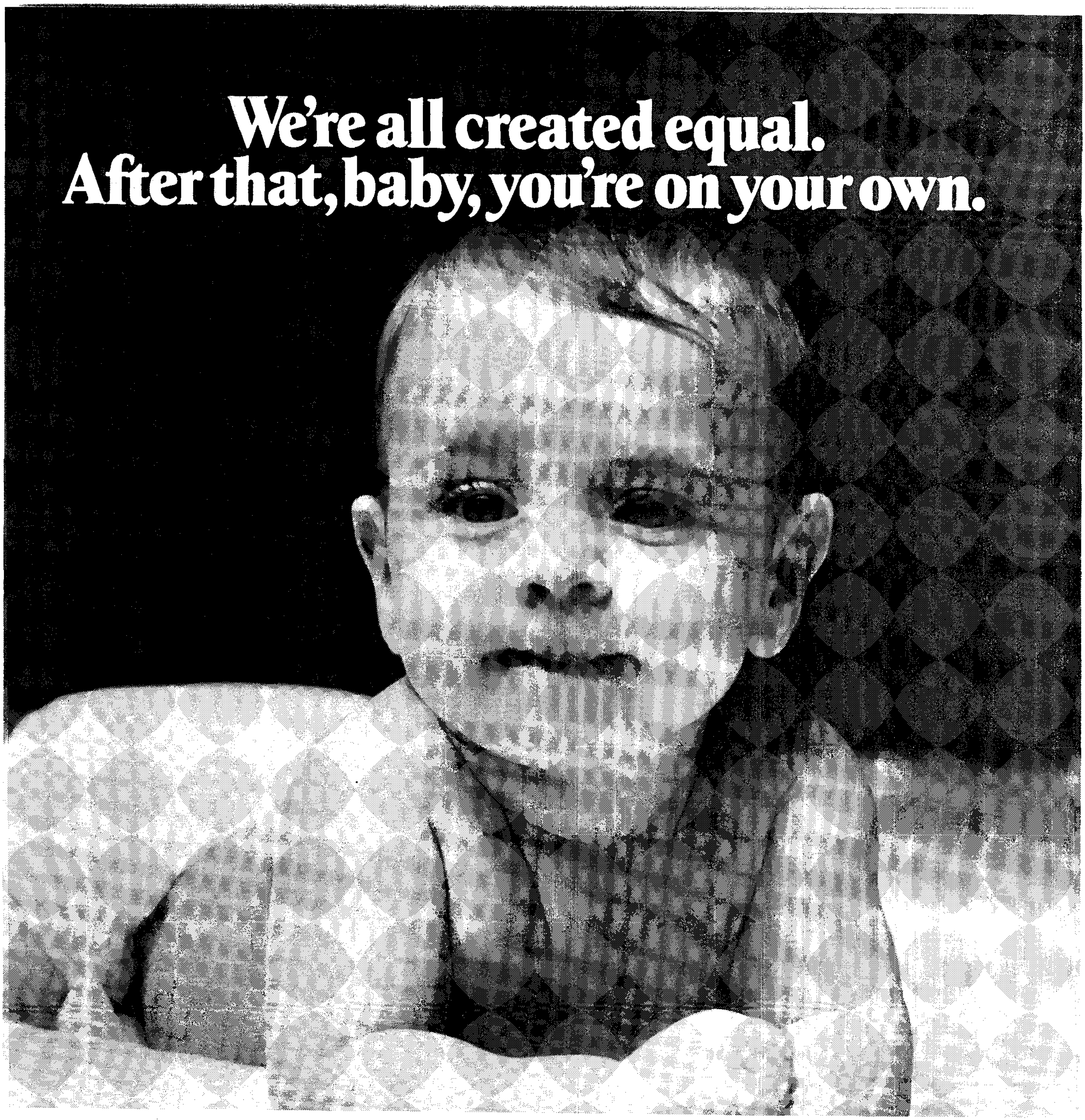

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he has cartoonishly obsessed eyes.) What the audience is worked up to howl over is his pretending to think Victoria is a man—pretending to be broadminded. The standard sexual clichés are reaffirmed in this movie: Garner takes Andrews to a prizefight and she is sickened; she takes him to the opera—"Madame Butterfly"—where she weeps and he is bored numb. (In both cases, she's the over-emotional one.) Julie Andrews makes a pompous, educational speech about wanting to go on dressing in men's attire because of how much more liberated she is as a man (though her getup isn't that of a man but that of an effeminate homosexual, which would be a far more restricting social role than a woman's). At the end, of course, she gives up her pin-striped suits and her career for her man. At no point does the pretense of being Victor offend her or violate her feelings as a woman; she never even expresses any rage that her performing skills are rejected by managers when she's in her true guise and fawned over when they believe her to be a female impersonator. Edwards doesn't think anything through. But he's careful: he doesn't take any real chances. (That must be what some people mean when they say he's "a professional.") He's at his most confident when he lets Garner's comic bodyguard (Alex Karras) "come out," but he never even raises the possibility that Garner might be attracted by a woman who's boyish. I don't think Edwards means Julie Andrews to be successful at looking like a man. He doesn't want the audience to suspend disbelief for an instant. He just wants to tease and tickle.

This is a movie that stops cold for high-minded speeches about the need for women's liberation while scoring most of its biggest laughs by degrading Lesley Ann Warren. (Edwards uses her so grossly that she's like a drag queen.) She does some inventive, dippy line readings—exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance in "Dinner at Eight." She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness—you want to go on liking her. But Edwards ties tin cans to her tail. He makes her nasty and unfeeling, and turns the movie against her so she's just a screeching floozy—a piece of meat. He doesn't really understand that the magic of an eccentric is inexplicable. He tries to explain everything; he reduces her to rational greed and destroys her. Julie Andrews is always teaching you lessons, and so is he. Edwards attaches a High Church of Hollywood importance to each joke—he keeps you posted on every single nutty thing that he does. And doesn't do: some of the jokes that are announced far in advance don't arrive, but people have already had their laugh at the announcement. When homosexuals were despised, there was a compensatory myth that they had better taste than anybody else. Their enthusiasm for "Victor/Victoria" should help debunk that myth. Maybe they no longer need it.

THERE'S no American director who gives his movies a tonier buildup than Paul Schrader does. His interviews about his new "Cat People"—cover stories in both *Film Comment* and *American Film*—might make the picture seem mouth-watering to those who hadn't seen his "Blue Collar," "Hardcore," and "American Gigolo." But if you did see that last one you know his trouble: his movies are becoming almost as tony as the interviews. Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. When his self-puffery about magic and myth and eroticism and about effecting a marriage between the feeling of Cocteau's "Orpheus" and the style of Bertolucci's "The Conformist" is actually transferred to the screen in "Cat People," each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play.

While trying to prove himself a heavyweight moralist, Schrader has somehow never mastered the rudiments of directing. He doesn't shape his sequences. In "American Gigolo," the design was stunning and the camera was always moving, but the characters were enervated and the film felt stagnant, logy; its only energy was in Deborah Harry's singing "Call Me" during the opening credits. And in "Cat People," from a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film, Schrader repeatedly kills your pleasure. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, he cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. He's trying for a poetic, "legendary" style—which turns out to be humorless, comatose, and obscure.

You can fake out interviewers if you're as smart as Schrader is, but he may be falling for his own line of gaudy patter. "Cat People" has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. According to the film's newly minted legend, the two of them can have sex only with each other; sex with anyone else releases the beast inside, who devours the lover. The picture is often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes, or a strange image—such as the façade of an Art Deco church covered in lights.

Nastassia Kinski's voice has no music; she continues to sound dubbed. Is it simply that she speaks English inexpressively? Or is it from that slightly twisted openmouthed look, as if a toad had just leaped out? She never quite seems to be inside the story, even when she's prowling about in the moonlight, naked and sinuously clumsy, with blood drooling out of her mouth. With the possible exception of McDowell's, the performances are of no interest. Even the marvellous, red-haired Annette O'Toole (who is sometimes like Meryl Streep with more grit) isn't well directed; she's trying too hard to be natural, and she pops out at you. Still, she shows a little freshness—especially when, as a New Orleans zoo worker, she laughs as she sprays water on the elephants, who seem to be laughing, too. She's more vivid than the zookeeper hero (John Heard), who spends most of his time smiling to himself. Ruby Dee plays the kind of role we might have thought she'd graduated from some years back—the sinister servant. (This one exchanges troubled, meaningful looks with the master, and winds up in prison for reasons that the movie doesn't impart to us.) The dialogue that the actors are given to speak is dead. Eventually, Nastassia, who's in love with the zookeeper, pleads with him—"Kill me. You must free me." He says, "I can't," and you want to yell, "Oh, go ahead and kill her."

—PAULINE KAEL

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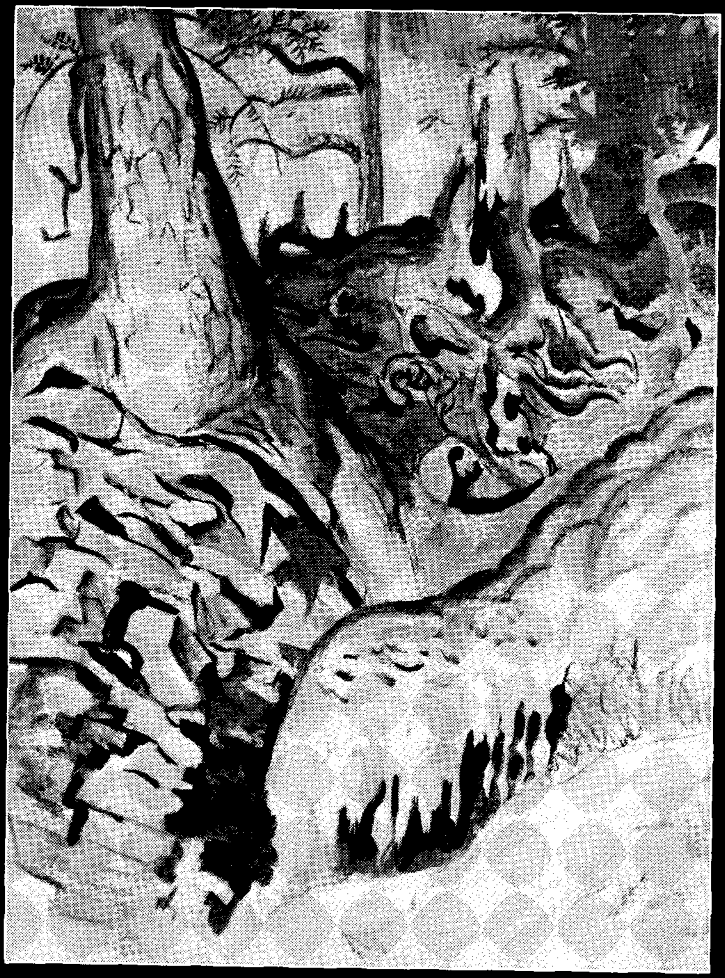

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THE THEATRE

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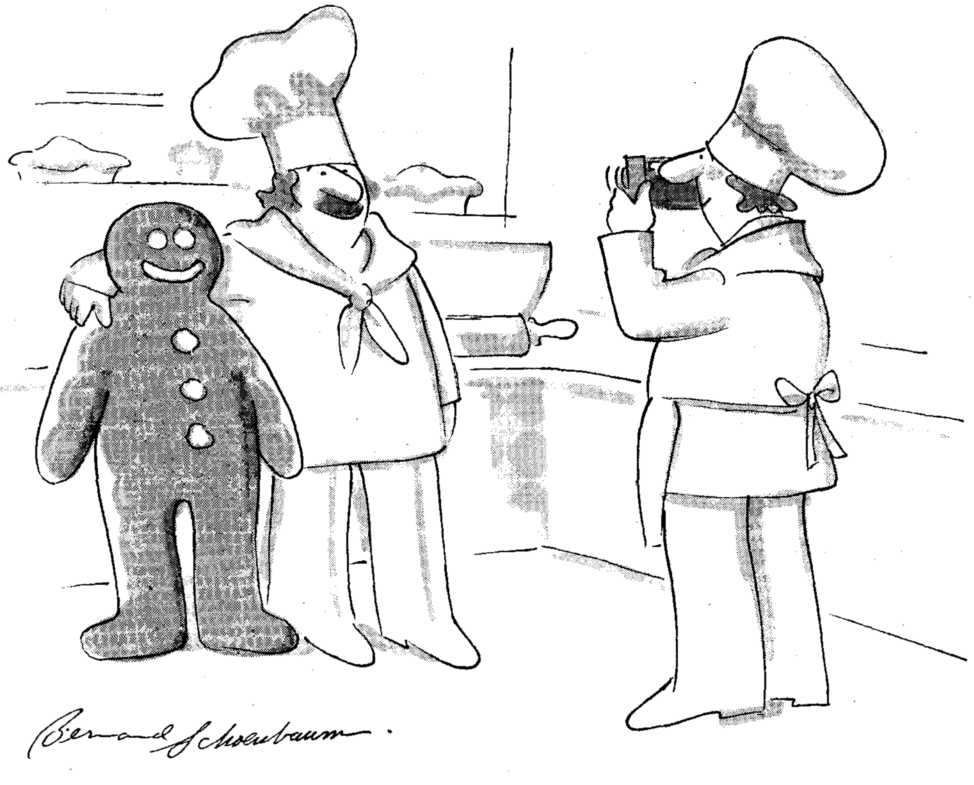
THE surprising discovery that one makes (that this one made) at the twin revivals of "The Browning Version" and "The Twelve Pound Look," at Roundabout Stage Two, is that Sir Terence Rattigan's play (1948) seems much more dated than Sir James Barrie's (1910). Andrew Crocker-Harris, the sad hero of "The Browning Version," is a repressed, rather disliked master at an English public school who was once a distinguished Greek scholar at Oxford and is now forced to retire because of a bad heart. His wife, upon whom he innocently imposed a sexless marriage, has become a vindictive shrew, confiding in him the details of her numerous love affairs. In the course of the action, he is told by his headmaster that he is not to be given the pension he has requested, and that it would be better for all concerned if he did not make the closing speech at the graduation exercises, because his farewell to the school would be an anticlimax; his successor, a nice young man, tells him as a joke that he is known as "the Himmler of the Lower Fifth," hurting him so deeply that he pours out the story of his miserable life, including a confession about that sexless marriage ("I didn't know the facts of life"); then, when a boy whom he has been tutoring gives him as a farewell present the Browning translation of "Agamemnon," his favorite play, he bursts into tears and cannot stop crying. Wife almost spoils everything by telling him that gift is a bribe, but wife's current lover, contemptuously discarding her, becomes his friend and champion.

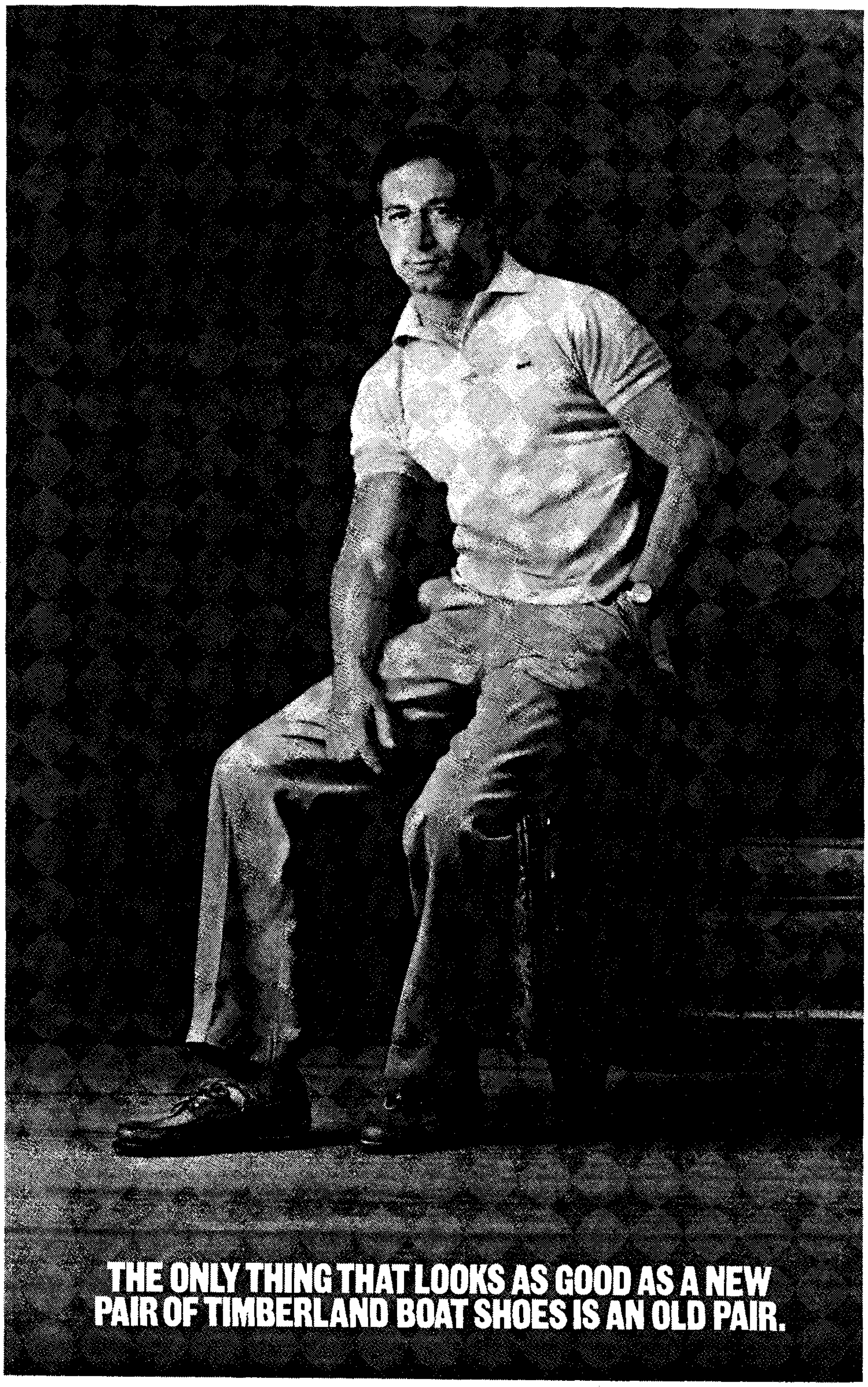
The plot is as preposterous as it is pat (that innocent marriage, for one thing: what did this scholar who so admires "Agamemnon" think that Clytemnestra and Aegisthus were *doing?*), and the play is, as I've said, dated—the who-cares troubles of masters and pupils in English public schools seem pretty remote today. But Rattigan, though not a particularly distinguished writer, was a careful craftsman at a time when craftsmanship was rare indeed; it still is, and he almost gets away with this sentimental story because he dramatizes it so well. Perhaps a production less literal and earthbound than this one, under Stephen Porter's direction, would conceal some of its obvious flaws. As it is, Lee Richardson, though not inspired, does well as Crocker-Harris, and Sheila Allen does what can be done as his wife—a character so constricted by the playwright's hatred of her that she can barely breathe. Edmond Genest, Bruce Wall, and Josh Clark are lover, pupil, and successor, and the admirable James Higgins is very good as the headmaster and bad-news breaker.

"The Twelve Pound Look," the evening's curtain-raiser, is as sharp and frisky as anything around. Again Mr. Porter directed, but this time he and Sir James and the actors carry everything aloft. Synopsis, if needed: A pompous Englishman, about to be knighted, finds that the typist whom he has engaged to answer letters of congratulation is his former wife, and then discovers, after close, jealous questioning, that she left him fourteen years earlier not for another man but for a typewriter (secretly purchased and mastered during the marriage) after she had earned twelve pounds. Her remarks about wives as appendages—expensively decorated appendages—to men to whom, as the playwright says, "success is a religion," could have been written day before yesterday. Not nearly as deftly and humorously, though. Here Mr. Richardson gives a fine performance as Sir Harry Sims, cuckold to a machine, and Miss Allen plays his ex-wife with a combination of triumph, tact, and delight which is entirely appropriate to this artful, truthful comedy. Joyce Fideor does nicely, too, as Sir Harry's current, bullied wife, upon whose face a "twelve-pound look" is beginning to dawn as the curtain falls. Perhaps we should have more looks (at whatever price) at other plays of Barrie's that have been too easily dismissed as sentimental whimsy. The good settings (one apiece) were by Roger Mooney, the good costumes by Sarah G. Conly.



THE Acting Company, John Houseman's troupe of young players, most but not all of them recent graduates of Juilliard, paid New York far too short a visit on its tenth-anniversary tour, giving us a brief glimpse of its entirely admirable "Twelfth Night" and its half-admirable "Country Wife," which, though surely lively, got a bit too mannered and hokey. Those of us with memories of the first appearances of Mary Joan Negro and Kevin Kline and Patti LuPone and other distinguished alumni might file away for future reference the names of Richard S. Iglewski (a subtle and original Sir Toby and a fuming, confounded Pinchwife), Lynn Chausow (a merry, sly Maria and a sly, fake-innocent Mrs. Margery Pinchwife), Casey Biggs (a sober Sebastian and a rakish Mr. Horner), and Paul Walker (a funny Sir Andrew and an O.K. Mr. Sparkish).

—EDITH OLIVER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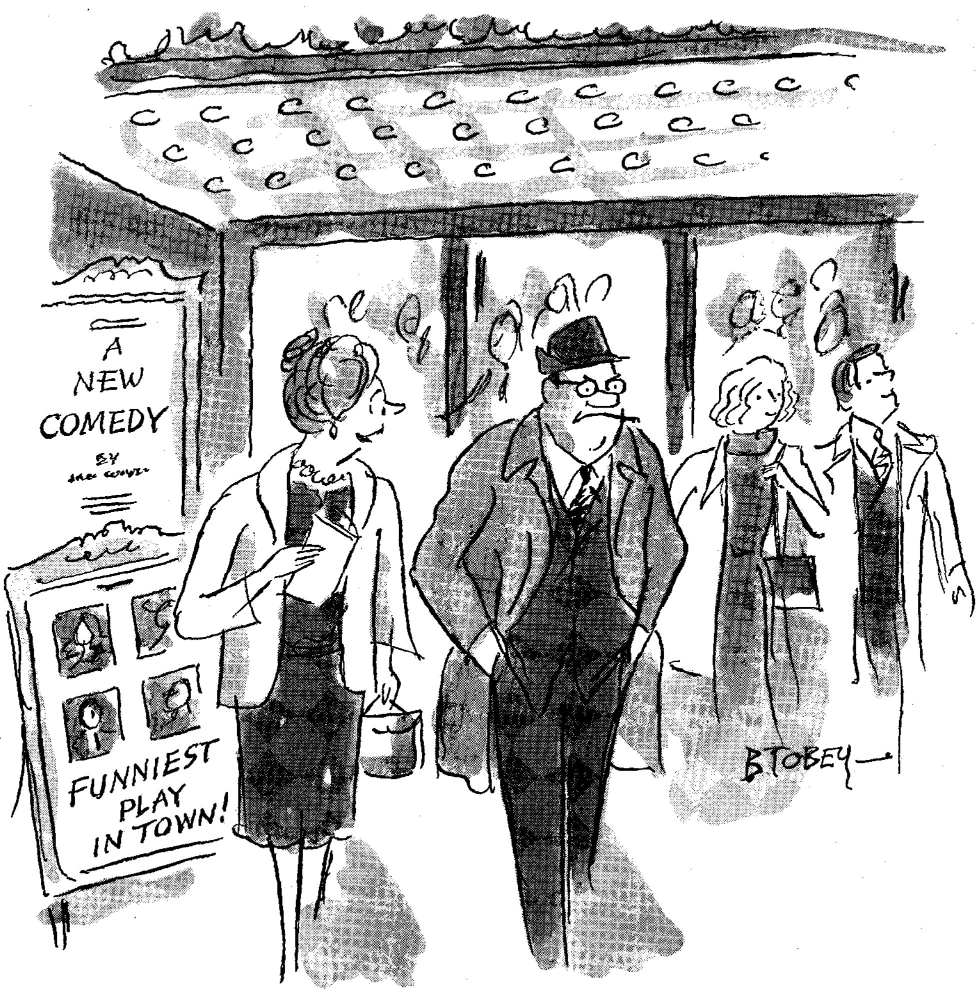
SKETCHBOOK

As spring came to Washington, it rained on the Cherry Blossom Festival, and then the blossoms themselves were destroyed by a freak spring storm; the White House was in a near-panic over the President's political situation; politicians and Administration officials were trying to figure what to do about the movement for the control of nuclear weapons; as wary as two giant tarantulas, the White House and congressional Democrats were trying to negotiate over the budget while congressional Republicans watched anxiously; and foreign crises had a most disconcerting way of arising. It became fashionable to say that the Reagan Administration was being overcome by the second-year blues that most Administrations suffer, but there was more to its problems than that.

THE depth and the intensity of the arms-control movement took Washington by surprise. Though the movement had been gathering force for some time, the politicians by and large failed to pick it up on their antennae. This is not unusual. Politicians, with certain exceptions, frequently underestimate the power of public reaction. The Vietnam protest movement was written off at first by a number of people—including President Johnson—as weirdo, unimportant, representing only a minority fringe. The environmental movement and the push for government reform have also been underestimated. All these movements were thought of as unmuscular, and as dealing with peripheral concerns. "Realistic" politicians have prided themselves on understanding that "the people" are concerned only with issues that are in their immediate self-interest, which the politicians define as bread-and-butter issues—taxes, inflation, and the like. So they have been frequently surprised. The arms-control movement took off because a number of people did careful groundwork, and because the Reagan Administration gave it traction. The policy that emphasized arms buildup over arms control, the stream of tough talk, the appearance of looking for a fight—all fed into the nation's nervous system. There were the specific comments: the statement by Secretary of State Alexander Haig last fall that NATO contingency planning called for a nuclear demonstration shot (Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger said that it did not, and the President said that he didn't know); the suggestion by the President last fall that nuclear war could be limited; the statement by the President's Counsellor, Edwin Meese, that nuclear war was "something that may not be desirable;" and the bizarre talk about civil defense. (Meese, who made his observation before the Civil Defense Council, is a proponent within the government of the civil-defense program. In another speech, Meese made what he obviously considered lighthearted jokes about the MX missile. He said, for example, that Weinberger had suggested to the President that it be renamed the Hallmark missile, because if we ever had to fire it, though he hoped we would not, "I want the Russians to know we cared enough to send the very best.") One of Reagan's most serious liabilities during his 1980 campaign, as his own advisers knew, was that people were uneasy with him on the question of "peace." The words and actions of the President and his Administration after taking office served not to alleviate these concerns but, on the contrary, to detonate them.

As the arms-control movement burst upon the scene, the politicians made their various arrangements with it according to their sense of the politics of the situation. The calculations were often complex. The politicians have been studying the polls and making their assessments of the strength and the staying power of the movement, and deciding where they want to have been on the issue. Though not all the organizations propelling the movement endorse a freeze—some, such as Ground Zero, simply have the goal of alerting people to the nature of the nuclear danger—the freeze became the form of political expression. The first congressional resolution calling for a mutual and verifiable freeze on the testing, production, and deployment



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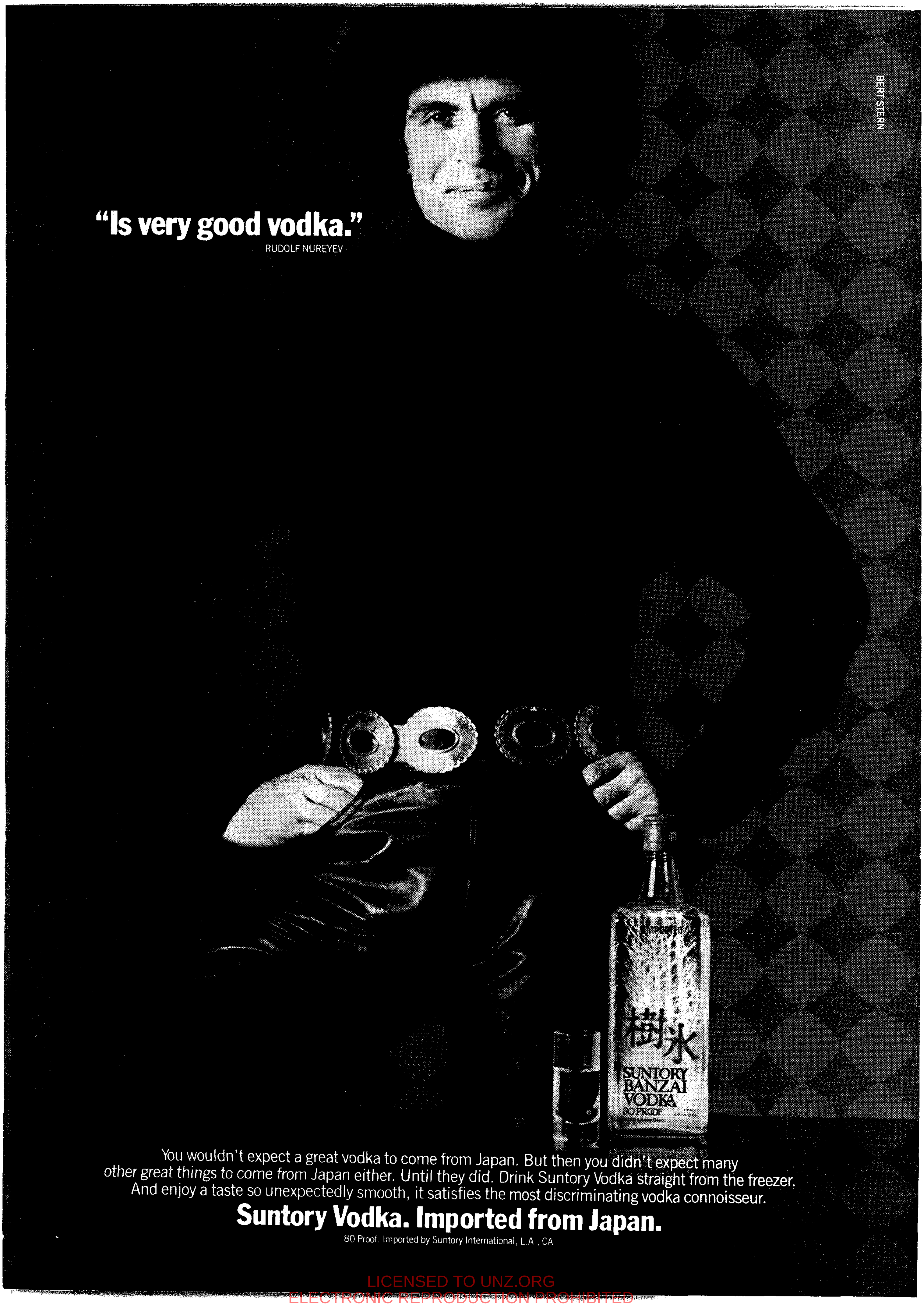
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of nuclear weapons was, of course, introduced by Senators Edward Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, and Mark Hatfield, Republican of Oregon. While the resolution was being circulated to obtain the signatures of other senators and also of House members, Walter Mondale, who, like Kennedy, is a potential Democratic candidate for the Presidency, announced his support of the concept. The freeze proponents had actually gone first to Senator Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado, another potential Democratic candidate, who declined to introduce a freeze resolution, because it does not fit his own position on arms, which contemplates some new weapons systems or modifications of existing weapons systems (Hart argues that stability can be improved through the deployment of fewer but more "survivable" weapons systems), and perhaps because it does not fit his politics. Hart, however, introduced his own resolution, which calls for the United States and the Soviet Union to pursue negotiations to reduce the number of nuclear arms and to find ways to prevent their use.

Some Democrats did not want to be closely associated with the freeze movement, because they figured that it could be vulnerable—subject to the charge of seeking unilateral disarmament, of being faintly softheaded. This same ambivalence colored several politicians' attitude toward the Vietnam War movement. The Kennedy-Hatfield resolution was drafted to take into account a number of misgivings that others might raise. It calls for a mutual, not a unilateral, freeze. To satisfy those arms-control proponents who believe that the United States must still develop or deploy certain weapons in order to offset certain Soviet weapons or to use them as "bargaining chips," the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution calls for the United States and the Soviet Union to decide "when and how" to achieve a freeze rather than to proceed to a freeze at once. (This group of arms-control proponents would stop well short of the buildup the Administration seeks.) Following the freeze, reductions by both sides would be negotiated. On one of the most contentious questions—that of intermediate-range missiles in Europe—the resolution's drafters say that they do not accept the proposition of a freeze in Europe alone (as Leonid Brezhnev has suggested). The Soviet Union has deployed medium-range ballistic missiles, and the United States has only plans to de-

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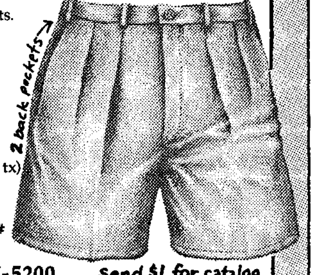

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ploy them—plans that have met with political resistance in several European countries. (Britain and France have deployed their own medium-range missiles.) Talks between the United States and the Soviet Union on reduction of these intermediate-range missiles are more or less under way, in Geneva. The drafters of the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution say that these talks should be conducted in the larger context of strategic-arms-reduction talks—as it happens, this is where the Administration appears to be headed—and that, if necessary, the intermediate-range missiles should be deployed. Nevertheless, some arms-control proponents fear that a freeze would remove the incentive for the Soviet Union to reduce its intermediate-range missiles. In fact, the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution was so circumspect that some arms controllers felt that it was too weak. Yet it was never meant to be a negotiating position; it was designed as a vehicle, with room to accommodate as many points of view as possible, for sending a message to the Administration that it should get on with strategic-arms-reduction talks. The resolution has gained the signatures of twenty-five senators and a hundred and sixty-seven members of the House. But the subtleties of the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution became lost in the public debate—as subtleties of public-policy issues often are. The resolution was immediately attacked by the Administration: Secretary Haig called it "bad defense and security policy [and] bad arms-control policy as well," and said it would remove incentives for the Soviet Union to reduce arms. It was characterized by some of its opponents as calling for an immediate and total freeze—even a unilateral one.

In the meantime, Senators Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington, and John Warner, Republican of Virginia—both of them opponents of the SALT II treaty negotiated by the Carter Administration, and Jackson a critic of all arms-control agreements that have been negotiated over the years—moved to head off the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution by sponsoring their own resolution using the word "freeze." The point was to steal the issue by stealing the word. Actually, their resolution was the philosophical antithesis of the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution, for it took as one of its assumptions that there is an "imbalance" in strategic forces between the United States and the Soviet Union—an im-

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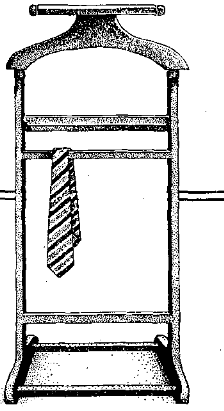

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balance that favors the Soviet Union. By implication, then, the United States must somehow catch up—presumably with the complaisance of the Soviet Union—or the Soviet Union must give up substantially more in the arms-control negotiations than the United States does. This last is a position that Jackson took during the SALT talks. The Jackson-Warner resolution calls for reductions to "equal and sharply reduced levels of forces." And it calls for a freeze after reductions have been negotiated, rather than before, as the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution does—and thus stands the whole idea on its head. Sixty-one senators and a hundred and eighteen representatives have signed the Jackson-Warner resolution—out of a variety of motivations. Some signed because they agreed with it, but some signed despite the fact that they did not agree with it. Some signed because they were anxious to have their names attached to something that called for a freeze. Some signed both the Jackson-Warner and the Kennedy-Hatfield resolutions because they wanted to sign everything in sight that had the word "freeze" in it and because they wanted, as they say in Washington, to "buy political protection." They were worried about the political consequences of being associated with something that had Kennedy's and Hatfield's names on it—even if they agreed with it—because both men are known as liberals and doves. Hatfield has been particularly consistent in opposing new weapons systems, and was an early proponent of ending the war in Vietnam. Politicians sometimes decide what measures to support on the basis not of what those measures are but of whose name is on them. Some senators signed the Jackson-Warner resolution because they didn't understand it. Some signed because they hoped to work out a compromise between the Jackson and Kennedy positions—an intention that underestimated the substantive, political, and personality differences between the two men, and that failed. Some senators who had supported the SALT II agreement reached with the Soviet Union during the Carter Administration declined to sign any resolution—for substantive reasons or for political reasons, or both. Some saw Kennedy as trying to use the arms-control movement to ride into the White House, and did not choose to help. Some senators who support arms control and supported the SALT II agreement are uncomfortable with the idea of a freeze, and felt that the fine print of the Kennedy-Hatfield resolution would be lost on the public.

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Meanwhile, the Administration had got into something of a state over the arms-control movement. A number of the President's advisers urged at the outset that the President "co-opt" the movement by endorsing its goals—by saying that he shares the concern behind it and also wants a cessation of the arms race and favors talks to bring about the reduction of arms. They argued that such rhetoric would cost the President nothing and gain him a great deal. But the opportunity was allowed to pass. There followed an effort within the Administration to get the President to endorse the Jackson-Warner resolution. It was widely assumed in Washington—even within the executive branch—that the Jackson-Warner resolution had been written by Richard Perle, a former aide to Jackson who is now Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy and the Pentagon's chief policymaker on arms control. Perle, however, told me that he did not write the resolution but was shown a draft of it by a former colleague on Jackson's staff and thought it was a good idea. At the same time, the State Department was working on a resolution that would have approvingly repeated some of the President's positive statements about arms control and reiterated the idea that the Administration intends to move toward new strategic-arms talks—renamed START by the Administration. This resolution would have avoided any use of the word "freeze." In interagency meetings, Perle urged that the President back the Jackson-Warner resolution, so that the Administration would appear to be endorsing a freeze. Several of the President's domestic-policy and political advisers, having read the polls and become increasingly alarmed by

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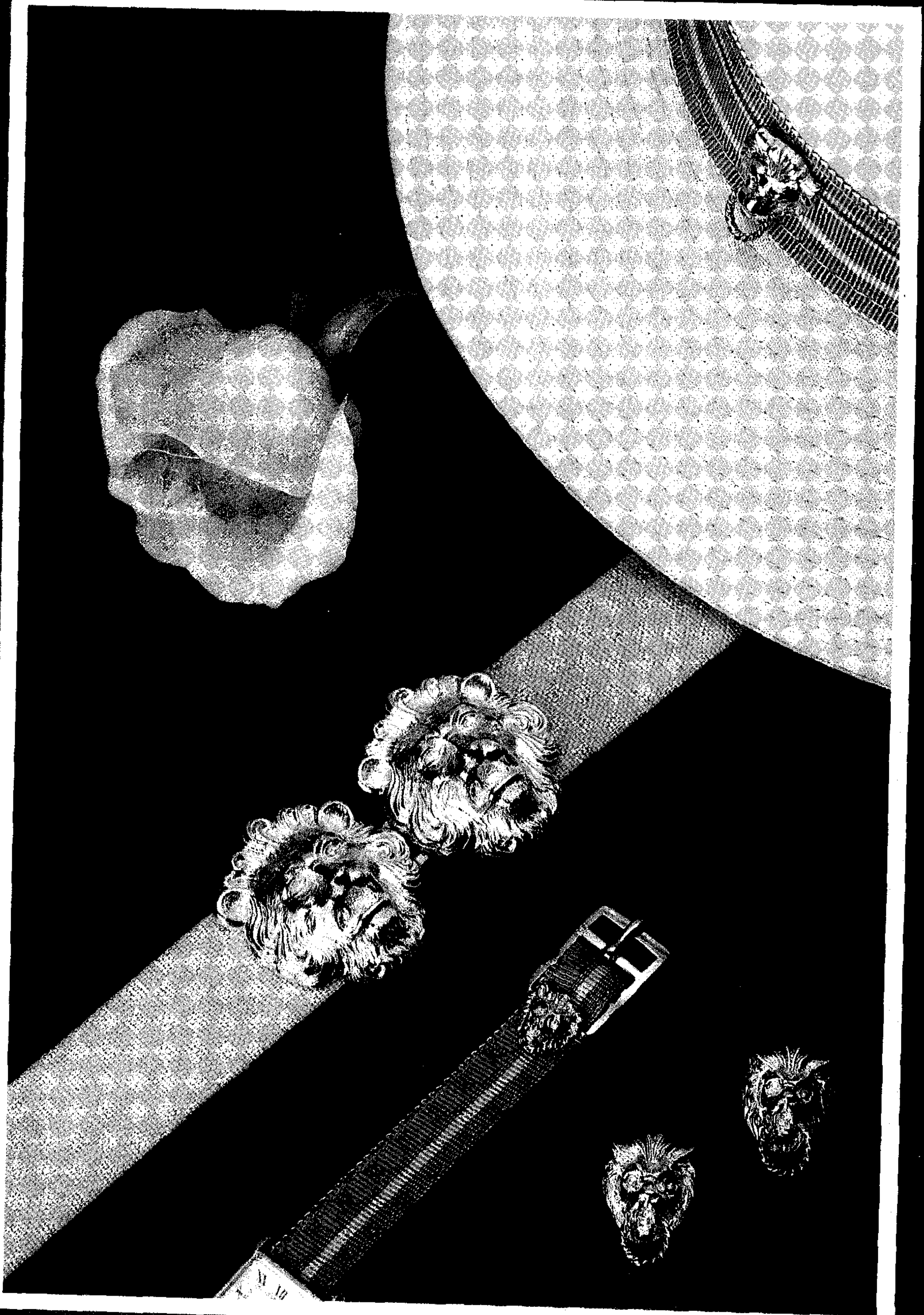

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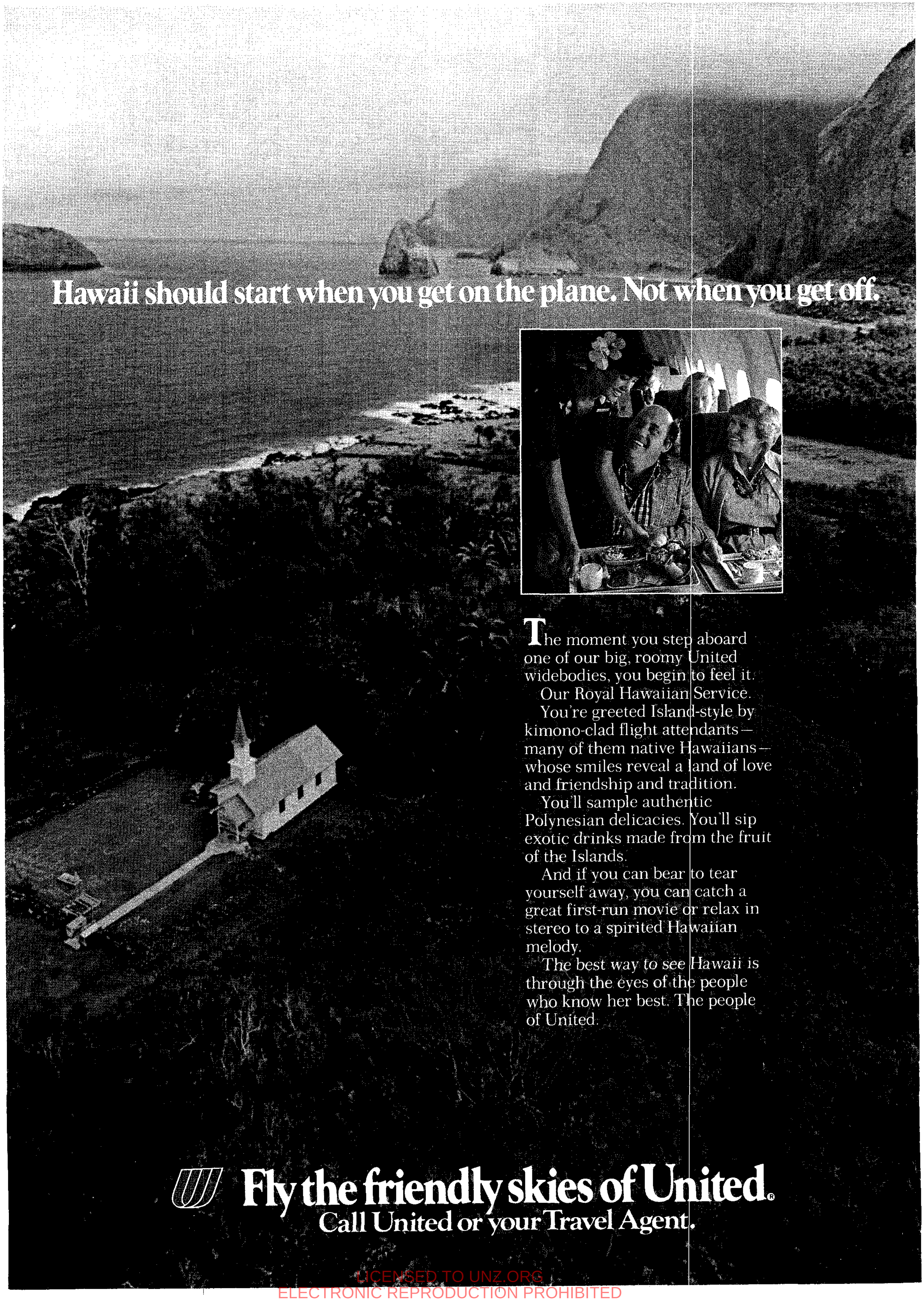

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the strength of the freeze movement, were also urging that the President endorse a freeze. But Haig was opposed, and William Clark, the President's National Security Adviser, sided with Haig. (Caspar Weinberger was, as he often is, out of the country.) Haig's reasoning was that the use of the word "freeze" might suggest—to Europe and to the Soviet Union—that the United States was not prepared to proceed with the deployment of intermediate-range missiles in Europe, and also that it might reduce the incentive for the Soviet Union to negotiate strategic-arms reductions. So at his press conference on March 31st the President endorsed the Jackson-Warner resolution as "an important move in the right direction" but avoided endorsing a freeze.

It was at that same press conference that the President expressed his view that "the Soviet Union does have a definite margin of superiority"—to the dismay of many people within as well as outside the executive branch. Even Jackson chose to differ with him ("We are not inferior in terms of our ability to deter a nuclear war"). The political advisers' worry—and their concern that the press conference had not gained the President enough ground—was what led Reagan to announce the following Monday that he would address a special United Nations session on disarmament in mid-June, and that he hoped Leonid Brezhnev would attend and meet with him. The State Department was informed of the White House decision to have the President make this announcement after the decision had been made. State was not amused. The same political worries led to the President's devoting his April 17th radio address to the subject of arms control. "To those who protest against nuclear war, I can only say I'm with you," he said, but he went on to reject the idea of a freeze and to stress the need for a nuclear buildup. A few days later, during Ground Zero Week, Reagan said he was "heart and soul in sympathy" with the goal of preventing nuclear war, and the following day Vice-President George Bush said, "There have been allegations we're frustrated by this debate. It's not true at all. We welcome the debate." White House aides are aware that some State Department officials refer to them, in unflattering tones, as "the populists"—as people who are overreacting to events and the polls, and interfering in the serious business of diplomacy. A White

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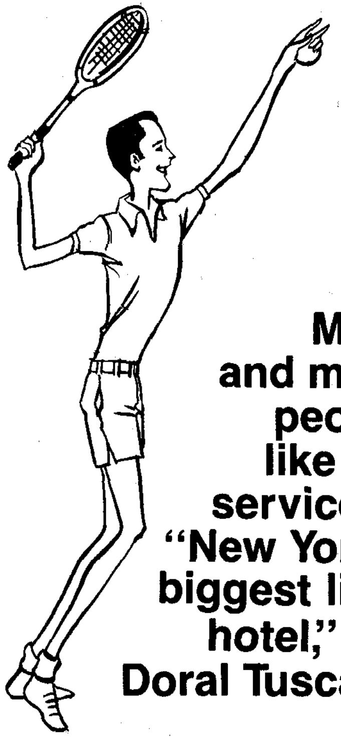

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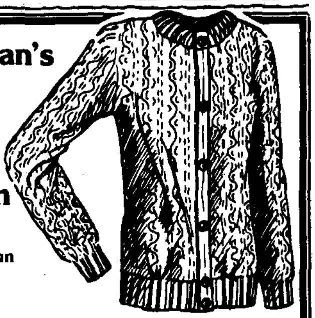

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House aide said to me recently, "All we are trying to do is govern."

Actually, the deepest differences within the government over arms-control policy are between the State Department and the Defense Department. This institutional division is a classic one, but within the Reagan Administration it has shifted to a different band on the spectrum. And there are other factors that make for a new situation. It is usually the case, broadly speaking, that the State Department is more interested in the diplomatic aspects and benefits of arms control, while the Pentagon is more concerned with the consequences for its weapons programs of the negotiation process itself as well as of the eventual agreements. But this Administration is, in general, more conservative on the question of arms control than previous ones, Republican or Democratic, have been. The plain fact is that most of the key arms-control positions in the Reagan Administration are filled by people who have opposed and worked to kill previous arms-control agreements. These include agreements negotiated by Presidents Nixon and Ford as well as by President Carter. Here one gets into tricky semantic waters, because no one professes to be opposed to arms control per se. Those who have opposed previous agreements have always said that they were for arms control but thought a better agreement could have been reached. They may have believed that that was the case. And, of course, one could hope for better arms-control agreements without being against arms control. But the Reagan Administration is stocked with people who feel that the United States has "lost" every time it has gone to the bargaining table with the Soviet Union, and have sought to up the ante or sink the agreements. Some observers who look at the positive side draw on the "go-down-in-history" and the "Nixon-China" theories. They say that these Reagan officials would not want to "go down in history" as having brought the arms-control process to an end but, on the contrary, would want to achieve an agreement, and that, if they do so, just as Nixon could afford politically to make the opening to China, they can persuade Reagan—who can, in turn, persuade the country—to accept it. It is also possible that these people can in fact reach a "better" agreement than their predecessors did. Meanwhile, more weapons and new, increasingly destabilizing, weapons systems are being de-

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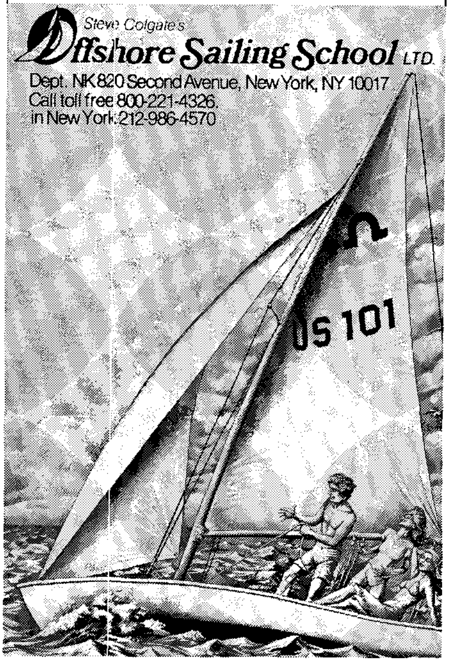

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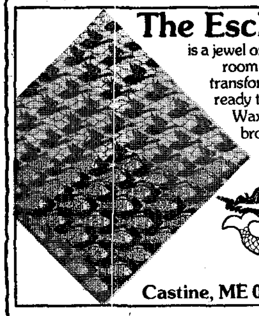

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ployed. Moreover, some people within the Administration seek to continue the arms buildup before they negotiate. Some seek to have the United States place before the Soviet Union an offer they know it can't accept, and then say we tried, blame the Soviet Union, and go on building weapons.

In previous Administrations, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency was almost always headed by people who were committed to arms control; indeed, the agency was established for the purpose of having an arms-control constituency within the government. But the agency has had a turbulent history. Some of those who have headed it have been charged by arms-control conservatives with being insufficiently "tough," and several who have worked in it have been driven from their jobs. During the Nixon Administration, there was a purge of the agency; the careers of several people involved in the negotiations that led to the SALT I treaty were destroyed. Jackson and Perle played a role in the purge, and several of those who participated in it hold key jobs in the Reagan Administration. Now the agency is more inclined to line up with the Pentagon, which it was designed, however unrealistically, to offset. Among those currently serving in key arms-control positions who have worked to defeat previous arms-control agreements are Eugene Rostow, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency; retired Army Lieutenant General Edward Rowny, the chief arms negotiator; Paul Nitze, the head of the negotiating team in the intermediate-range-weapons talks; and Perle. Rostow previously headed the Committee on the Present Danger, a private group, founded in 1976, that stressed Soviet strength and opposed the SALT II agreement. Nitze, also a former official of the Committee on the Present Danger, is known for his hard-line views, and he bitterly opposed the SALT II agreement. Since the nineteen-fifties, Nitze has warned that the Soviet Union would seek a crippling, and politically intimidating, superiority over the United States. Nitze was part of the delegation that negotiated the SALT I agreement, during the Nixon Administration, but then, when the next round of talks was under way—they began under Nixon and continued under Ford—he quit the SALT delegation. The SALT I agreement was approved—after Jackson attached an amendment governing future negotiations. Rowny served on

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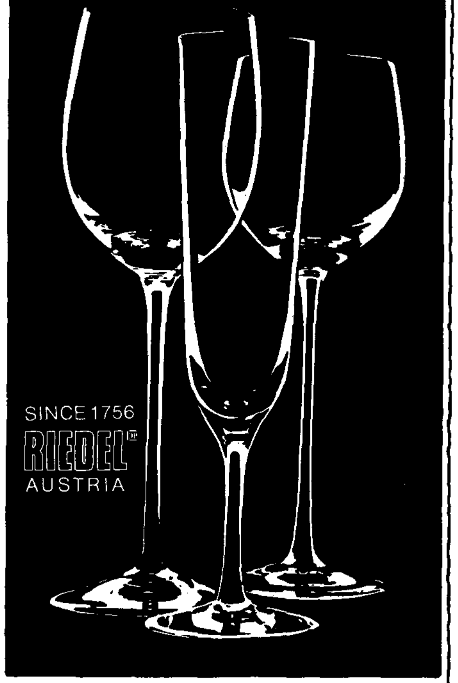

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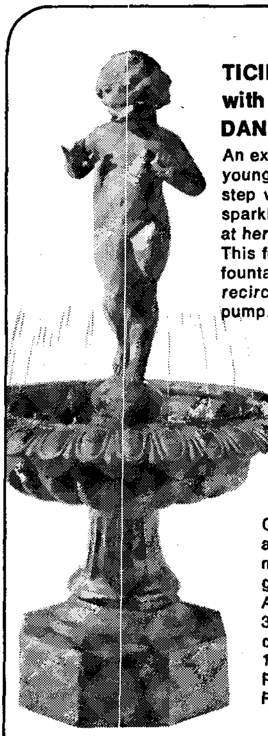
the negotiating team for the second SALT round, and was widely understood to have provided a back channel of information to Jackson and Perle, who had supported Rowny's being named to the delegation after a military representative opposed by Jackson had been removed. Nevertheless, Carter officials named him to their SALT II team, hoping to contain him (and Jackson), but Rowny eventually resigned and opposed the treaty. Perle, who began his government career as a consultant to Nitze, has been particularly effective over the years, because he is smart, relentless, and skilled at working the political and bureaucratic levers and at getting his points across in the press. He is also accessible and friendly. He is one of those figures who are well known and extremely powerful in Washington but are little known to the public. When certain kinds of stories appear in certain columns, it is widely assumed, often with good reason, that Perle originated them. Haig, faced with this array, and also under attack by the Republican right wing for being too moderate in his views and for having staffed the State Department with foreign-service professionals and people who served under Henry Kissinger—and therefore presumably presiding over some sort of dovecote—has limited political maneuvering room. Nobody ever went broke in this country by being tough on the Russians. Weinberger's record thus far has been one of support for whatever weapons systems his military and civilian aides have sought, and for Perle's positions on arms control; he has little independent expertise on the subject. Clark, the President's National Security Adviser, is new to the subject. And the President believes that the Soviet Union has a margin of superiority. It is within this constellation that the United States' position on arms control is being drawn up.

Administration officials told me that they were working toward putting options for arms-control proposals before the President by May, so that he could address the subject in a speech before he went to a NATO summit meeting in Bonn in early June. "I can't conceive of his going to the Bonn summit without having made an arms-control proposal," one official said. The fact of the summit meeting has thus imposed a deadline on a policymaking process that has been adrift since the Administration took office. During the Presidential campaign,



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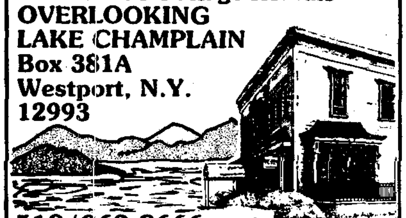

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Reagan opposed the SALT II agreement, but also said, "As President, I will immediately open negotiations on a SALT III treaty." During his 1976 campaign for the Presidential nomination, Reagan said that the United States had lost its nuclear edge under Ford, and in 1980 he said that it had lost it under Carter. Nitze was quoted in the Los Angeles *Times* last year as saying that "there could be serious arms-control negotiations, but only after we have built up our forces." He said that such a buildup would take ten years. Rostow has also talked privately about the need for a buildup before there can be real negotiations. When Rostow was asked, in his confirmation hearings, if the United States or the Soviet Union could survive a full nuclear exchange, he said, "Japan, after all, not only survived but flourished after the nuclear attack." Asked again if he thought this country could survive a full nuclear exchange, he replied, "The human race is very resilient." When he was pressed for a more specific reply, he said that there could be "ten million casualties on one side and a hundred million on another," and he added, "But that is not the whole of the population." He also said that he was "determined to try to help develop policies that could prevent nuclear war and other kinds of war altogether."

The interagency discussions about the American negotiating position for the next round of strategic-arms talks have involved fairly fundamental questions. The arguments have been over such basic issues as what it is that should be reduced, what level of reductions should be sought, and what unit of measurement should be used. Some officials want to change the negotiating approach that has been followed over the years from one that counts launchers and warheads to a more complex one, which measures "potential for destruction" and includes "throw-weight" (the lifting power of missiles) and megatonnage, in both of which the Soviets have an advantage. Others argue that to base the negotiations on throw-weight and megatonnage would render them unnecessarily complex. They also say that by including these factors the Administration would structure the negotiations so that any kind of equality would require a substantial decrease by the Soviet Union or a substantial buildup by the United States. The Administration will ask for "deep cuts" in strategic weapons, rather than the

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slight reductions and freezes at current levels, and even some slight increases, agreed to under SALT II. Deep cuts are appealing, but when the Carter Administration—with prodding from Jackson—first proposed them the Soviet Union rejected them out of hand. Critics of the Carter Administration say that it did not hold firm long enough, and some members of the current Administration say that the Russians might sit still for such a proposal if they were not taken by surprise, as they were by Carter. (The Carter proposal also asked the Soviet Union to make substantially deeper cuts than the United States would make.) Obviously, the position first put forth by either side is not its final position, but the Reagan people are now faced with the question of whether they can come forth with proposals that are considered appropriate within the Administration and will also seem reasonable to the public. This problem is worrying a number of officials. When Reagan proposed last November that intermediate-range weapons in Europe be reduced to none—the "zero option"—he scored a public-relations victory, even though there were those within the Administration, and not only in the State Department, who considered this an unnegotiable position, because, among other things, it would leave the French and British missiles in place. The State Department had proposed reductions to "the lowest possible level." State's view was that, while the zero option might be good public relations, it could come back to haunt the United States. They were concerned that it would be a difficult position to retreat from, and that it might signal to the Soviet Union, and to Europe, that under certain circumstances the United States would not proceed with the installation of intermediate-range weapons—and that this might make it more difficult to install them at all. But State was overruled in the interagency councils, and also took a thrashing in some press accounts—which had all the earmarks of having come from the Pentagon.

The Administration is rent by suspicions on the subject of arms control. The State Department—even under Alexander Haig—is accused of being excessively eager to reach an agreement. Others, and not only in the State Department, offer their suspicions that there are people within the Administration who, as someone put it, "would like to create a situation

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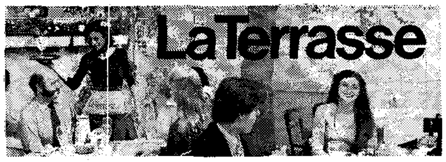

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where there is no negotiation." But even opposing factions share a resentment that the Administration must now appear to be reacting to public pressure—though some within the government recognize that this is a situation the Administration itself helped create.

The opponents of SALT II are reaping the whirlwind. People—among them some Presidential advisers—who have studied the polls have concluded that the absence of any arms-control-negotiation process has contributed substantially to the public upset. It was the failure of the SALT II agreement to receive Senate approval that led to the founding of the freeze movement and of Ground Zero, and to intensified efforts on the part of organizations of scientists and physicians. One irony is that the Reagan Administration and the Soviet Union are abiding by the terms of the agreement—except that the Soviet Union has not proceeded with the dismantling of the some two hundred and fifty launchers which would have been required if the treaty had been approved. Another irony is that the SALT II agreement allowed the United States to proceed with every new weapons program—the MX missile, the cruise missile, the B-1 bomber, the Trident submarine, and the Trident missile—that is currently under way. Some SALT II opponents say—as Reagan said in the 1980 campaign—that a Democratic-controlled Senate blocked the SALT II agreement, but in fact the Senate never got around to considering it. The treaty had been approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and its proponents were fashioning reservations that they believed would satisfy a sufficient number of doubters without leading the Soviet Union to reject the treaty. But the agreement fell victim to Carter's inability to lead, and to events: first, in the late summer of 1979, the supposed discovery of a Soviet combat brigade in Cuba, and then, at the end of the year, the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The subsequent climate, the shortage of time in an election year, the fact that it was an election year all led Carter to ask that the treaty be set aside. (Arms-control conservatives also distort some other facts; they say, for example, that Carter delayed or cancelled every major new weapons system, but this is not the case; they also say that the United States exercised unilateral restraint in deploying new systems during the nineteen-seventies, but this, too, is not

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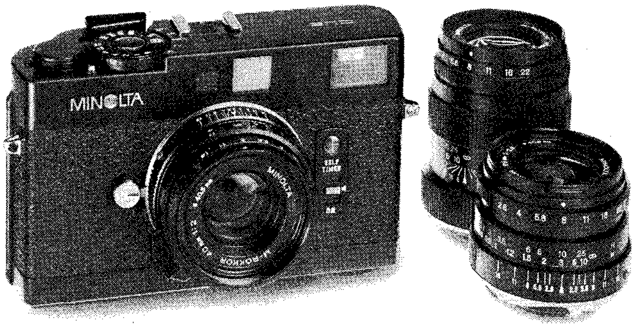

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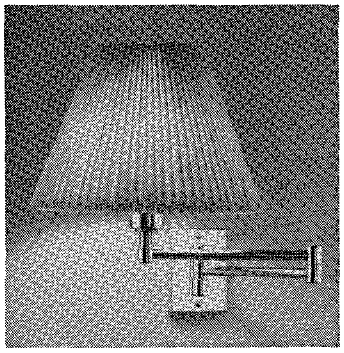

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the case. These "facts" have been reiterated by Reagan and by members of his Administration.) Some Democrats have suggested that the SALT II agreement should now be approved. They argue that it is something the Soviet Union has already agreed to; that it is preferable to a freeze, because it would allow the United States to proceed with new weapons but prohibit the Soviet Union from proceeding with *important new weapons systems*; and that, while the Administration's goal of "deep cuts" may be laudable, such a goal will take some time to achieve. Meanwhile, there would be an agreement in place. Some officials and others here are concerned that successive American governments are establishing a record of reaching agreements with the Soviet Union that are never formally approved: the Threshold Test Ban Treaty, agreed to just before Nixon left office, which limited the size of weapons that could be tested underground; the treaty limiting peaceful nuclear explosions, agreed to in 1976, during the Ford Administration; and SALT II. Ford submitted the two treaties to the Senate, but he held off pushing for their approval—just as he gave up on the SALT talks that his Administration had been conducting—in part because he was under pressure from Reagan in his fight for the 1976 nomination. (Carter, in his 1976 campaign, criticized the agreements as not going far enough, and when he got into office asked that they be approved—but then their fate became enmeshed with that of the SALT II agreement.) And a number of people here are also concerned that there has been too much discontinuity in the American negotiating positions. Instead of building on what a previous President has achieved, new Presidents—Carter, Reagan—want to do it their way. Time and political consensus are sacrificed. And even those Democrats who argue for a revival of SALT II recognize that, whatever the merits of the agreement, it may have already undergone too much of a political battering. There is also the fact that the President and several of his top national-security officials have taken a position against the agreement and are not likely to retreat. So the idea may have substantive merit and political value in the eyes of those who propose it, but they must know what they are up against.

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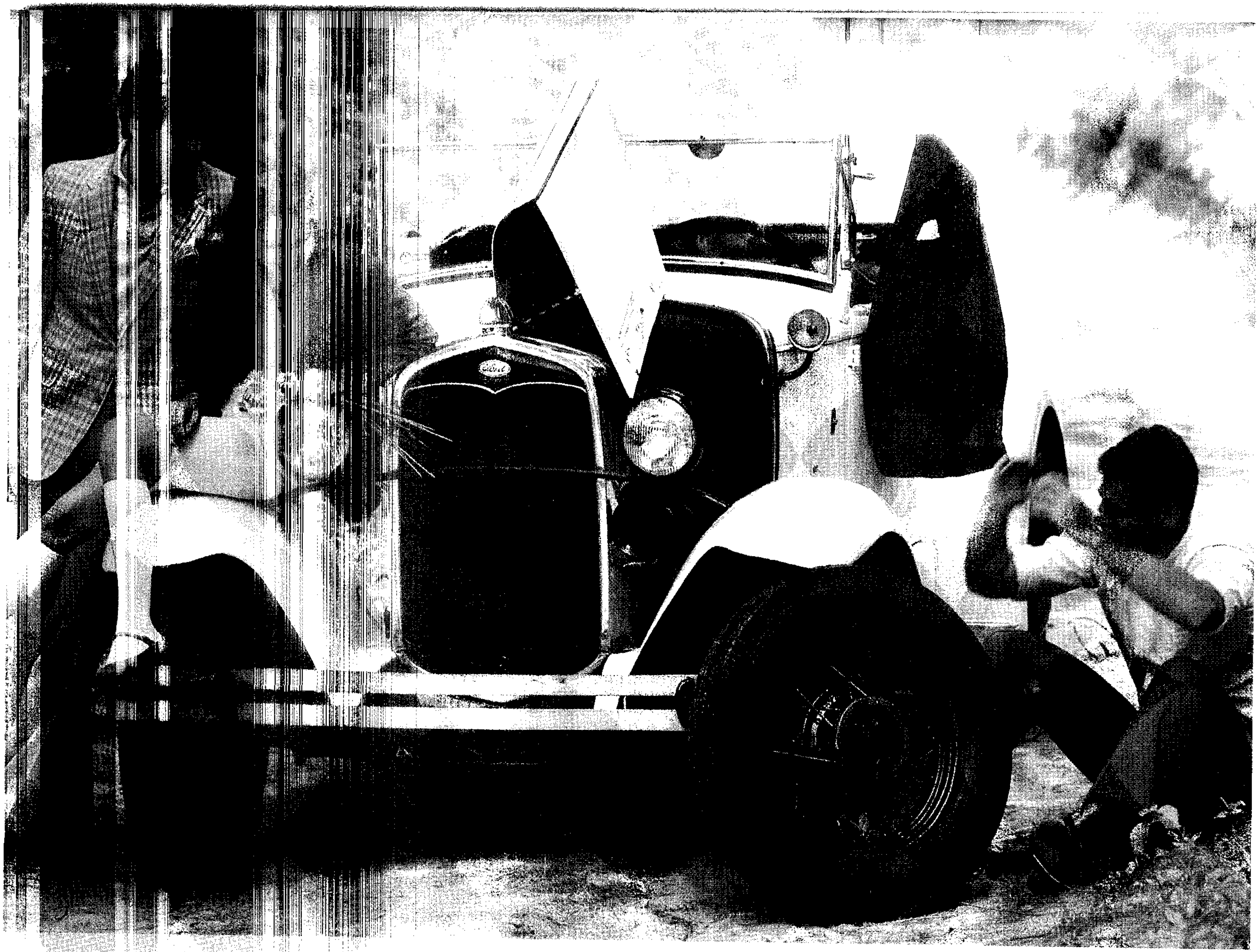

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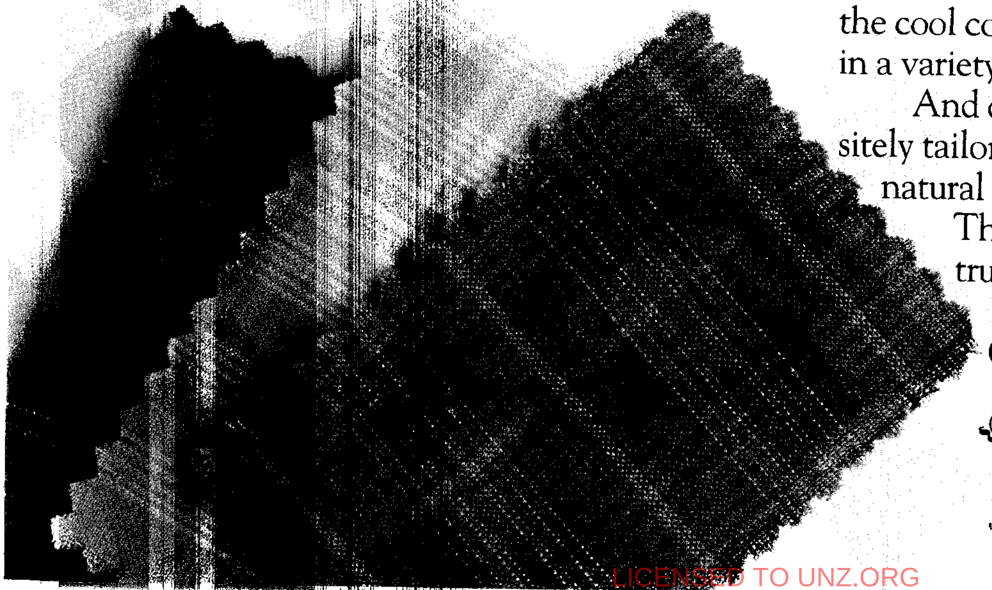

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ical problems on the subjects of arms control, race, and the equity of his economic program. "While they aren't connected substantively, they are perceptually," he said. He added that, the President's efforts notwithstanding, he did not think there was much that could be done to counter the public impression of an inequitable program—at least until the economy improved. Another Presidential adviser said to me recently, "I think the tough talk about the Soviet Union was necessary at the beginning—to show there was a change in approach—but perhaps we overdid it." Reagan aides were grim-faced in early April. "Life has got more difficult here," one said as we talked in his office late one afternoon. "Whatever happens in the economy, unemployment is going to be bad for some time. And, also, whatever happens in the economy, people aren't going to wake up and love what's going on in the economy. It's almost inevitable that as long as the economy is sagging the President's political force is going to sag. What we're trying to do now is to stop the slide." Hence, the tampering with the formats in which the President is presented to the public, and the increased use of him: the weekly Saturday radio talks, the prime-time televised press conference, and the brief but more frequent sessions with the press. When a President gets in trouble, it is not uncommon for his aides to start fiddling with the formats. They conclude that the solution may lie in the President's reaching "the people." It hasn't worked for Reagan's predecessors. When people are bothered by real things, it is difficult for a President to talk them out of it. And there is always the possibility that his appearances can compound the problem. Reagan's statement about the Soviet Union's "margin of superiority" had not been rehearsed with his political advisers, who had spent considerable time preparing him for the press conference. Reagan's frequent misuse of information is a painful subject at the White House—and causes his political allies to wince—but his advisers appear to be helpless. They can no more control this impulse in him than Lyndon Johnson's advisers could keep him from exaggerating or saying something gross, or than Jimmy Carter's could keep him from smiling in the wrong place or saying something mean. These things lie deep in a person's nature. Reagan's use of questionable statistics and misleading illus-

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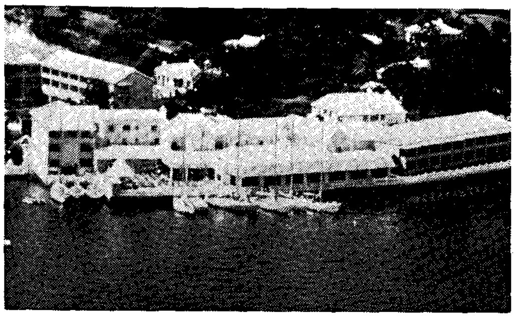

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trations goes back a long way—to before he ever entered politics. Sometimes his material is technically accurate but utterly misleading. It is true, as Reagan said in his March 31st press conference, that the food-stamp program increased by sixteen thousand per cent in fifteen years, but fifteen years ago the program barely existed. Reagan's aides say that this figure was not in the briefing papers for the press conference, and they did not know that Reagan would use it. Reagan is accustomed to using figures as debating points, and to citing statistics without concerning himself with their context (compared to what, what the baseline is, and so on). Apparently, though his aides hear him tell questionable anecdotes and use dubious statistics in meetings—and they frequently do—they do not feel free to suggest that he not talk about them elsewhere. Some of the material he uses has been checked by his staff, but much of it comes out of his own memory, from clippings, or from material supplied by friends. (Some of the illustrations he used at his March 31st press conference were supplied by Donald Kendall, the head of Pepsico.) Though the mind resisted the idea, it became apparent in his 1980 campaign that the anecdotes were not simply his way of illustrating issues—they were his way of thinking about issues. Some of what he says is just careless talk, of the sort that made his advisers so nervous during the campaign. For example, it had been decided that he would not talk about the Falkland Islands crisis during a recent brief meeting with the press, but then, when he was asked about press reports that the Soviet Union was providing help to Argentina, he said that he had read such reports and that they were "evidently . . . established"—at a point when his Administration was vigorously denying them. (He also said the Soviet Union should "butt out.") Some of Reagan's aides say they realize that having the President hold these more frequent meetings with the press is risky.

"This is the most critical time yet," another Reagan adviser said to me recently. "We've known for six or seven months that the spring of '82 was the time that confidence would be stretched, and that's what's happening. We went though the first year establishing the idea that Reagan's program was the one enacted. Then we had to wait for Godot—for it all to be sorted out. It's clear that it's not sorting out at this point." And it was

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taking longer and proving more difficult to find a compromise on the President's economic program than his aides had expected. The adviser added, "And then there is the whole set of issues involving peace and foreign affairs."

But beyond all this something else may have been happening. The most ideological Presidency in memory may turn out to be instructive. The political system may be absorbing new lessons about the limits on what the body politic will tolerate.

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

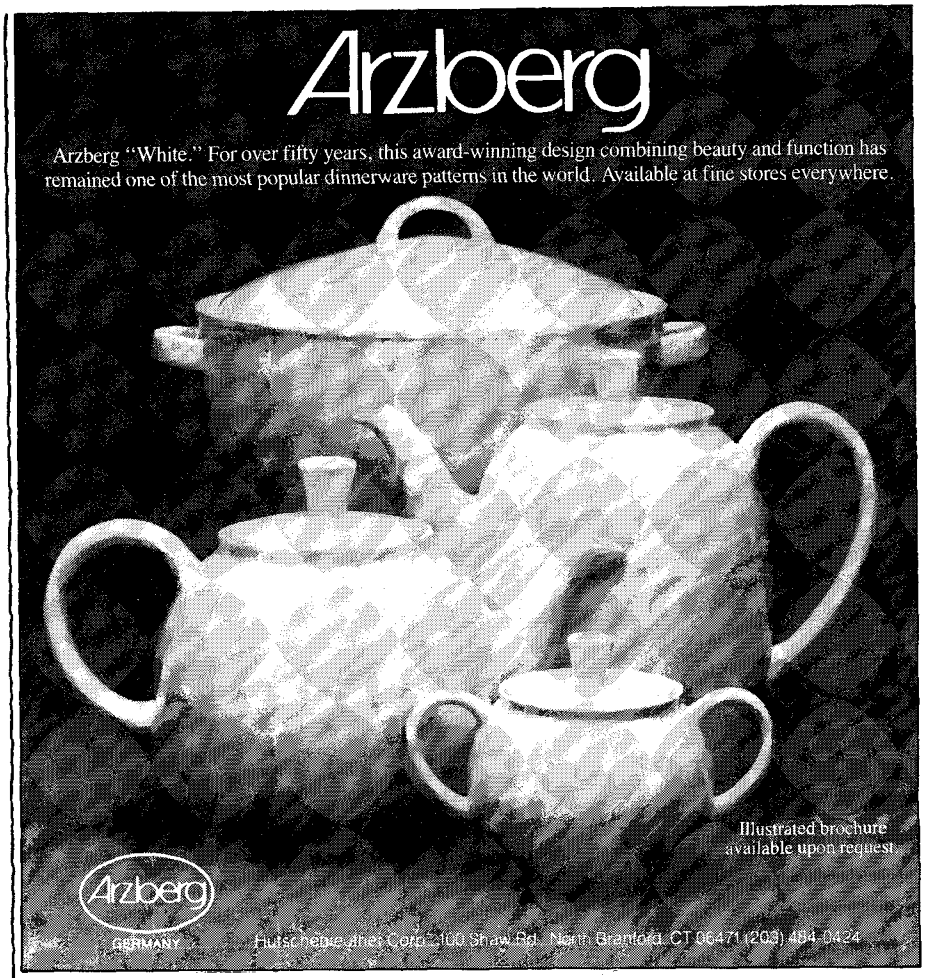
THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Laughter of sisters, mingling,
separating, but so alike you
sometimes couldn't tell
which was which,
as in a part-song.
I could hear them from outdoors
over the wall
that separated two gardens,
where the lilac bush on our side
was tattered by the passage
of domestic cats, on their constant,
wary patrol through
systems of foliage. And then
late afternoons, the sound
of scales on the piano,
of rudimentary tunes.
Evenings, one of them
would call their cat in,
"poor wandering one"—a joke
out of Gilbert and Sullivan.
And again
laughter, two voices
like two hands on a piano,
separate but not at variance,
practice in a sunlit room.

Today, many years later,
the younger of the two
tells me about her divorce.
On the phone last week he said
"I didn't give you
the house for ever,
you know. You could learn
a trade at night school."
"But," she exclaims to me,
"I'm 49!"

An hour later, from the next room,
I hear her with one of her sons,
and suddenly her laughter
breaks out as it used to.
Though she is on her own—
for the other sister
died long ago, in her teens—
it is unchanged, a sweet,
high stumble of the voice,
rudimentary tune.

—THOM GUNN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"PARSIFAL" should not leave listeners indifferent. In 1887, Nietzsche—who knew the text but never heard the opera in the theatre—described it as "a work of perfidy, of vindictiveness, a secret attempt to poison the presuppositions of life." But the same year, after hearing the prelude, in Monte Carlo, he wrote to his disciple the composer Peter Gast:

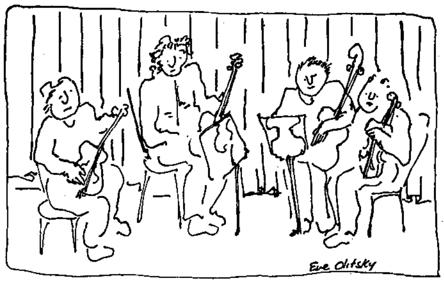
> Has Wagner ever done anything better? The very highest psychological consciousness, and definiteness about what should be said, expressed, communicated, as briefly and directly as possible; every shade of feeling reduced to its most epigrammatic . . . in the depths of this music a sublime and extraordinary feeling, a living experience and an event of the soul . . . a synthesis of states that many people, including our "superior" intellectuals, will regard as incompatible: an awful severity of judgment "from on high" that issues from an intimate understanding of the soul and sees through the soul, piercing it as with knives, and hand-in-hand with that a compassion for what has been perceived and judged. Only Dante is comparable, no one else.

Wagner conceived "Parsifal" in 1845. Thirty-seven years later, he brought the opera to the stage. Six months later, he died. He had always intended "Parsifal" to be his last opera, and under its spell an enthusiast is tempted to regard "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and the "Ring" as preparations for the final, pure masterpiece—a work composed only when other things that needed saying had been got out of the way, and when the theatre in which it might take shape had been built and a company that could perform it had (in that first "Ring" of 1876) been assembled and tried.

Each month brings new books about Wagner. One I've read with admiration and excitement is Lucy Beckett's "Parsifal," a Cambridge Opera Handbook. It is a long, thoughtful, and well-organized essay that follows the drama from its sources in Wolfram von Eschenbach, through the rich fields of Wagner's thought over decades as tributary streams join the flow, to the finished work, which is traversed in an eloquent chapter. On again, through the stage history of the piece and a century of what it has meant to philosophers, poets, and sensitive critics. Miss Beckett's own conclusion is anticipated in a sentence of the essay she wrote to accompany Karajan's broad, beautiful recording of the opera (Deutsche Grammophon): "The single word that defines the region of 'Parsifal' is 'Christian.' " She rejects modern approaches that would "regard 'Parsifal' as interesting but harmless, as an entertainment or *jeu d'esprit* on however solemn a level, a closed system of expertly revolved symbols"—Wieland Wagner's psychological patternmaking, Werner Diez's mythological interpretation, Carl Dahlhaus's attempt at "consigning the religious elements in 'Parsifal' to a safe aesthetic distance," Michael Tanner's "method of distancing the Christian element" by declaring that " 'Parsifal,' rather than being a religious work, is '*about* religion.' " (I began the Nietzsche letter in praise of "Parsifal" quoted above as Miss Beckett begins it, but what Nietzsche wrote to Gast was "As a purely aesthetic question: Has Wagner ever done anything better?") In her closing pages, Miss Beckett cites St. Paul (II Corinthians 5:18-21) and Karl Barth:

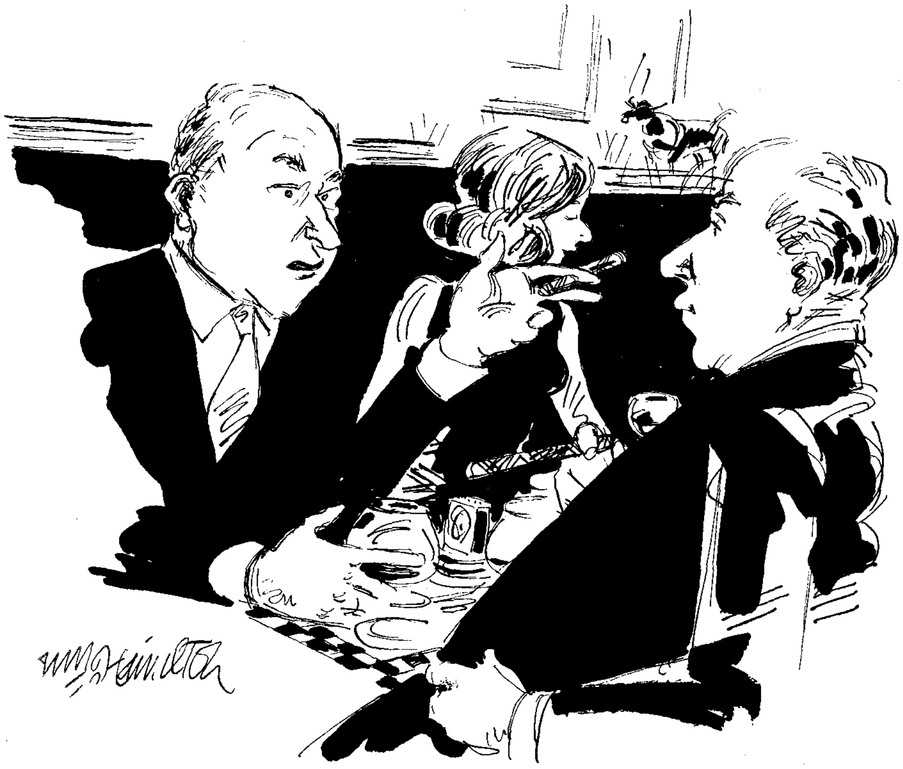
> Knowledge of God is not an escape into the safe heights of pure ideas, but an entry into the need of the present world, sharing in its suffering, its activity, and its hope. The revelation which has taken place in Christ is not the communication of a formula about the world, the possession of which enables one to be at rest, but the power of God which sets us in motion.

Not everyone will accept Miss Beckett's challenging, dynamic interpretation of "Parsifal." It is more comfortable, less disturbing, just to enjoy the wonderful sounds the opera makes than to pay close attention to what—Miss Beckett insists—it specifically and unequivocally says. The Metropolitan Opera performs the work in German, thus opening the aesthetic escape route to anyone who does not follow that tongue and would prefer to leave the world's troubles behind when he passes the house's gilded wicket. But the Met's Holy Week presentation of "Parsifal," conducted by James Levine, was so earnest, so powerful—one might say so devout—that it could not be taken as mere entertainment. The performers' personal beliefs are probably irrelevant. If—to paraphrase Shaw—Wagner's music is performed with the single aim of making it sound as beautiful as possible, it simply cannot take the wrong expression. The orchestra played for Mr. Levine as if inspired. His reading was broad, long-breathed, eventful, perfectly balanced. The cast was good. Jerome Hines, whose Gurnemanz I heard in Bayreuth twenty-four years ago, commands his role. So does Thomas Stewart, whose Amfortas I heard in Bayreuth twenty-two years ago. Mignon Dunn's first stage Kundry was strong, passionate, and sensitive. "Ich sah das Kind" needed more beautiful singing, but a touch of vocal unruliness in the desperate outbursts of "Seit Ewigkeiten," while not desirable, can be forgiven. About Peter Hofmann's Parsifal, mixed feelings: he played a self-pleased brat rather than a guileless fool, his bouncy demeanor suggested a principal boy, and the lyrical lines Karajan draws from him in the recording often broke into non-legato, note-by-note singing. But his utterance was clear, carrying, and sure. All in all, this "Parsifal" reached the level of seriousness and intensity that many Met presentations this season have missed.



THE Met "Fidelio" I saw was a disappointment: a performance that reduced the great opera to house routine. Bernard Haitink's conducting was, unexpectedly, pedestrian—without tension or dramatic energy. Johanna Meier, stepping in for Shirley Verrett, played a Leonore neither dramatically nor vocally in sharp focus. Edward Sooter's Florestan was approximate. Leif Roar's Pizarro was accurate but lightweight. The production, credited to Otto Schenk, looked like "blocking"—moves made after the book, not from dramatic necessity.

Between the Met's second and third "Fidelio"s, Princeton University held a one-day symposium on the opera, culminating in a production of "Leonore" (by which title one conveniently, if unauthentically, distinguishes Beethoven's opera of 1805 from its 1814 revision as "Fidelio"). The four papers hardly showed Beethovenian clarity, firmness, and polish of structure, but three of them, given by scholars—Alan Tyson, Philip Gossett, and Lewis Lockwood—who have studied unpublished sketches for the opera, were filled with important, interesting observation. (The fourth, Maynard Solomon's, moved from loose psychological chit-chat to a preposterous likening of the "Fidelio" plot to that of "Oedipus.") "Leonore," which was published early this century and again in 1967, is hardly a rarity on the world's stages—in London alone there were two different productions in 1969-70—but the Princeton staging was apparently America's first. It was handsomely and effectively designed, by Alison Carver, to fit into the Richardsonian splendors of Alexander Hall. The absence of a pit insured a more authentic balance than modern opera houses provide. The singing was pretty weak, apart from Alice Helgeson's in the title role (she was got up as Bella Abzug, but her tone was fresh, pure, and direct), and the speaking weaker still. Peter Westergaard's direction was amateurish. Michael Pratt's conducting held as little dramatic tension as Haitink's, but he drew good playing from the University Orchestra.



"Oh, I've had some nice things said about me, but I've never been—you know—hailed."

• •

"Leonore"—which the City Opera might well do, since the Met has a "Fidelio"—is a stronger piece than was made apparent in Princeton. The best account of the differences between "Leonore" and "Fidelio" is Winton Dean's in a chapter of "The Beethoven Reader" (Norton). He rightly observes that "there is no need to regard the later version as a replacement of the earlier; both are viable." Willy Hess, the editor of the 1967 "Leonore" score, claims often in his "Beethovens Oper Fidelio und ihre Drei Fassungen" that the composer by his 1814 revisions spoiled his original design. Dean is more judicious, yet even he, I think, shows too little awe at the marvellous nature of the revisions, which is surely unparalleled. Perhaps in a live performance of "Leonore" it is most fully revealed, as one hears familiar, unaltered measures serve a new function in their different context. The same stone later becomes the headstone of quite a new corner; or by a small refashioning—a changed harmony, a rhythmic elision—it is keyed into a different structure. The Princeton "Leonore" was of absorbing interest to hear.

A Recurrent topic of the Princeton symposium was the play of Mozart upon Beethoven. (In London last month, Beethoven's copying out of passages from "Don Giovanni" was sold at Sotheby's for thirty thousand pounds.) The other big influence on "Leonore" was Cherubini, whose "Médée," a heroic Paris opera of 1797, reached Vienna in 1802. (The German translation was by G. F. Treitschke, later the librettist of the revised "Fidelio.") In 1815, Cherubini, deeming "the character of the music too severe for English taste," discouraged a proposed London production. "Médée" reached London only in 1865 (in Italian, with the spoken dialogue, which is in verse, musicked by Arditi), Italy only in 1909, and New York only in 1955 (when Eileen Farrell sang the title role in Town Hall). Its early triumphs were on German-speaking stages. In Frankfurt in 1855, Franz Lachner upholstered the severely passionate score with German-Romantic recitatives. At La Scala in 1909, when Ester Mazzoleni sang Medea, these were translated into Italian. At La Scala in 1953, when Maria Callas sang Medea, Leonard Bernstein initiated his own cuts and shuffling. Vito Frazzi and Tullio Serafin have also worked over the score, and the Italian "Medea" heard in most modern performances—among them both the City Opera's 1974 production, which had Maralin Niska and, later, Marisa Galvany as its heroine, and its new production, which opened last month—is a very different opera from the "Médée" that Cherubini composed. It moves at different gaits. It alters the context and impact of Cherubini's numbers. It gives prominence to the German recitatives, and when Cherubini's own powerful recitative arrives, to launch the finale, it has been weakened by anticipation. Callas, in a 1961 interview, said that "the strength of Cherubini's opera is not the arias but the *recitativi;*" it was Lachner's strength, not Cherubini's, that she approved. But then Callas (whose Medea I heard in London and in Milan) sang and acted Lachner so well that she made him seem like a great composer. Other interpreters have not exerted this transfiguring power.

One can understand the City Opera's reluctance to perform "Médée" in the original: few of its artists are convincing linguists. But if it is to be translated, why on earth set an American cast to learn an *Italian* translation? (A bilingual libretto was on sale, but the houselights were extinguished, as if for a Wagner opera.) One can understand the City Opera's reluctance to essay the spoken dia-

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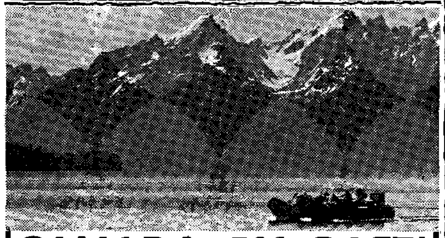

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logue: few of its artists speak well into the huge theatre. But if a patchwork is preferred, why not commission some new composer to link Cherubini's numbers in a less plushy way: either with nineteen-eighties mock-Cherubini or, boldly, in a manner that keeps the new matter distinct from the original? Added recitatives, unless they are made by the composer himself (as Gounod's were for "Faust") or by a contemporary (as Guiraud's were for "Carmen"), are as little durable as translations; they soon show their age as patently as fake paintings and sculptures that deceived contemporaries do. (Berlioz's recitatives for "Der Freischütz" are perhaps an exception: if the dialogue of Weber's opera is to be sung, not spoken, it might as well be sung to a great composer's music.) Lachner's recitatives for "Médée" mingle eighteen-fifties mock-Cherubini with such things as the augmented triads underpinning Medea's first remarks to Jason, which, though striking, swear at Cherubini's classical harmony. The added matter looms too large. And one might as meetly perform "Fidelio" with Balfe's recitatives.

That said, let the performance of the Cherubini-Lachner-Frazzi-Serafin "Medea," translated by Carlo Zangarini, be assessed. Much of it suggested a concert performance with dramatic touches, for it was played against black curtains, parted back-center to reveal a strip of white. Most of the company were robed in black, and several of them lurked about in the gloom during what should be solo scenes. Medea herself wore a cloak and train so copious that her efforts to move in them caused mirth. Something that looked like a sack of potatoes but was identified in the program as "the head of a shattered Statue of Aphrodite, Goddess of Love," hung on a rope from the flies. No attempt was made to suggest the three décors of the action or the final conflagration. Rhoda Levine's direction had one saucy touch: she spurned Horace's injunction "*Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet*," and this Medea stabbed her children in full view. But since she was *coram populo* throughout the finale, she forfeited her last sudden, tremendous entrance—standing in the temple doorway, brandishing a dagger, and ringed by the Eumenides. The program synopsis was misleading: Medea, whose inopportune arrival in Corinth, in angry pursuit of her husband, is a stroke of high theatre, was made a Corinth resident.

Two of the cast showed stage presence: Master Alistair Thurber, in the mute role of Medea's elder son, and Grace Bumbry, as Medea. The title role, Henry F. Chorley once wrote, requires

> a Catalani with a voice, as it were, like a clarion, and a frame of adamant and gold, capable of undergoing the strain and fatigue of such a long display of unmeasured emotion. And, after the compass and lungs of a Catalani are found, we must then ask for Pasta's grandeur of expression, and statuesque bearing, and withering scorn and fearful vengeance, and maternal remorse, ere the creation of the composer can be rightly filled up.

Miss Bumbry probably comes as close as anyone around now can to "filling it up." She looked splendid—erect and beautiful. Her performance was, as ever, carefully prepared: the notes lay in her voice and were powerfully projected. But the soprano extension added to her former mezzo had coolness in its gleam, and the mezzo register had lost some of its sultry lustre. Moreover, she lacked her great predecessor's ability to forge eloquent line, to present melodies as emotional gestures, not just sequences of notes, each one accurately sounded. It was an admirably studied and imposing performance rather than a stirring one. The others were not incompetent but were nothing special: James Wagner (a Jason too soft-grained in timbre to sound heroic), Rita Shane (Dirce, or Glauce, as she is called in this version), Diane Curry (Neris), and Boris Martinovich (Creon). The new conductor, Klaus Weise, from Kiel, had not taught them the grandly classical, passionately precise etching that Cherubini's—and, for that matter, Lachner's—music requires. Indeed, he seemed not to have mastered it himself, for he allowed sloppy, rather than chiselled, string articulation and softened the outlines of the stern, energetic drama.

DURING Napoleon III's Universal Exposition in 1867, Offenbach's "La Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," at the Variétés, won a success denied to Verdi's "Don Carlos," at the Opéra. It is a livelier, wittier, sharper, more interesting—and better-composed—piece than anyone who first encountered it in the City Opera's new production last month might guess. The villain of the evening was the conductor, Antonio de Almeida, who laid a mortific hand on the score, but his work was abetted by weak or clumsy singing, by Jack Hofsiss's imprecise stage direction (plenty of ideas but few of them relevant to the drama), by Gilbert Hemsley's execrable lighting, and by Lloyd Walser's feeble chorus. John Conklin's open scenes did not help the cast to project an opéra bouffe into the large house. The dancers, in school-of-Balanchine choreography by Christopher Chadman, lent a small touch of verve and elegance to the show. It was a poor idea to reinstate two of Offenbach's "*bedides goupures*," the little cuts, by which he converted a work received on its first night with mixed feelings into a triumph. In his authorized version, Act II ends and Act III begins more brightly.

The first Grand Duchess, Hortense Schneider, did not, so far as I know, make records. But Offenbach's first Mme. Favart (1878) and Fille du Tambour-Major (1879), Juliette Simon-Girard, did, and her Offenbach recordings, including two airs from "La Grande-Duchesse," have been collected on Rubini GV 600, distributed in this country by Euroclass. (They are coupled with those of Anna Tariol-Baugé, a celebrated Offenbach heroine at the turn of the century.) Mme. Simon-Girard, who was born in 1859, celebrated her hundredth birthday: she had known Napoleon III's Second Empire and de Gaulle's Fifth Republic; she had lived through the Siege of Paris, the Commune, and the Occupation. Her recordings, made in 1903, are not only precious documents of *Aufführungspraxis* and essential study for singers who aim to acquire an Offenbach style; they reveal the *grâce*, *esprit*, and *talent de chanteuse* that, Reynaldo Hahn said, "*emportait tout*." She is at once freer and more vivid in her phrasing than modern Offenbach interpreters (who tend to be conductor-bound rather than chivalrously accompanied in whatever flights they choose to take) and more "classical" in her command of a controlled, shapely line.

—ANDREW PORTER

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[*From the Las Vegas Review-Journal*]

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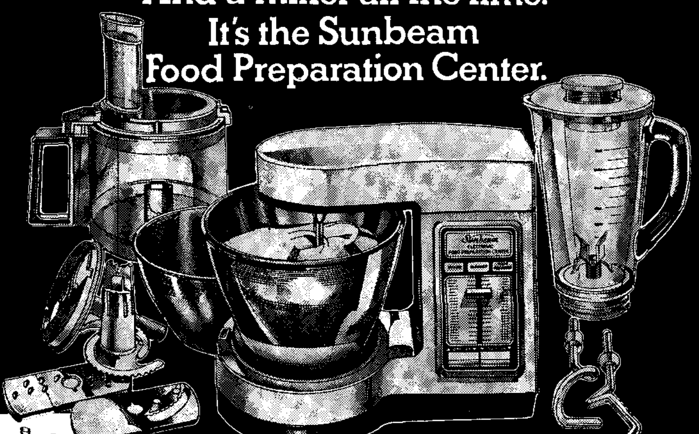

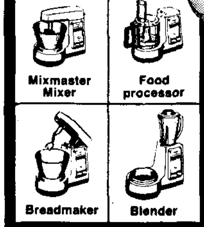

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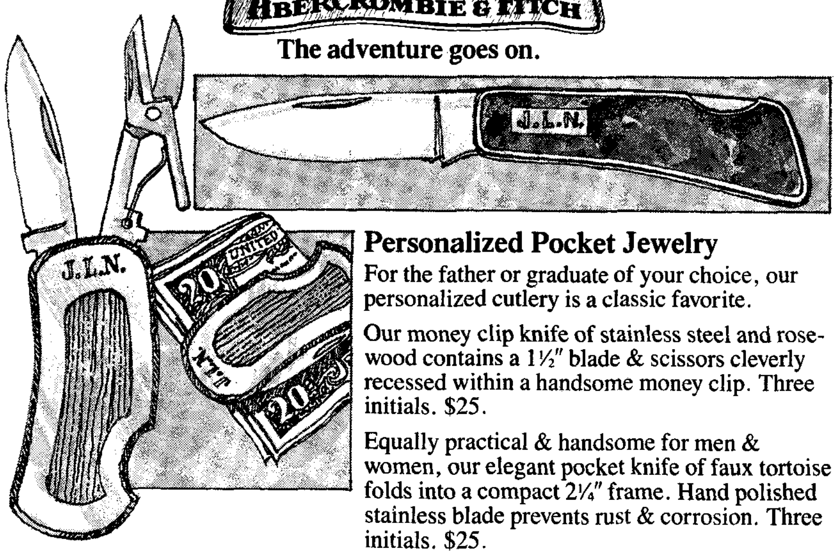
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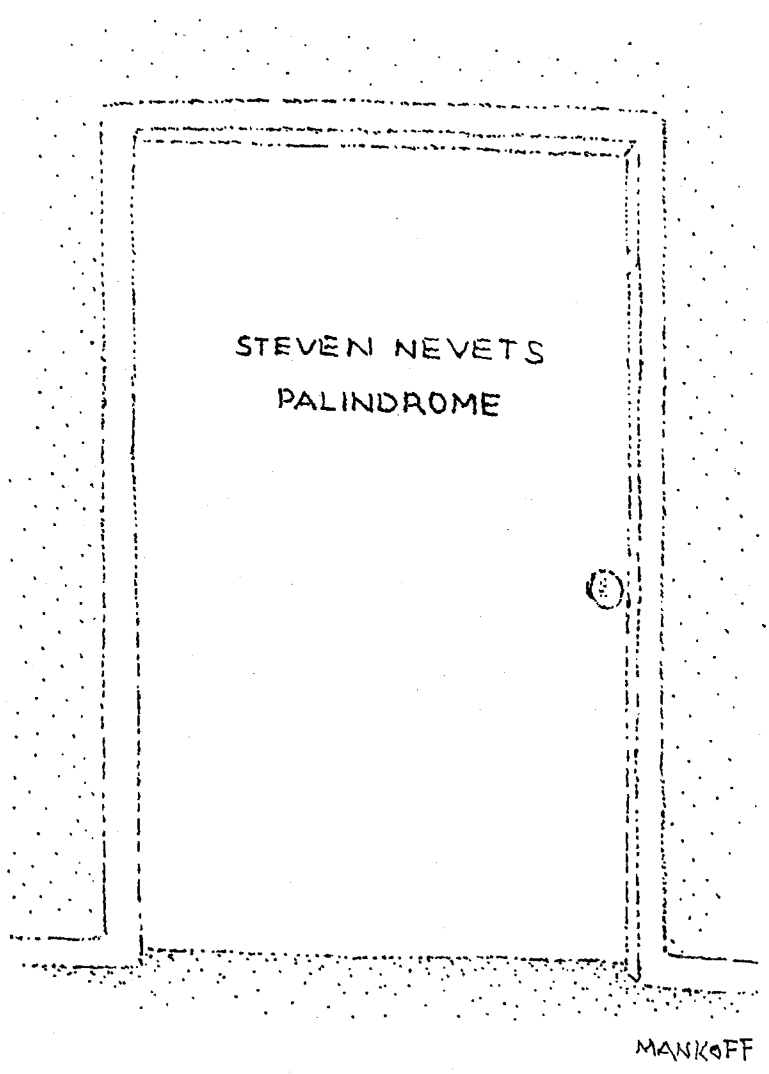
Critical Models

WE like to feel, in America, that we have lost that insularity which used to be a subject equally of jokes and of laments. With the world's books in our libraries, the world's art in our museums, the world's music in our concert halls, and, supremely, with so much of twentieth-century art and literature our native product, we tend to think that the days when we had to be apologetic about our culture are over and gone. It comes, consequently, as something of a shock to have our insularity sharply, if suavely, taken to task by Geoffrey Hartman, whose polemic "Criticism in the Wilderness: The Study of Literature Today" (Yale; $25) has aims grander than its title might imply. It does speak about criticism and about the study of literature (and its more specialized reaches will be debated among professionals), but its cumulative force makes it a passionate essay on American culture by a foreigner (Hartman is German-born, and teaches comparative literature at Yale) who, though long naturalized, still looks on us from the vantage point of a different country of origin and, most crucially, from a different mother tongue. Prejudice and predilection alike play a part in Hartman's picture of his adopted country, and his sinuous arguments double back on themselves so rapidly, so ironically, and so ingeniously that it is sometimes hard to say whether he is arguing against what he loves or in favor of what he doubts. Nonetheless, his larger drift is clear, and, briefly, it runs as follows.

America is a child of England, in its thinking and in its education in the humanities. (Hartman does not take up the sciences or the arts.) It is, in consequence, markedly impoverished in its capacity for thinking religiously, philosophically, or critically; the empiricism and positivism of the English philosophical tradition have governed our American intellectual procedures and styles, and divorced our critical thought from living connection with the largest questions of metaphysics, private ethics, and social responsibility. T. S. Eliot set an American cultural style, derived from Matthew Arnold, in which criticism was reduced to a humble service function—that of explaining and judging the work of art; art was primary, criticism secondary. Hartman quotes Eliot, in "The Function of Criticism," explaining that although art itself, in its creative thought, is a criticism of life, and artists are in that sense critics, the critic has nothing creative in him: "You cannot fuse creation with criticism as you can fuse criticism with creation." Though Hartman does not say so outright, he implies that this subservience of critic to artist is oddly American, and may spring from our old, abashed sense of European creative sovereignty. In Europe, his argument goes, critic and artist were in the past more likely to be one and the same person; vernacular literature was not until rather recently a university subject, and the person writing an essay on a piece of art was likely himself to be what Eliot called "a practitioner" of that art—a poet or a novelist, or even a painter or a musician. An essay was simply one manifestation of the self as creator, and creative work another. The man of letters (to confine the case to literature) wrote in many different forms—some speculative, some critical, some creative; some public, some intimate; some formal, some informal. The man of letters felt able to write about issues other than literary ones; he read as naturally in historical or philosophical or legal or religious texts as he did in epic or pastoral. Milton is one of Hartman's examples of this ample reach; Pound appears as a writer who had the right notion of scope but went "bad in a good cause"—that of relating the realm of art to politics.

In Hartman's myth of decline, this freedom of discourse has been abandoned by university critics; instead of being widely informed and broadly read, speaking in the public forum on matters of general concern and bringing the ethical and aesthetic perceptions gained from their reading into social discourse, they have timidly drawn in their horns, turned inward, and generated ever narrower critical writing. Into this breach, in Hartman's



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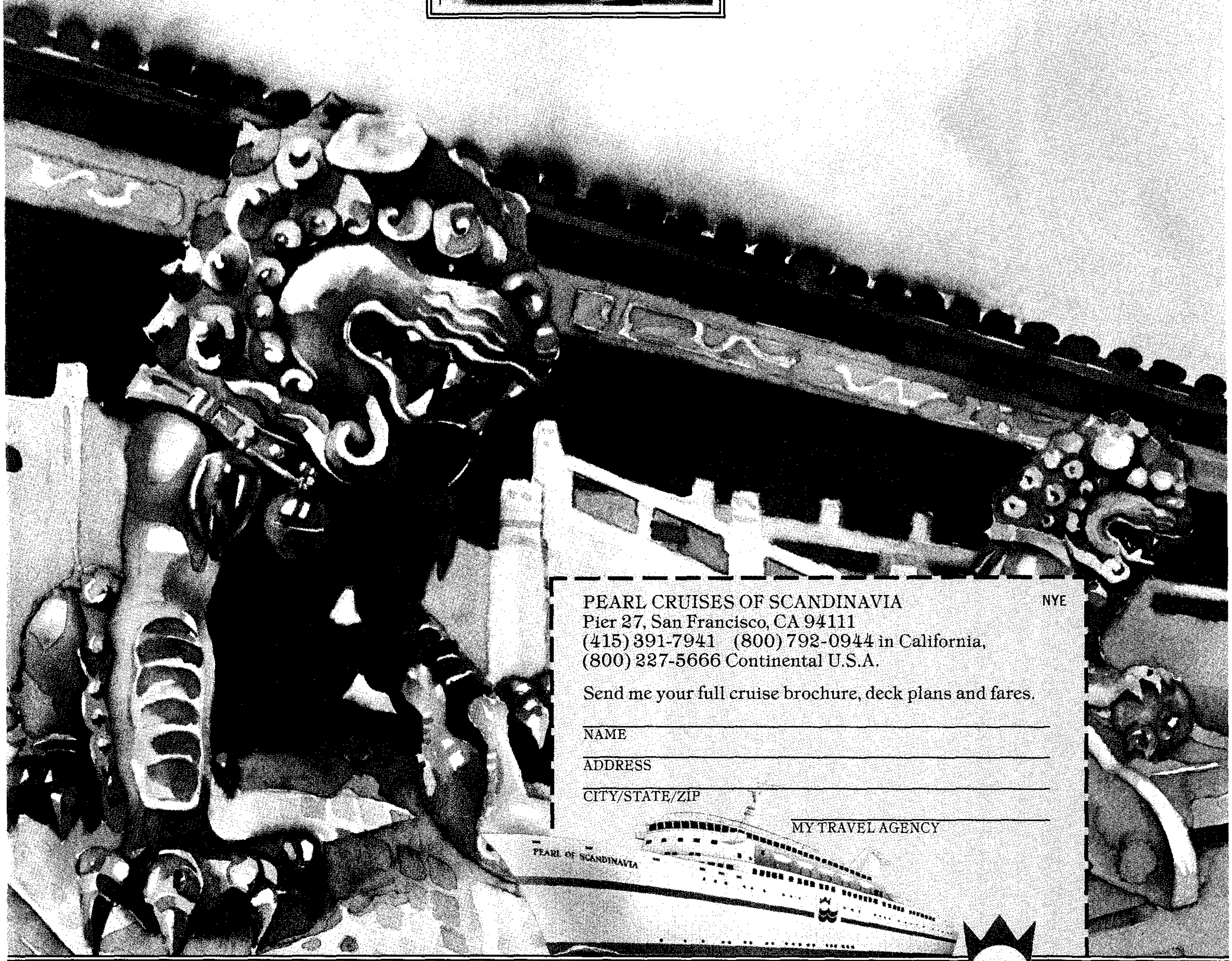

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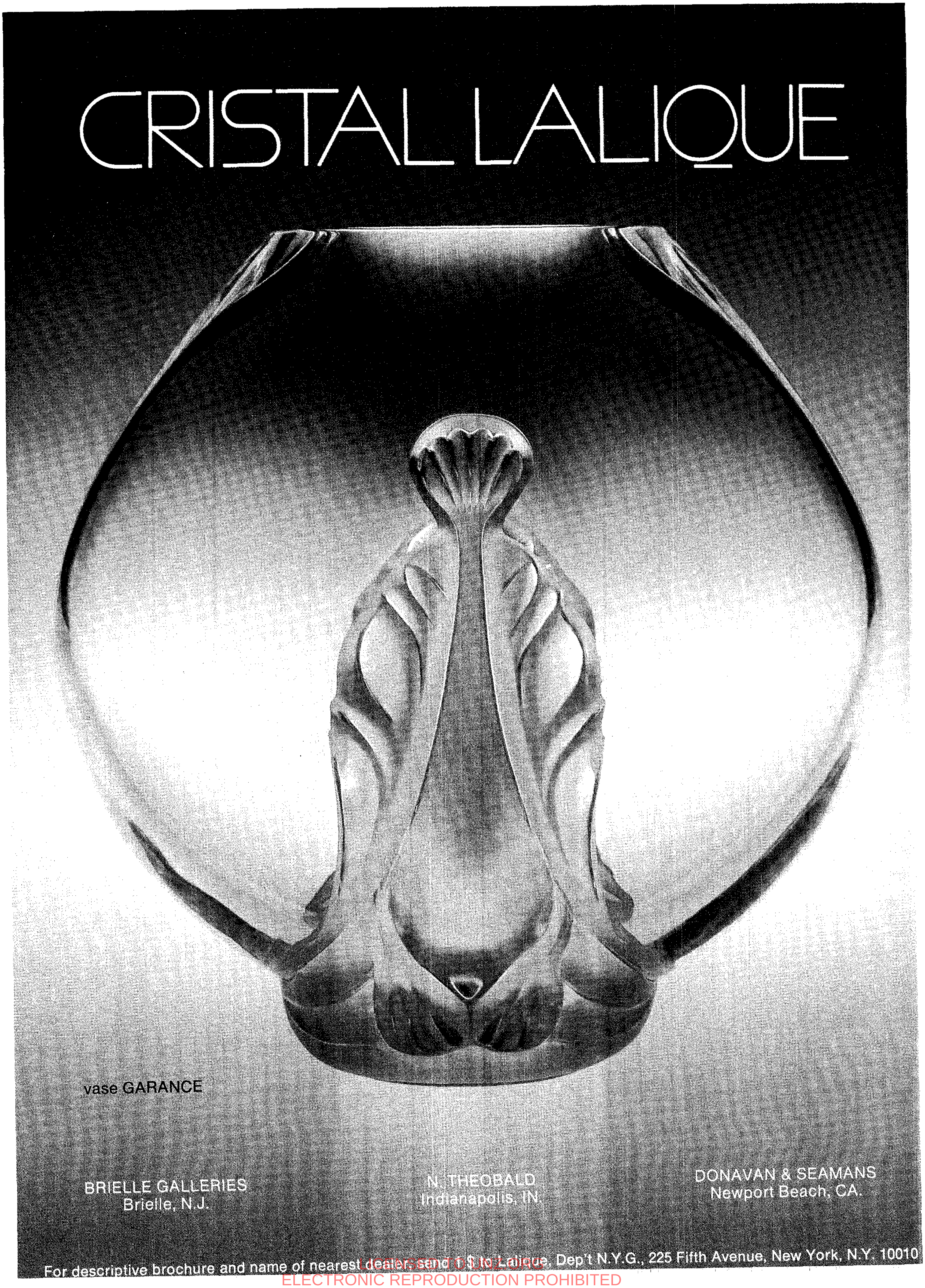

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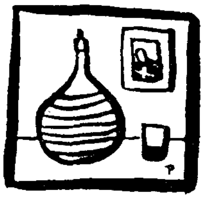
For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, send 1$ to Lalique, Dep't N.Y.G., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010 myth of salvation, come the revisionist critics, bringing good news from Germany and France, in the shape of philosophical criticism informed by religious, social, and structural thinking, and placing art and letters once again in a wider and deeper context. Those who resist them are clinging to an outmoded English model of "sublimated chatter"—a donnish discourse of civilized conversation, a restricted or accommodated style fearful of the more speculative extravagances of the mind, and a "pastoral" model of criticism, which is based on the needs of the immature flock of students rather than on the "theological" demands of sophisticated interpretation.

If this were only a description of a literary-critical quarrel, it would be of limited interest. But Hartman's argument, though conducted on a literary-critical base, is really an argument against American taste in culture and American educational practice—and is probably sounder in its broader cultural attack than in its more theoretical plea for a different sort of critical act. Hartman's most intense question is, in fact, not only a literary one; it is equally a philosophic or religious or psychological one—the old question, What have we done with the gods? For Hartman, this question can be asked: How is the part of our imagination that used to occupy itself (to put it crudely) with thinking up gods now occupying itself? What replaces, in literature, the sacred? What, if anything, has replaced the binding authority of a sacred book? And if interpretation used to be the attempt to discover what the divine Word meant, what parallels can we find between that older activity and the interpretation of texts as we now engage in it? Finally, the activity of commenting and speculating on texts used to be justified by the sacredness of the text and the ultimate concerns of religion; can we now seriously justify this activity at all?



These are not new questions, religiously or philosophically speaking, but they have not been invoked in the Anglo-American critical world until recently. (The poets, of course, have thought of little else, but the critics who raised the point abandoned it, in Hartman's view, too quickly and too easily, with references to "the poetry of religion" or "emotive language.") Hartman sets himself squarely against the aesthetic and social line of literary study (from New Criticism through Leavis and Frye), which has governed the past several decades in the English-speaking world. And he also sets himself emphatically (though tacitly) against those who would place the study of literature within a wholly secularized study of linguistic signs, who see commentary as a form of decoding rather than as a form of hermeneutics, the interpretation of sacred texts.

Our American pragmatism and delight in evidence make us suspicious of the hermeneutical model, which discovers under or within the text at hand another, "truer" text, or what the original text "really" means (as the "Song of Solomon," for example, though it appears to be a love poem, was found by allegorizing exegetes to be a text concerning the love of God for the soul). This model, by which a text recedes into more and more analogies of itself, is dear to the speculative and playful and historical mind of Hartman, who sees the allegorizing tendency of the human intellect, as it is displayed in history, to be irrepressible; it becomes the basis for "philosophical" criticism. By contrast, the prevailing mode of rhetorical and grammatical commentary, embodied in what Hartman calls for convenience "practical" criticism, seems to him, for all his ritual politeness, a poor thing, absurdly reductive of both the mind and the text. He calls the conflict of practical with philosophical criticism "a real war, which has lasted for more than fifty years and has intensified in the last decade."

Hartman writes as a teacher of American university students who have not grown up in that architectural and civic context which surrounds Europeans and reminds them that art issues from a historical, religious, and philosophical ground. It is no use, Hartman argues, giving our students a piece of literature and asking them to "read" it; they haven't the cultural equipment to read it. The "close reading" of the text becomes ludicrous when the student has no idea of the view of man, nature, God, and history underlying it. Hartman, in his pity for our cultural nakedness, therefore proposes a program that would reinstate the literary text in a continuum of other texts, exposing the student (and, in the case of graduate students, the prospective teachers of the next generation also) "not only to literature narrowly conceived but also

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to important texts in philosophy, history, religion, anthropology, and so forth." This is disarming; who could object? But Hartman's next sentences betray the oddity of his intellectual position:

> If we [departments of literature] give special attention to fiction and poetry it is because they are insufficiently examined elsewhere, and not because they are privileged. In exchange we must hope that other departments of knowledge will augment their interest in fiction and poetry, and in interpretive methods developed by us.

Like all utopias, this view of historians and philosophers teaching poems and novels while teachers of literature expound texts in philosophy and history has an ingenuous appeal, the more so since this sort of cross-fertilization is already, to some extent, taking place. And as Hartman stands before us wreathed in the names that, in small print, wander across his book jacket (Carlyle, Eliot, Bloom, Benjamin, Arnold, Frye, Burke, de Man, Derrida, Freud, Empson, Gadamer, Auerbach, Leavis, Iser, Lévi-Strauss, Lukács, Coleridge, Richards, Nietzsche, Heidegger, Brooks, Bourne, Ricoeur, Adorno, Ransom, Pater, Blackmur) he is himself a representative of the plenitude of intellectual possession for which he speaks. He predicts that though we once dissociated literature from "thought-systems of a religious, political, or conceptual kind," we are now "returning to a larger and darker view of art as mental charm, war, and purgation," and that his program follows as a logical result of this intellectual advance.

But is this true? Has there ever been a critic—even one in the Anglo-American tradition of practical criticism—who did not regard art as "mental charm, war, and purgation"? Two different questions are at stake here: what art *is* (in the experience of the artist or the audience), and how it is best talked about (by the commentator), whether as experience or as artifact. And must the answer be a matter of mutually exclusive alternatives? Surely it can be suggested that a philosophical and poetic mind like Hartman's will prefer one approach, an ethical mind like Leavis's another, a scientific mind like Richards' another, a synoptic mind like Frye's another. And yet Hartman's claim is not so easily dismissible, because he attacks us, and our educational system, on another ground. We have provided our students, he says, with a criticism (and consequently with a range of

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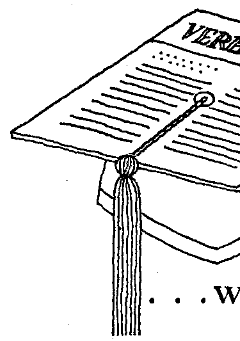

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thought) originating out of only one "text-milieu":

> Every literary theory is based on the experience of a limited canon or generalizes strongly from a particular text-milieu. To take the metaphysical poets as one's base or touchstone, and to extend their "poetics" toward modern poetry and then all poetry, will produce a very different result from working from Cervantes toward Pynchon, or from Hölderlin toward Heidegger.

In too placidly restricting ourselves in this country to a limited canon of reference, we limit the ways we think—and here Hartman touches a nerve, and we feel the justice of the accusation. The terrible poverty that our writers have felt—the poverty that, as Wallace Stevens puts it, amounts to our owning a bare gray jar in the wilderness of Tennessee instead of a Grecian Urn in the British Museum—is still with us, a conceptual as well as a monumental or architectural poverty. It is linked to our uneasily coexisting New World arrogance and New World humility; it produces our naïveté.

If we possessed an ampler range of thought (and Hartman wants to import into our culture the Frankfurt School and the Hegelian philosophical tradition as well as a broad canon of European literature), our discourse would be deeper, fuller, and freer—and our society, as a result, deeper, fuller, and freer, too. Hartman envisages ambitious essays, written by a new breed of commentator, that would be in themselves literature; "interesting prose," "severe intellectual poems," he calls these essays, thinking of Pater, Valéry, Ortega, and Freud as models.

Like all manifestos, this one reflects its author—his own canon (German and French rather than, say, Russian or Greek in spirit), his own practice (the speculative essay), his own concerns (interpretation rather than explication, the sacred rather than the secular, idealism rather than empiricism), his own origins (European), his own poetics (Romantic rather than neoclassical), his own stylistic preferences (for the decorated, the whimsical, the deliberately exaggerated rather than for the "accommodated," the conversational, the decorous), his labor "to stay within [the negative or indeterminate] as long as is necessary" rather than to come to a firm, demonstrative end of argument. But it is Hartman's very one-sidedness that gives his book its force. To our assertive American wish for fact and cer-

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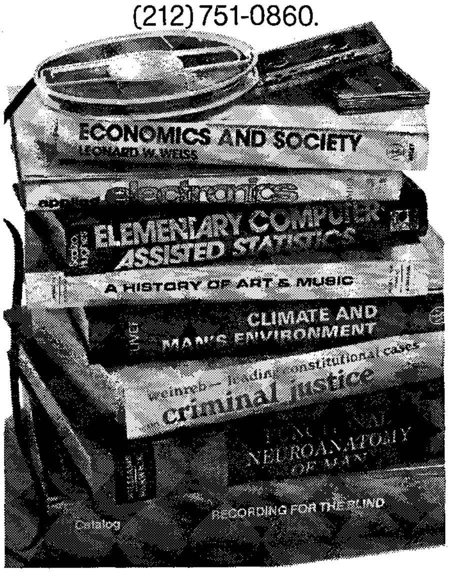
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tainty, he recommends a subtler and more dialectical play of mind; for our Anglo-American formation, he urges a forcible dose of modern European thought; against our post-Enlightenment skepticism, he proposes a rethinking of the origins and function of the sacred:

> If what remains of religion is its poetry, what remains of poetry is its heterodox theology, or mythmaking. As all poetry and indeed all writing . . . is scrutinized by the critical and secularizing spirit, more evidence of archaic or sacred residues comes to light. . . . The sacred has so inscribed itself in language that while it must be interpreted, it cannot be removed.

To this Hartman adds, in the most disputable of all his remarks, that "one might speculate that what we call the sacred is simply that which must be interpreted or reinterpreted." This statement, by its deep nostalgia, begs the whole question of the difference between art and religion: to Hartman, it seems that "representation is the only Presence we have."

Hartman is fundamentally as unhappy with the language of French linguistic criticism and of Russian Formalism as he is with the language of the Anglo-American literary tradition. His book amounts to a plea for a cohort that will read what he has read, be enabled by what has enabled him, profit from what he has profited from, see the importance of the sacred as he sees it. The plea is made reasonable, and even compelling, by the exquisite, original, and profound essays on literature that Hartman has written over the past thirty years ("The Unmediated Vision," "Wordsworth's Poetry," "Beyond Formalism," and "The Fate of Reading"). And yet we can imagine *another* plea, equally addressed to the cultural poverty of our students, equally a call for reform in the curriculum. The maker of this plea would come wreathed not in the names of the company that includes Hegel, Freud, and Benjamin but in the names of musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects—names from that milieu in which literature is perhaps more at home than it is with philosophy, social thought, and religion. In that milieu of the arts, literature appears, over against the sacred, as an element quintessentially profane—embodying, as Yeats said, impulses diametrically opposed to the cultic, communal, ritualized impulses served by religion. In such a model of instruction, the critic is an interpreter not as the exegete of a sacred text is an interpreter but, rather, as a pianist or a

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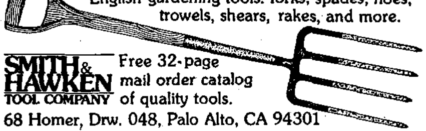

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conductor is an interpreter, holding up the work in a new and coherent manifestation, revealing it in one of its many possibilities, held together like a waterdrop by its own conflict and resolution of forces. Such a model is not incompatible with Hartman's psychoanalytically inspired wish to see in the work of art "the iconoclastic within the iconic," the "stratum of legitimate, sacred, or exalted words purifying a stratum of guilty, forbidden, or debased words." But it does imply an analysis terminable rather than interminable, as every performance of a musical work implies final choices of emphasis and color.

As a polemicist, Hartman presses for that substance which has comforted his own "seduced yet disbelieving" critical mind, and he dismisses—courteously, even apologetically, but ruthlessly—all rival systematic claims, sweeping aside with them that irrefutably stubborn tendency of literature to remain, unlike the other arts, language-bound. We cannot take on German or French as our mother tongue or our mother culture. But if Hartman exhibits the inescapable "blindness of insight," as Paul de Man has called it, he nonetheless puts deadly questions to our present cultural presuppositions and educational arrangements. —HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRIZZI'S HONOR, by Richard Condon (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $13.95). This *mafiosi* tragicomedy opens with a wedding in New York (in "the lucky church of the Prizzi family"), attended by all the brotherhood's branches and by hordes of indebted outsiders, from Miss America to the top dogs on the White House staff. In the church, Mr. Condon's eye is on the eleventh row, right side, where a *sottocapo*, or "underboss," of the Prizzi family (thirteen years old thirty years earlier, when he "iced" his first victim) is falling madly in love with a woman across the aisle, against his better judgment. He follows her to the reception, which is decorated with giant sepia-toned, gilt-framed photographs of Arturo Toscanini, Pope Pius XII, Enrico Caruso, and Richard Nixon, but to say more—except to report that a kidnapped bank president and a police captain's dead wife eventually (about three months later) help prove that the two lovebirds are as cold-blooded as they are hot-blooded—would be to spoil a very clever plot. Mr. Condon's vision of America's bribe-side economics is blacker than ever—even blacker than it was in "Winter Kills"—but there is intermittent relief in the luscious details of his *mafiosi's* favorite recipes, and in the startling nicknames of his characters, which sound like dishes they would kill for, such as Cucumbers Cetrioli and Mango Passato.

WHITE HORSES, by Alice Hoffman (Putnam; $12.95). In a town in Northern California, a mother tells her frail and dreamy daughter stories that her own father once told her, about magical men called Arias—tall, thin, ebony-eyed loners who ride wild horses westward across high mesas under purple skies filled with shooting stars—and the daughter, named Teresa, comes to believe that one of her brothers, named Silver (her mother's and her own favorite), is one of these creatures. The story of Teresa and Silver's incestuous passion for each other is at the heart of this haunting story, but a number of other obsessed people are involved, including a patient and gentle detective who was commissioned twenty years earlier to track the mother down after she ran off with a man she thought was an Aria; a drug dealer who has good reason to hate Silver and spends months taking revenge on him; and a pretty woman who marries Silver in the vain hope of teaching him, by example, to love and honor her. Most of the men and women who fall under the spell cast by Teresa and Silver soon see that they are just distractions from the couple's mutual longing and dread, and that their attempts to break this spell are doomed to fail. Alice Hoffman is a daring and able writer; she plots the conjunctions of mundane and magical events with such ease that the reader never dares to doubt her word.

SUMMER DREAMS AND THE KLEIG LIGHT GAS COMPANY, by Cynthia Applewhite (Seaview; $12.50). The Depression strikes a Missouri hamlet, and dreams are a dime a dozen: in front of a mirror, a pudgy teenage girl dreams of floating down a high-fashion runway; her sexy widowed mother, having earned the nickname Red Hot Reba, dreams that her boyfriend (whose one-way ticket to Hollywood she bought two

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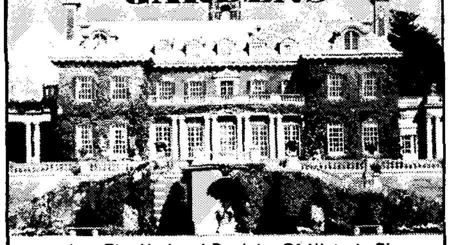

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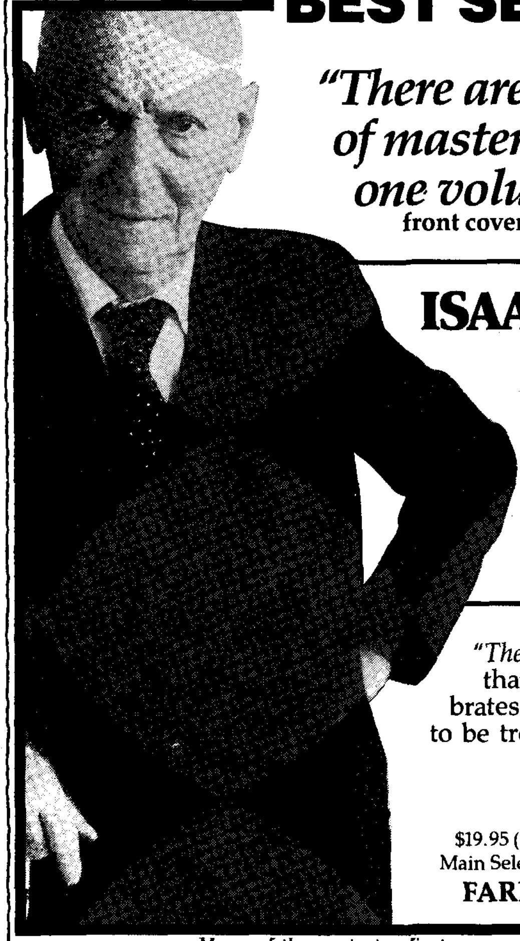
years before) will win the Rhett Butler talent search and send for her, and that the Kleig Light Gas Company will buy her house for a vast sum and upset all her neighbors by building an ugly gas plant in its place; Reba's Cousin Airey, suffering from something she calls "multiple neuritis," dreams of being miraculously cured by a local snake-hunter called Possum Petty, whose habits of wandering around with a pack of wild dogs and of speaking in tongues are earning him a reputation as a faith healer. Then a yellow-haired, green-eyed tramp from a nearby hobo camp moves in with Reba (and is soon seen driving her around in her boyfriend's green roadster and wearing her late husband's shirts), and crowds of believers, bearing casseroles and cakes, flock to see Possum Petty, and simple facts start impinging on everyone's fantasies. An eerie story, lyrical and twangy by turns.

GENERAL

THE ENEMY: A BIOGRAPHY OF WYNDHAM LEWIS, by Jeffrey Meyers (Routledge & Kegan Paul; $19.95). When Percy Wyndham Lewis, painter, novelist, satirist, pamphleteer, and poet, died in London in 1957, at the age of seventy-four, not much notice was taken of his death; although he wrote some of his best work in the last five or six years of his life, his reputation was in an eclipse that endured until very recently. It was not his first eclipse, as this densely packed biography shows. His career, which got under way in 1914 with a brilliant and startling début as the founder of the Vorticist school of painting and continued with his editorship, from 1914 to 1915, of the iconoclastic magazine *Blast*, was slowed to a halt by the First World War. In the nineteen-twenties, he reëstablished himself with a succession of notable drawings, paintings, and portraits and with a number of arresting works of fiction and philosophy (his "Time and Western Man" was called "one of the most significant books of the age"), only to find himself ostracized in the thirties for his anti-democratic polemics and for his praise of Hitler. (Yeats, Pound, Eliot, and D. H. Lawrence also beat the drums for Fascism, but they were forgiven; Lewis, although he recanted, was not.) Altogether, Lewis was a holy terror—caustic, defensive, suspicious to the point of paranoia, bitter, and totally unsentimental. The list of the people he knew and consorted with is long—Yeats, Pound, Hemingway, Augustus John, Katherine Mansfield, Eliot, Lawrence, the Sitwells, Virginia Woolf—and he quarrelled with every one of them. Mr. Meyers offers plenty of evidence, however, that Lewis was also a delightful companion and a wonderfully amusing and stimulating conversationalist, generous in his encouragement of young artists and writers. And whatever else he was, there is no doubt that Wyndham Lewis was a genius.

The Eighteenth-Century Woman, by Olivier Bernier (Doubleday/Metropolitan Museum of Art; $35). A cheerful, pretty, and beguiling pictures-and-text account of fourteen women, some notable, others notorious, whose careers demonstrate the freedom and power that, the author tells us, were accorded females in the eighteenth century. Mr. Bernier, an extremely able writer, gives us vivid and just portraits of relatively familiar personages—Mme. de Pompadour, for one—which lead us to trust his judgment on his more obscure subjects, such as the Dutch novelist Betje Wolff (1738-1804). Though this was an aristocratic century, and most of the women anyone has ever heard of were noble (Mme. des Ursins, who opens the book) or royal (Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples, who closes it), Mr. Bernier includes several working women (the painter Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, the dressmaker Rose Bertin, the actress Mlle. Clairon) to show that the epoch was ready to appreciate able women and willing to reward them with lots and lots of money. The illustrations come from many museums and several private collections, and they are apt as well as handsome.

The Daughters of Karl Marx: Family Correspondence, 1866-1898, translated and adapted by Faith Evans (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). Marx's daughters were Jenny (1844-83), Laura (1845-1911), and Eleanor (1855-1898). Jenny died of cancer; Laura and Eleanor committed suicide. Jenny and Laura married French radicals, and Eleanor became the common-law wife of an English cad. All three were brilliant, and their unfortunate destinies seem the



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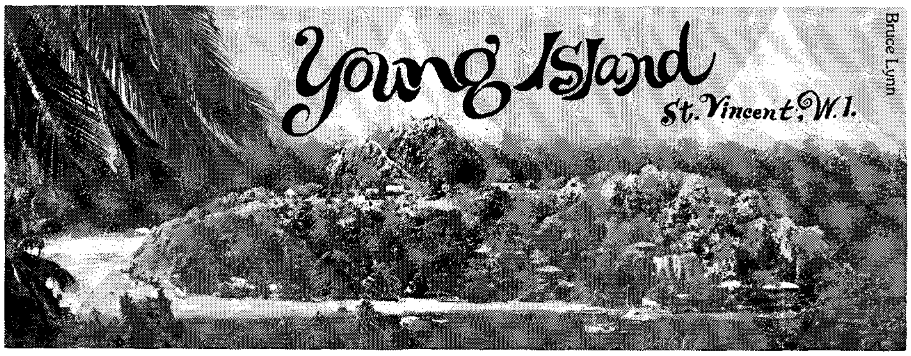

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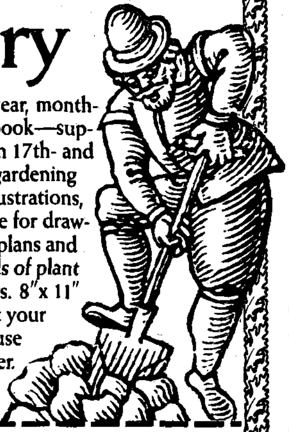

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result of the disabilities from which nineteenth-century women suffered: none was prepared for a career, for instance, and the example of their subservient mother suggested no role other than handmaid. They were true to the family convictions, and never rebelled against the overwhelming demands of working for revolution; the two older sisters regretted only that motherhood and homemaking with little help took time from political activities. Most of their letters, however, are cheerful and newsy efforts to keep in touch and to report on political as well as personal events. Their articulateness is charming, and so is their strong family affection.

BITTER FRUIT: THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE AMERICAN COUP IN GUATEMALA, by Stephen Schlesinger and Stephen Kinzer (Doubleday; $16.95). Another offshoot of the Freedom of Information Act. The facts, gathered from State Department, F.B.I., and C.I.A. documents, can be stated baldly: In 1953, at the urging of the United Fruit Company, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen, head of the C.I.A., acquiesced in a plot to remove the President of Guatemala from office and replace him with a head of government more to the banana company's liking. The plot was code-named Operation Success, and such it became. It opened with a propaganda campaign to persuade the public that Guatemala's President, Jacobo Arbenz, whose land and tax reforms were a threat to United Fruit, was a Communist intent on setting up a Soviet base in the Americas. It went on to include the assembling of a nondescript army of "patriots" under adventurer generals, the bombing of Guatemala City by C.I.A. pilots, and the injection of bundles of United States cash. The authors unfold this unappetizing tale with great skill, and let the facts speak for themselves.

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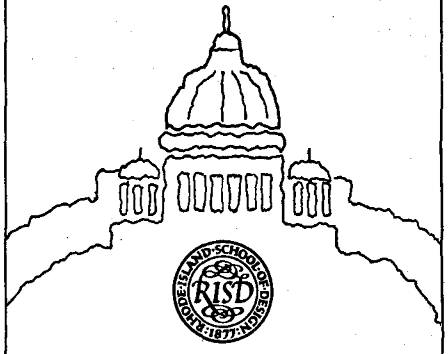

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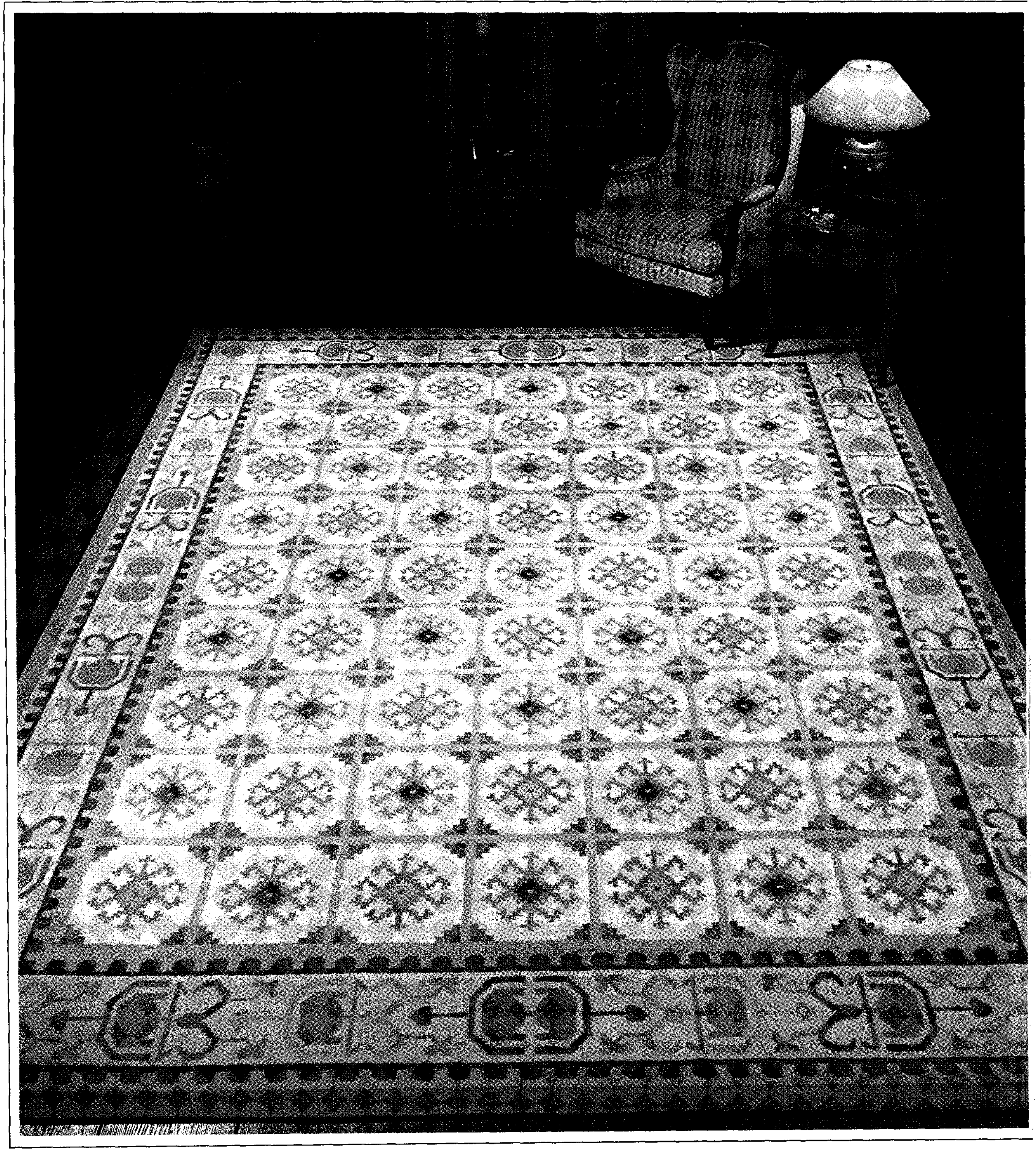

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